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CONTENTS.

	I
PICTURES OF NATIVE LIFE : THE VILLAGE—PICTURE—	
No. I. By C. N. R.,.....	1037
THE FATES OF COEVALS. By ALIF,.....	1044
THE DOON OF DEHRA—ITS STATE AND PROSPECTS,.....	1045
SENT OUT TO INDIA—A TALE. BY THE AUTHOR OF	
“MY UNCLE BEN’S COURTSHIPS,”.....	1058
HISTORY OF THE LEAGUE. By J. H.,.....	1082
FROM CHATEAUBRIAND. By K.,.....	1101
CHAMPERNOWNE—A TALE. By PAUL BENISON,.....	1102
EDUCATION IN THE N. W. P. By PHILO-INDUS,.....	1123
SONNETS,	1131
THE LATE MR. T. J. A. SCOTT,.....	1132





SAUNDERS'
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No. XII.]

OCTOBER, 1853.

[Vol. II.

PICTURES OF NATIVE LIFE.

THE VILLAGE——PICTURE NO. I.

HAVE you ever spent a day in a native village—a long day among the people—not shut up in the curtains of your tent, not hemmed in by your menials, but under the hospitable roof of the Zemindar, or in the porch of the Dhurumsala, while the simple crowd gather round you unfearing and unrestrained? I have many : having early learnt to sympathise with the people whose destinies we govern, to make allowance for their short-comings, to enter into their woes, and listen to their wrongs, to feel an interest in their simple annals, and pity their degraded ignorance. Some power may thus have been acquired of arousing their sluggish faculties, and touching the cord of sympathy, in some such moment (but then only) will the ice of reserve be broken through, and an electric chain of intelligence be established between the subject and the ruler.

Walk through the dirty and ill-kept streets, look not for the traces of simple, yet genuine, comfort, which marks the cottages of Eng-

land, nor for the garnered stores of the English Yeoman. Banish from your thoughts the fond vision of Oriental life, which find currency in Europe : contemplate the village and the people, as they are, yet amidst their squalidness and poverty deem not rashly, that happiness is not to be found beneath those mud walls, and that contentment is unknown in that simple homestead. Feel for them, and with them fancy for a while, that you had been bred up from a child within these narrow limits ; that your ideas of the world had been formed from the view here presented ; that your notion of wealth had been circumscribed to some such simple habitation ; and that by you *that* state only was considered poverty, where the daily loaf was denied, and how many a care of superabundances or fancied want might you thus have escaped, thanking Providence for the small but sufficient store, that the last harvest had left you, careless and dependent on Destiny for the Future.

Look around you. Flags flying from the trees to commemorate the sanctity of some spot, which none can properly describe ; or mark the tomb of some Saint, the era of whose existence is unknown. Shops filled with sweetmeats, and swarming with flies, and little boys gaping as wistfully on as if were there spread the most exquisite luxuries of the West. The grains and fruits of the country ranged in tempting rows, and doled out to the purchaser with a deceitful balance. Hard by, bales of rough home-spun cloth heaped up promiscuously with the many tinted products of European looms. High blank-walled houses, in which Fancy might picture the imprisoned beauties of the East, but if we look in at the entrance, we see them like their Western sisters employed in the endless round of domestic duties : some seated in pairs, and grinding at the mill : some cleaning cotton : some Lucretia-like singing to the whirring wheel ; some fondling their newborn infant with the universal tenderness of mothers : some, but not all, for in that distant corner, refusing to be comforted, sits Rachel weeping for her bereavement, and we are told that the little sick child, which was held up to look at us, as we entered in this morning, has just breathed out its tiny atom of life, and the young mother is in the newness of her affliction : perhaps happier for it, thus early to have shaken off the earthly coil, to have escaped from the thankless office of suckling another generation of serfs, to have gone prematurely to that bower, where at least there are no daily pitchers to be filled at the well, no mill to be unceasingly grinding. As we

pass on, communities of dogs, whose habitations and profession are the streets, bay at us, but we mind them not, for they are not more savage than the men amongst whom they inhabit, not more ignorant than the masters whose crumbs they pick up.

But our steps are arrested, where, under a vast spreading immemorial tree, stands unblushingly forth the place of idolatrous worship, and the Priest from the threshold salutes us, as in scorn. What true Christian does not feel at such moments very jealous for his Lord ? Who does not then wish for the fire-compelling hand of Elijah ? We wonder when the term of this iniquity will cease ; when the cup of vengeance of the Most High will run over ; but still a thousand years in His sight are but as one day, and this is but the evening of the second morn of Christianity.

Come away from such soul-depressing, such degraded sights ; come beyond the village walls ; come away and sit with me on this rising ground, and look out on the sweet charms of Nature undefiled : our village friends range themselves silently round, while the eager eye wanders over the varied landscape, now tracing the course of the stream dotted with islands as it meanders through the rich fields—fields partly browned with the exhausted harvest of the autumn, green, richly green with the promises of the spring—and now dwelling in Fancy in some distant hamlet nestled in the declivity of yonder hills. The sun is sinking down in the fullness of Oriental majesty ; what are the splendours of earthly Courts compared to this daily Durbar ? A glorious flood of

gold is illuminating every object, and tinting every feature of inanimate nature, gladdening every human heart, while the moon rises slowly from behind the verdure of the grove. What a bright contrast of colours? What an unrivalled harmony of tints from the brush of the Creator? What earthly painter would daringly blend on one canvass the blue of the heavens, the fleecy grey of the clouds, the yellow ambrosial tint of the atmosphere, the dark shades of the mountains, to which distance has lent a strange enchantment of beautiful outline, the silvery shield of the moon, and the blood-red of the exhausted sun, as it sinks into the bed of the ocean in that direction towards which our hearts unceasingly turn—the land of the West—whither are wafted our morning sighs and our evening prayers.

But see the cattle are wending homewards, some drawing with languid neck the inverted ploughshare, some bearing spontaneously home their full udders for the support and pleasure of ungrateful, unthankful man. They reach the stream: the shadow of the leader tinges the glassy surface as she stoops to drink, and now the whole herd stands in mid water in beautiful disorder. Oh for the rare pencil of a Cuyp to paint that bright scene! Those trees standing out with every leaf so clear against the horizon; those figures of cattle and men standing in the stream, which winds itself on, till it is lost in the distance!

Turn the eye to yonder sequestered nook, where smoke is rising up, and a melancholy group are gathered round the flames, which consume the remains of some revered relative, some beloved

companion. Ancient time-honoured custom, how much does thy prudence shame the vanity of those who foolishly-wise have stored up their dead in cerements to be unfolded many centuries afterwards, as a wonder and a show to a curious posterity! No vengeance can now be wreaked on that poor senseless frame, no indignities offered by beast or man! Sleep on quietly, for the meaner worm is deprived of its prey on thy carcase: the jackal cannot fish thy body out of its narrow tomb: the more cruel-hearted Sexton cannot ruthlessly dig out and expose your poor bones in after-ages, nor will a more cold-hearted savant edify an enlightened audience with his notions as to your garments and physical structure.

Scarce have the flames subsided, the mourners are still purifying themselves in the lustral waters, where the sound of wild music announces the arrival of a bride at the village of the bridegroom. So strangely blended are joy and grief; the tide of life will stop for none, and the anniversary of grief and bereavement to one is hailed by a neighbour as the era of the commencement of his domestic joy.

Gaily moves on the bridal procession: the boy bridegroom on horse-back careering on this his day of Jubilee: behind the covered car that encloses the concealed charms of the childish bride, whose black eyes peep out from under the drapery to stare at the European stranger. The singers and cymbal-beaters go before, behind them follow the relatives of the bride, and see from the village precincts issue forth a goodly band to welcome

the arrivers. Money is scattered to the crowd, and in gladness and pomp the procession moves in, while behind totters an old grey-beard, leaning on his staff, and calling up in his confused recollections former rejoicings, and forgotten nuptials of those long since departed.

See the long string of camels toiling in, bearing rich burdens; but no longer from the looms of Kathay and Bokhara; no more the muslins of Dacca, or the wools of Cashmere, for the stranger has shewn the way to new wants, and has introduced new manufactures; guided by the ruthless policy of selfish commerce, he has crushed the productive powers of the country, and in the nursery of manufactures and the garden of cotton, clothes the Indian girl with stuffs grown in New Orleans, and woven at Manchester. Forgive the offence of thy blind rulers, timely-wise subject! Thank Providence that you have been spared the ills of over-productiveness, and the curse of a too-facile manual dexterity! Your cup of bitterness has not been steeped with the falsely sweet sugar; you are not hungry and naked, because your fields teem with rice and with cotton: for you the lash is busy on the plains of New Orleans, and slaves are groaning to keep you warm, for your children are condemned to premature and crippled old age, girls do the work of men, and lose the gentleness of their sex, in the villages of Lancashire: fast flies the shuttle for you, for you iron is poured out like water, for you vessels puff o'er the ocean. Wind your turban, Indian youth, gaily round a brow, which has not

sweated for its burden; tighten your girdle proudly, for that back has not bled with the lash. Shroud your sable beauties, gentle damsels, in your mantle, for the lives of your country-women have not been embittered to weave that tissue, the morals of your daughters have not been contaminated to wind that warp: so you by a bountiful dispensation taste the honey which others have fabricated; you wear the fleece which other flocks have borne.

Ever and anon the scene is changed, and the road is now covered with an array of carts bringing in the abundant harvest: the large rich ears are concealed from the sight by the broad leaf of the Indian corn in which they are bound: follows after, the glad husbandman, rejoicing in the success of his labours and vaunting of his field, but forgetting that Iland, which watched over the grain while it rotted in the soil, which shed the evening dew, which vouchsafed in due season the early and second rains, while the tender herb sprung up, and brought forth fruit hundred-fold. The labour of the field is over, but by the morning he will be gathered with his fellows under those trees, where even now we can distinguish the busy husbandman, where he stands with the fan in his hand on the threshing floor: upward flies the chaff, but the grain is gathered into the garner, while the bullocks are unmuzzled working their eternal round, treading out with unconscious feet the abundant grain. Hard by the sheep and goats are winding up the declivity on their return from the pasture: mark how they answer

to the watchful bark of the dog and the cry of the shepherd, as he divides them to his right and left, while he tenderly carries the new-born lamb in his arms : hark the musical cry of the gardener, accompanied at intervals by the splash of water, and bestow some sympathy on those poor oxen, who, like *Sisyphus*, have from morn to dewy eve been drawing up that weight, which after discharging its contents rolls back, causing them, poor beasts, endless labour, but blessing the soil with abundance and increase.

Watch the bright stream purring down the channel, then gushing forth, and overspreading the soil, which exhausted by meridional heat, licks up greedily the refreshing saturation. How all these little details carry us back to our boyish days, to *Arcadian* eclogues, to *Virgilian* strains, as well known and remembered in *Eton's* hallowed bowers ? How we appreciate now what in *England's* moist climate we little understood ; why, the channels of the fields were to be closed, when the meadows had drank enough ; what meant the warning to the boys to escape from the venomous snake ; why the injunction to lay aside your garments, while you urge the sluggish oxen with the plough along the furrow, or scatter the seed broadcast over the fallow. Do not the soft cadences of *Horatian* odes come back to us, while our busy thoughts fly hence to the undulating *Sabine* hill, and the blue *Mediterranean* ?

But touched by the incident do not those thoughts fleet back to even more distant days ? Do we not insensibly glide from our classical lore, from the arena of our boyish triumphs, to an ear-

lier home, where, at the feet of our mothers we formed our first rude ideas on *Oriental* subjects ; where from those loved lips we first drank in the sweet incidents of *Scripture* story ? Do not the inmost chords of our hearts vibrate, as if struck by a well-known hand ? Does it not come back to us sweetly, even as the melody which in former days we have heard ? Do we not bless those lips, which to many now have no language, but are cold in death, whence we first heard the story of the oxen of *Gideon*, of the threshing-floor of *Araunah* ? Who first told us of *Him*, who planted the vineyard and came to gather the fruits in due season ? From whom did our opening intellects learn the parable of the bridegroom, of the sower, of the sheep and the goats, of the wheat which will be gathered into the garner, of the chaff which will be burnt by a just and terrible Judge in unquenchable fire ?

But the shadows of the evening are now closing—the last travellers of the day are hurrying in : oxen with jingling sound coming in with loads of sugar from the South to give in exchange for salt from the North. So strangely, yet wisely has Nature distributed her vegetable and mineral treasures : the oxen of the village have long ere this found their way back unbidden to their stalls : passes in at this late hour a group of pilgrims returning from some shrine, some needy mendicant, or bold-faced *Faquer*, fattening on the superstition and ignorance of his countrymen ; or some poor widow on her road to the *Ganges*, with all that remained of

the ashes of her lord from the funeral pyre, tied up in the corner of her mantle, but which she, urged by strong Faith and Duty, has wandered many a mile to scatter in the sacred stream. Now the sun sinks, and has departed to the land of the West ; now the fleecy clouds are barred with gold ; every varied colour, every tint of green, every object, far and near, is distinguished. How the heart softens and yearns homeward at sunset ! How wistfully we look at the clouds, free to go whither they will, with how many a message would we charge them ? How we bless the hour and the clime, where to us in by-gone years the sound of the Ave Maria bell has so sweetly tolled the dirge of the day ! Look again ere the scene fades away, for short-lived are the Indian twilight : catch your last glimpse as if your dearest friend, and not the day, were dying, as if the drops of dew now falling were tears for his loss : gaze your last on the now dimly shadowed out mountains, on the fields where now all is silent and still ; on the stream, where the white stork now stands alone, on the lines of long-necked cranes passing over our heads, where do they go, by what marshy pool, what sedgy bank of Cayster do they seek their rest ?

And now that the night has fallen, a cheerful glance has sprung up, against which the figures of the villagers stand out in bold relief, presenting such a contrast of light and shade, as would be worthy of the brush of Rembrandt : in the back ground the houses and draped figures of women occasionally glance out, and then, as the uncertain flame falls lower, they vanish : join the circle :

room is made willingly for you, gaze round on the bright faces, and, as you stretch out your hands to the flames, and your eyes are instinctively directed up to the starry vault, and linger with Arcturus and Pleiades, mark how those simple companions silently watch you, but little do they know how, as your eyes glanced up, your home-yearning thoughts were borne far away, as the recollection came back to you, how often in a distant country you had measured the hours of the night by the declination of Wain.

Hard by on the stone-raised seat at the gate under the spreading peepul tree are gathered the old men of the village ; the grey beards are croning about old days, or plodding through the intricacies of some petty quarrel. round them in noisy groups are congregated the young men and children, in like manner as years ago *they* stood at the feet of their long departed forefathers. Here is told the strange tale of magic, or the local legends of " Rakshas " and Giants to listening and believing ears : here the merry laugh follows the last strange account of the manners and doings of the white stranger, whom they fear so much, but of whom they knew so little : here the wildest story of the barber, or the childish fable of the priest, are received in, as Truth itself, with such conviction, as no future reason can shake : here is fashioned the tone of the public mind, and the deep-rooted ideas of the people. Now the group is joined by some light-hearted traveller singing blithely : no fear has he of robbers, or a strange country, for in his girdle is nothing : many a league has he traversed

depending, and not in vain, on that hospitality, which prevails all over India, the cup of water, the cake baked on the hearth, and the corner in the shed to lie down : Grateful for such favours in return he charms the long-lived night with tales of distant climes, of facts blended with fiction, perils by land, perils by water ; of temples and shrines long heard of, now at last visited : fanciful and varied is his tale : perhaps rumours of wars and 'description of battle and armies, for the sword is never sheathed in India.

Fired by the sound speaks up one of a party, which had hitherto sat silent and sequestered from the rest, whose military bearing and haughty carriage speak them to be the sepoy of the foreign Ruler. Returning are they from their leave of absence, after a seven years' service they have revisited their native village, their parents, and their little ones, but the quiet life ill-suited them, and they now not unwillingly rescek the fortress and the cantonment. Who can talk of war in their presence and not rouse their martial ardour ? Out they speak, and tell of sieges and fights in far Cabul, and on the plains of the Punjaub, how they have seen the banner of their Legion triumphant in many a hard day, of the guns which they had taken, of what their Captains said, and did, on the day of action. Credulously the gaping crowd listen to such tales, supported by wounds, which are proudly shewn, and medals which are vauntingly handed round : the speakers are those that have seen service, but with them are lads ready to enlist, sprung of a race of soldiers : nor is the pre-

sent sufficient, for past history is also indented upon, and justly so, for one of the party has but a few days ago left an old grey-haired father, who is calmly reposing after his toils in his native village, under his mangoe tree, upon the bounty of a paternal Government : he, in acknowledgment, has sent his whole race under the banners which he himself had followed ever to victory over the waters of the Ocean, to Egypt, to Java and the Mauritius, and in many a wild Mahratta battle under Lake, those self-same banners, which his sons had seen waving at Ghuznee, bearing which they had opposed numbers with discipline under Napier at Mecanee, and supported the old and gallant Gough in his mishaps at Chillian, and his crowning triumph at Goojeerat. Vain after such boasting are the weak remarks of some worshipper of the past, some mourner of the fallen dynasties : vain is the account of the armies and the splendour of Aurungzebe and the Mogul, for they have passed away like a dream, and are *not*.

Thus pass the hours of the night, till one by one the company steal off to their homes, and their couches, and the busy hive is at rest. The traveller sleeps by the side of his horse, or his tethered oxen. All is still, save where the barking of the dogs or the yelling of the jackal break upon the ear, rendering the silence which follows more profound. Soundly they sleep, careless and thoughtless for the future, sufficient for them that they have lived the day : no feelings of patriotism, no high notions of liberty, no thoughts that ennoble, no cares that waste away, find

entrance to their bosoms ; thus
let them sleep, and as we slowly
and pensively return to our rest-
ing place, let us ponder well, why
the Almighty has placed this vast
kingdom in our hands, for what
good purpose has He elevated our

race in power and in reasoning
above these our fellow creatures,
by what means will the dark cloud
be raised up that now shrouds
the intellect and conscience of the
Indians.

C. N. R.

THE FATES OF COEVALS.

CONGENIAL with the dying day
A far wide calm the region fills,
The twilight-calm of Autumn gray,
On Himmalayan hills.
Now past delights and visions dear
Arise in fitful fair array,
And soft on Fancy's willing ear
Come voices, as from far away !
The lost the lov'd appear !
And memory brings to light the traces
Of all the " old familiar faces,"
Bright, vivid, as they wont to be at play ;
But ah ! their sequent paths I trace in vain,
Their arduous paths of effort to attain
Life's eminence, or the drooping by the way.
The bounds how many and how wide
That now do each from other sever !
As they with various fortune meet the tide
Like skiffs on some broad river.
They daily mingle in the many spheres
Of science and of commerce, peace and war,
Some occupy the pulpit, some the bar,
And some have gone, adventurous pioneers,
Amid the depth of newer worlds afar,
To found the commonwealth of future years.
Some, early, by their homes have found a grave,
Some met their doom on distant ocean-billow,
Slumber they sweetly 'neath the surgy wave !
There none of death's sepulchral pomp they crave,
Nor mourning yew nor willow.
And some have gone in hope and purpose high,
To climes remote, beset with hidden dangers,
Where, faint and sick, no voice of friendship nigh,
Nor human help, save but the pitying stranger's,
They sunk at last to die.
So toil they and so rest ! their portion free
Of life and light was not bestow'd in vain,
Nor vainly us'd the portion, so it be
That they in measure have aspir'd to gain
The high perfection which doth yet remain
To be accomplish'd in their destiny.

ALIV.

THE DOON OF DEHRA.

ITS STATE AND PROSPECTS.

Of all the charming retreats which that Providence that tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, has provided for the exile in a land of discomfort and disease, we know of none more justly popular than Mussoorie. Other Sanitaria have their peculiar attractions; Nynee Tal its glassy lake and its silvan retirement. Simla its dark pine-groves (and its "distinguished residents"); the new Punjab stations and the damp Darjeeling specific local advantages. But Mussoorie alone has the Doon—the bonny Doon. Refreshing to the eye when wearied (as all things pall by use) of gazing over giddy heights and sharp precipices where the birds of prey at their loftiest flight soar half way down; delightful to the whole frame by the fresh breeze it sends up daily, even in the hottest weather, when the fashionable world of Simla is agasp for air; pleasant to the spirit by the change of scene it affords to relieve the prison-like monotony of hill-life, when one begins to pant for a gallop across country or a day after the quail; above all grateful to the habitual resident, as saving him from the gloom and privation of winter in those Alpine regions, and affording him instead a climate whose

nights are nights of Devonshire, and days of Northern Italy.

The Doon had been about eight years in our occupation before there was anything like a settlement effected on the heights, and then it was only a few adventurous spirits from Saharunpore who, in 1823, pitched a few tents there, and returned to the plains when the rains began to incommode them. They found a small village lying scattered amongst rocks of transition* limestone, and sandstone, and deriving its name from a large shrub the "*Coriaria Nepalensis*"† of Botanists, but called Munsöory by the mountaineers. It bears a small white flower, and a berry which, though pronounced by scientific men to be a deadly poison, is not otherwise disagreeable, and is much relished by the unsophisticated natives. Amongst these rocks and shrubs the tents gradually became houses; a few years later saw the heights of Landour crowned with barracks for convalescent European soldiers, the settlement of the land in and out of cantonments was made by Mr. Wells, the Special Commissioner; and finally the Municipal Act (XXVI. of 1850) was put in force; and Mussoorie became an oligarchy with a corpo-

* Our space and specific object will not allow us to do more than direct the attention of our readers to the mineral riches of these hills, abounding as they do in fine iron and lead.

† Described by Dr. Royle as very widely extended, tho' having but one genus and few species. It is polygamous, with 5 sepals and 10 stamens on the male flower, together with the rudiments of five pistils. The female flower has also 5 sepals, alternately with 5 narrow pistils, and also 5 imperfect stamens. One species, *C. myrtifolia*—is rich in tannin, and used in Europe as a black dye.

ration of responsible householders who raise local taxes, pass by-laws, and otherwise make arrangements for the welfare of the settlement.

But the exigencies of our subject, (like those, we are sorry to say, of our professional avocations) forbid our lingering on these delicious summits. We return to the Doon.

This valley may be conveniently described as a parallelogram,* whose long sides are the Sawalik (so called, no one seems to know why, by Europeans) and the sub-Himalayan ranges; while the shorter ends are formed by the infant streams of the Ganges and Jumna to the East and West respectively. It is in fact the head of the Doab.

The name is derived from two separate sources; "Dehra" referring to the Dehra or Gurudwara, a Sikh temple of about one hundred and ninety years standing, which covers the ashes of Gum Ram Ray; "Doon"† (usually spelt with the redundant "h," such a favorite letter "with the English in India" comes from the vocable, common to many languages, which we recognize in our English ‡ "down," "don," "den," "Devon," &c., all implying the slope where hill and valley run gently into one another. Nor is the character of the scenery, (due allowance being made for the grandeur of the neighbouring mountains,) at all ill-calculated to remind the Englishman of his

upland home. The rich vegetation of a damp atmosphere, intersected by lanes, hedges, and clear pebbly streams, the low wooded hills, and the ever-varying undulations, combine to produce a landscape totally dissimilar to the general features of Upper India.

Of the early history of the Doon little is known. The following passage from Ferishta§ is quoted by Sir H. Elliott: "The King marched from thence to another town in the neighbourhood called Dèra, the inhabitants of which came originally from Khorasan, and were banished thither with their families by Afrasiab for frequent rebellions. Here they had formed themselves into a small independent state, and being|| cut off from intercourse with their neighbours by a belt of mountains nearly impassable, had preserved their ancient customs and rites. * * * Dera * * * was remarkable for a fine lake of water about one parasang and a half in circumference, the waters of which did not apparently diminish, either from the heat of the weather, or from being used by the army."

As this is spoken of Sultan Ibrahim, the son of Masūd, who reigned about the end of the eleventh century, it would give a very interesting and tolerably ancient derivation for Doonish history, especially the touch about Afrasiab, which carries the imagination back to the wars of Turān

* It is a trapezium shaped like the blade of a broad hoe.

† "Dhoon."

‡ See Elliot's Supp. Gloss. in voce.

§ Historians of Mahomedan India, p. 205.

|| Mr. G. Campbell must have taken his idea of the Governor General in a state of siege from this passage.

and Irân, and the mysterious institutes of Zoroaster. But unfortunately both Ferishta and Nizam-ud-Deen mention this abominable lake, that nothing will dry up; and which would be almost sufficient to swallow up and swamp our theory, even without the additional fact, that there seems every reason to carry the name of Dehra no further back than the end of the seventeenth century, when the Sikh temple above mentioned was founded.

Timour the lame is supposed to have marched through the Doon on his return from one of his enormous forays; but the first authentic mention we have been enabled to obtain of the valley is on its passing, many centuries later, from the gift of Aurungzeb, into the hands of Futteh Sah, Rajah of Gurhwal, and ancestor of the present potentate of the same title, whose metropolis is at Tehree in the Himalayas. Futteh Sah made the capital of the Doon at Jākun, a village where the English traveller of to day posts his relay horse in driving up the steep ascent to Rajpore. Of the state of the jageer very little can now be ascertained. There are old Hindee records well known to exist at Tehree, but their specific contents are at present a mystery; we only know that the natives state the land revenue of those days at 50,000 rupees, more than twice as much as it at present yields, and probably about three times as much as it really ever came to when collected. The ancient rent-rolls of India were very great on paper; witness the jumma of zilla

Agra, stated to have been upwards of fifty lacs under Todar Mull!

In 1803, the Goorkhas obtained possession of the jageer, and to the Rajah of Gurhwal it was lost for ever. But a mightier than he was at hand; the mysterious lady of Leadenhall, then in the ardour of her active youth, cast eyes upon this "happy valley," and, in Lord Hastings' Nepal war, it became the scene of one branch of the extensive operations then commenced. Its capture, in 1815, cost little beyond the death of the gallant cavalier Gillespie, the saviour of Vellore. The spot where he fell is still marked by a monument* under the range of low hills, where once stood the fort of Kalinga, and where now nothing but tradition serves to mark the scene of British† misconduct and British valour.

In May, however, of 1815, the Rajah of Nepal surrendered the Doon to the British Government, and it was shortly after annexed to the district of Saharunpore. At the same time a Regulation passed, by which it was declared to be "subject to the same laws and regulations as the ceded and conquered provinces (IV. 1817); the Hill Pergunnah of Jownsar Bawar (which now forms part of the superintendency) being, in common with other neighbouring tracts, entrusted to an officer under the immediate instructions of the Governor General in Council." In 1825 it was declared that "local circumstances rendered it expedient to transfer the Dehra Doon to the jurisdiction of the Commissioner in Kumaon." Four years after

* Not an object of care to any one that we are aware of. This should not be.

† It would be in bad taste to do more than allude to this unpleasant topic, now happily well nigh forgotten.

it was again separated, and put under the Governor General. The first Superintendent was the earnest and amiable Frederick Shore, who in 1825 performed a feat still remembered in the Doon, where its memory indeed is stereotyped by a grim trophy. The following are the chief particulars. A notorious dacoit (for there were such things once in the North West provinces) had thrown himself, with a gang of freebooters, into a small fort. Mr. Shore proceeded to the attack at the head of a few suwars and a small military force, stormed the gurbhee, slaying with his own hand no fewer than seven of the enemy, among whom was the chief, whose head still adorns the Dehra Jail, and received wounds of such severity as, combined with unskilful treatment, broke down his constitution, and paved the way for the premature loss of one of India's most promising servants and friends. Improvements in the Doon mostly date back to this officer.

The Political and Civil duties were then for some time confided to the Officer commanding the Sirmoor Battalion then located at Dehra; but in 1842 Lord Ellenborough's Finance Committee, with the approval of the Lieutenant Governor, recommended that it should be erected into a Joint Magistracy, the Political Agency being vested in the Commissioner of Kumaon. This is the present state of affairs in this district of *coup d'état*.

It was but natural that a spot thus favoured by nature, with a climate far more equable than that of the plains, and enjoying two pretty regular supplies of rain in the course of the year, should have attracted the atten-

tion of European settlers. For the winter temperature is higher, and that of the summer lower than in the less sheltered plains beyond the "Sewalik" Hills; and rain falls, not only at the usual season, but also during the cold weather; and at any time when the English constitution might require still further advantages, there were always the breezy summits, five thousand feet above, but accessible in a morning's ride. Accordingly the "happy valley" rapidly became the home or the resting-place, as the case might be, of many of those officers who, having retired from active service, sought a retreat in a temperate climate, with interesting and profitable occupation for their time and money. How these expectations have been met it is melancholy to relate. The mere *faineant* Invalid may continue to enjoy his unfruitful repose; but the enterprising planters and farmers who were to open up a field for English colonization in India, where are they? Disappointed, dispersed, or dead; their peasantry ruined, their sugar-mills decayed, their large holdings obtained almost for nothing, scarce continue to pay the current expenses of management, and may possibly, in a few years, revert to their primal forest wildness. That these results are partly owing to unreasonable expectations, and unskilful management on the part of the men themselves, we may not altogether deny; but some of the causes, at least, must be sought in the country itself. For the native agriculturist fares but little better. Cattle small and sickly; peasants few, squalid, ignorant, and living in wretched wigwams;

Hence it will be observed that the area under actual cultivation in the Pergunnah of Dehra amounts to little more than one-fourth of the whole. And that the revenue derived from the forests is upwards of four times that yielded by the land.

It was in 1830, after a succession of loose and apparently tentative settlements for brief periods, that an attempt was first made to introduce a regular progressive organization of the land, with a view, as well to the protection of existing rights as to the increase of cultivation. For the Government were too honest not to perceive that though the uncultivated parts of the district might be as productive to them at the time as those which were under tillage, it was yet a matter of no mean moment to the ultimate condition of the people. It might or might not be advantageous to the coffers of the State to keep the district in this Australian savageness and "bush," but whether it were or were not true that "*delirant reges*," it certainly was that "*plectuntur achi-vi*." As long as the few agriculturists continued hemmed in by swamp and jungle, by wild beast and human marauder, it cannot be expected that they should be a particularly cheerful, enlightened, or even numerous class.

The settlement proceeded on the assumption that the "Sir-*kar*" was entire and absolute proprietor of the land, in virtue of which maxim it was only made with reference to the small proportion then under cultivation. In fact a Ryotwarry settlement was concluded, and the proprietary right vested in the actual cultivators. As the expense and

trouble of dealing with all these small estates was obviously a thing to be avoided, a search was instituted for persons who should represent a group of peasant-proprietors, undertaking the collections, and paying the *Jumma* to the Revenue authorities.

Now a class existed, known on the spot by the name of "Thékédars," who by an obvious, though hasty and careless generalization, were easily assumed to hold the position of Farmers or Contractors; and these were forthwith invested with the fiscal functions above alluded to, on an allowance at first of ten per cent (but shortly afterwards increased to twenty) upon the payments of the cultivators. That these persons should have been called Thékédars, only serves, as Mr. Ross appositely remarks, to prove "the unlimited extent and irresponsible nature of the powers possessed by the hill sovereigns, and the consequent insecurity of property." They asserted themselves to be sole proprietors, and practically exercised the right in its most arbitrary forms. The real character of these contractors under a milder and more certain *régime* will appear to us, as it did to the authorities of those days, a little later on.

That settlement however, made on the old native principles, continued in force for ten years; and, on its expiry another of a similar nature was proposed. It did not indeed obtain the sanction of the Government, which was beginning to have doubts on the subject; and in 1845 attention being fairly aroused, the serious errors which had thus been so near being adopted a second time, at length began to ex-

hibit themselves. It transpired that though "Government, in placing a limit on its demand for a term of years, had created a valuable property," which could be legally vested in any person the Government pleased to select, yet that grievous mistakes had been committed in that disposition—mistakes, be it understood, rather of an imprudent than an immoral or illegal character. These consisted generally in treating the whole of the holdings in the Doon as if alike ruled by the Paharry system; whereas the majority presented the various features of ordinary Hindoostanee tenures. A number of proprietary rights existed, all of which had been overborne by the quixotic adherence to the cause of the "Assamees," and in the meanwhile the greatest uncertainty prevailed, and was permitted to prevail, as to the terms on which *culturable* waste land (not included, because not cultivated, at the time of settlement) might be taken up for agricultural purposes. No village boundaries had been marked off; lands of every variety of quality were assessed at an uniform rate—and this is a hardship most apparent and oppressive to the small peasant proprietor; the professional survey moreover greatly exceeded the "Khusreh," or rough native measurement, which latter shews alone the land cultivated and occupied by each person; finally no provision was made for the responsibility of the Mookuddums or Malgoozars. They were to pay the rent, after collecting it from the ryots, if they could, but if balances arose they could not be held liable. Yet all this time, these very Mookuddums continued, to

a very considerable extent, to exercise the functions of Zemindar within their respective villages, where the cultivating *proprietors* continued to pay them a fixed proportion of the *crops*, according to local usage, without the slightest reference to the assessment made at the time of settlement, and without availing themselves of the rights of transfer and alienation then conferred. Such, we say, was a common case. At the same time the disadvantages of a Ryotwarry system came into full force in many instances, enhanced, as above noted, by the peculiar drawback of the uniform rate. It was in the power of the Revenue authorities to demand as much from the holder of a poor as of a more prolific piece of ground, an evil which of course would be subject to the usual laws of average in any other and larger tenure, either corporate or individual.

Such were some of the evils discovered in 1845, and thankful must those concerned have felt for the delay that had proved thus instructive. It is hardly matter of surprise that even then the Government was not at once prepared to offer remedies for those, nor a more firm basis for a new settlement. A short time later the Lieut. Governor being on the spot, gave the matter his personal attention; and it is believed that Mr. Ross's patience, skill and local experience, guided by such auspices, have accomplished all that it is at present competent for fiscal measures to perform.

The present settlement, begun in 1847 and completed in the year following, aims principally at the restoration of the *status in*

quo previous to the blundering settlement of 1830. In the Himalaya-ward holdings the Government had, during the lawless days that preceded our occupancy, been in the unchallenged exercise of proprietary rights. In the direction of the Sewalik Hills however, towards the plains of Hindoostan, the usual coparcenary tenures of the immigrant races from that quarter had kept pace with their advance into the "bowels of the land." Unhappily a mistake, once committed, can rarely, if ever, be totally recalled. The peasant rights rashly conceded in 1830, could not of course be violently resumed. The only course that remained was to ascertain how far they had been understood and practically accepted by those in whose favour they had been created : and how far the spirit of citizenship and mutual concession would prevail against views of immediate interest, real or supposed. Curiously enough, it appeared that the peasantry had rarely exercised those rights ; wherever they had done so, they freely resigned them, on perceiving that they would obtain in exchange immunity from the Government demand. The Zemindarry rights were then disinterested (such is the singular character of Indian institutions) quite

fresh after a slumber of eighteen years ! And the Assamees resumed their original position of hereditary cultivators. We must be understood to speak of the bhyachara and other usual villages to the south. In the hill talooks they were continued as subordinate proprietors—something similar to the *kissans* of Hurriana—each responsible, to the extent of his own holding, to the superior proprietor, who has even in some cases the power of bringing defaulters' holdings to the hammer.

Such then are the chief features, rapidly sketched as was necessarily the case, such the changes that have recently taken place in the Doon landed system. How far they are calculated to meet the mortality of cattle, the insalubrity of the Eastern Doon, or the sparseness, ignorance and poverty of the population, is a question which those who cannot answer it for themselves must be content to leave for a vast lapse of time. The adjustment of the land Revenue is obviously but one among many steps towards the redemption of a district so savage and deserted as we have shewn this to be. From the following statement it will appear that the new settlement has not been altogether unfruitful :—

<i>Average Jumma of 5 years preceding the present Settlement.</i>	<i>Proposed Jumma 1853-54.</i>	<i>Proposed Jumma of 1860-61, last year of Settlement.</i>
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18,624 10 2

23,568

28,116

So that the Revenue will gain upwards of 50 per cent.

But the welfare of the district requires other measures. Wood and water in the raw material are

plentiful ; such resources are capable of immense development ; the unhealthy parts of such a tract can be deprived of their worst characteristics ; village schools

can be set on foot with a central establishment of more pretence in the chief town ; and the character of the produce raised can be adapted to the principal peculiarities of the district, and its fitness to meet particular demands. A brief advertence to each of these points must conclude for the present our notice of the " Happy Valley."

It has been previously shewn how vast a proportion of the Doon is forest. At present the trees may be cut by any person, but the amount of enterprize must necessarily be limited by the means of transport, and the general command of a ready market. Some wood is of course used in the town of Dehra, a little even in the miserable hut-villages of the Mofussil ; and the transit duties on timber levied at the Ghauts amounts nearly to a yearly average of one lakh. For charcoal we may presume there is still less demand, as it sells at four and five maunds per rupee in Dehra Bazaar ; and our general impression, already more than once shewn in the preceding pages, is that no such demand exists for the timber of the Doon, as to make the cleared ground gain upon the jungle. We would not wish to preserve the timber as an article of revenue, a happy day would it be for the valley when the whole of its surface should be cleared, drained, irrigated and cultivated.

Of the impulse given to agriculture by the opening of canals, the country at large is a witness. In the Doon at present the work of irrigation has proceeded slowly, but on a scale by no means disproportioned to its extension in the plains. An able and inter-

esting article in the *Calcutta Review** supplies us with a summary of Colonel Cautley's " Notes," from which we cannot do better than make a few extracts.

" The Bijapur water-course," says the writer, " finished in 1841, is derived from the Tonse, a drainage line of one of the valleys of the great Himalayan range ; and irrigates a triangular tract of country about 7,500 acres in extent to the westward of the town of Deyrah."

The head of this canal is the lovely scene so familiar to visitors of " the Robbers' Cave." This singular ravine has apparently been arched out by the stream in its descent from the slopes of the Himalayas. Disappearing with it underground, the explorer finds himself in a passage gradually increasing in depth, and closed at top by the branches of the trees, which meet and interlace from either bank. Emerging thence and following the course of the river for another mile and a half, he will come to the spot where the water is diverted by a wall thrown across at a slant, and is led along a kind of gallery on the damp and mossy face of the cliff, till it is brought out through " most difficult ground to the high land at Dhakra." " The supply of water," proceeds our authority, " is about twenty-four cubic feet per second," " and the present net income is about twelve per cent." on the original cost of the works. We grieve to be obliged, in 1853, to add our testimony to the statement made in 1849, that " the Zemindars have not yet availed themselves, to the full extent, of the irrigating capabilities of the water-course,

* No XXIII. p. 125, et seqq.

the country being but thinly populated." It should however be added that Mr. Thornhill, the present Superintendent, has, with great care and personal attention, opened up this tract by a system of roads; and that the water is even now of much use to the Government plantations of fruit trees and of tea, to the limited extent, that is, to which the latter crop requires such assistance.

Of the Rajpoot water-course little need be said, except that it was established principally to supply the inhabitants of Dehra with water for domestic purposes, but is not much in request, as the natives think it makes them ill if drank, and that it will not *boil dhall*! Colonel Cautley was anxious to make Dehra into a sort of Alhambra by means of this canal, but the immediate result has only been a fountain somewhat resembling a bathing-tub with holes in the sides, and used as such by the sepoys whose lines are opposite. The net annual return is very low, apparently less than seven per cent. on the original cost.

More important to the future prospects of the valley will probably be the Kutta Puttee canal, issuing from the Jumna above Umbaree, under a village from whence the name is derived. The fixed supply of water is to be 80 cubic feet per second. It will be shortly opened, and must yield at least ten thousand rupees a year before it can be considered to make even the very moderate return obtained from the Beejapore course, viz. 12 per cent. Of this however there is less doubt, inasmuch as the want of a regular supply of water has long been felt to be the only obstacle to the cultiva-

tion of about 17,000 acres of the richest soil, which will participate in the benefits of this canal; but which up to the present time have constituted a melancholy waste, not even yielding water for the common and necessary purposes of life. The reviewer anticipates no more than 8 per cent. from the direct net income, but justly remarks that any enhancement that may accrue to the land-revenue (at present nominal) will be entirely due to the canal. When it is opened, it is possible that there may be 30,000 acres irrigated out of the whole lakh and a half of acres forming the area of the Doon. It surely cannot be supposed that such a degree of attention is commensurate to the importance of the subject, or that there are not other tracts as capable as that near Umbaree of being reclaimed and rendered most valuable by a system of irrigation.

But too much water is as bad as too little; and Mr. Ross's report gives us a sad glimpse into the extent to which climatic influences from this source have prevailed to throw parts of the district back into their "primal savagery." The town of Dehra lying midway between the two great rivers, it is but natural that it should occupy the highest ground, consequently as we approach the aquatic boundaries, especially the Ganges, we find the land more and more saturated with water as it slopes to the river, till some parts of the Eastern Doon are completely uninhabitable, even to the long suffering ryot who is generally satisfied with the means of life, and tolerably careless about life itself. Could not these deadly morasses be drained,

is a question that must instantly occur to the mind of the reader, as it has already done long ago to that of Colonel Cautley, and others who have interested themselves in this unhappy tract. We believe that the application of funds to the purpose is all that is required; as Mr. Stevenson said of the tunnel through the world, it is a matter of £. s. d. We believe that there are few officers in that overtasked body, the Bengal Engineers, who would not cheerfully undertake the work, subject to such indulgence in point of time, as might be rendered indispensable by the absolute impossibility of carrying on the works during most of the year. Nay more, that, following the slope of the land, the water might be collected in large tanks where it would be available for purposes of irrigation, and thus do as much good as it now produces ruin. Whether the outlay would be profitably made in a commercial point of view, is not so easy for us to pronounce; it may be desirable that one, of the fairest districts of India, and one where Englishmen are most inclined to make their home, should be kept up as a field for the observer of Natural History; a stereotype of the earlier world, a preserve of wild beasts, curious miasmatic *bizareries*, and sundry kinds of death.

The cultivation of the Doon presents many varieties, from the oats and potatoes of the West to the sugar and the plantains of Bengal. Owing probably to the imperfect drainage of the soil, the appearance of the country is in fact more tropical in character than that of the intervening plains of Hindoostan. But, from what has been

already noticed, it may be supposed that none of these varied crops altogether answer; and one important element in the regeneration of the district would be the discovery of a cultivation calculated to be more than ordinarily remunerative. Such we believe to be that of the tea-plant. It is true that Mr. Fortune, on his tour through the Indian tea-districts, coming to Dehra just after a hail-storm of unexampled violence (in which the stones were described by European eye-witnesses to be "of the size of bagatelle-balls") formed but an unfavorable opinion of the Government plantation at Kowlagir. It is also indisputable that the local Zemindars, aware of the expense at which that plantation and manufactory—a pure experiment—are kept up by the State, have not shown much willingness, hitherto, in accepting the liberal terms held out. We believe that the local authorities have been instructed to offer to intending tea-growers, grants of land rent free for three years, as also gratuitous supplies of seed; and, further to ensure them a sale for the raw leaf at prices which would yield a gross return of near twelve rupees an acre. When it is remembered that land in the Doon yields at present about two; that the tea-crop requires little or no irrigation; that the Zemindars are saved the expense of manufacturing the tea, a process which entails on the Government the establishment of an European overseer and numerous Chinese workmen; and that finally the tea-market is, from the troubles in China, the reduction in the duty, and spread of the Anglo Saxon community, a market of indefina-

ble elasticity; when all those things, we say, are borne in mind, it will be readily perceived that the Zemindars have little real cause for anxiety as to the result if they were to lay down the whole of the Doon with this crop. A crop it may be added, which is so peculiarly suited to the sloping half mountainous character of the light stony land, that the Dehra tea has won from the brokers at home the highest encomiums as fragrant tea, almost too aromatic for sole use, but admirably adapted for the manufacture of fine mixed teas. We can add our own personal testimony, having inspected the plantation, and been perfectly astonished at the luxuriant and healthy appearance of the plants. And who shall say that with tea at four and six annas a pound, even in this country there may not be found a market for this—the poor man's luxury? Look at the spread of tobacco. We are persuaded that nothing is required to cause an

equal diffusion of tea, (an article of consumption at least as grateful, and far more healthful) but a bold increase of the cultivation. Were the Government to buy up all the Zemindar's rights in the Doon, and grow tea on the ruinous plan of kham management, it would still, we are persuaded, speedily obtain a large profit.

The great want of a suitable article of produce having been glanced at, it only remains to notice the possibility of overcoming the other deficiency of the Doon. How is "a bold peasantry" to be "supplied?" For with the present population (about 48 per square mile, including a large town) no great improvement can reasonably be expected.

Now on a brief examination of the tribes at present resident, it will be obvious that they are, even now, chiefly *immigrants*. With the exception of the Pahary* villages on the Himalayan slope, the principal castes of the people are as follows:—

I.—*Eastern Doon, from the Ganges Westward.*

MAHRA—A caste calling themselves *Rajpoots*, but eating every thing. Shukarries are of this tribe. These hold all the cultivation along the banks of the Ganges. Coming West are some BRAHMAN and BUNNYA Zemindars, the Cultivators being TELEES.

II.—*Neighbourhood of Dehra.*

RAWUT, spurious *Rajpoots*; both Zemindars and Cultivators. The Mohunt's Jagher cultivated by *Teles*, *Chumars*, and other low caste *Poorahceas*.

III.—*Western Doon from the Jumna Eastward.*

In the grants, as in the *Jager of Dehra*, South and West, RAJPOOTS, BUNJARIES, GOOJURS, also a few families of JATS, said to have come from Huriana (Hisar) Rawuts towards the North.

Now Dr. Latham, in his "Etymology of the British Colonies," says, "amidst the forests at the foot of the Himalayas, a community *** adheres to the customs of their ancestors, resembles the Domes in look, and is called

Rawut." He also states that though unacquainted with their language, he believes them to be of Nepalese origin. For these theories we have been unable to find any foundation. The Rawuts strictly resemble Hindoos in man-

* These too call themselves by Hindoostanee titles, viz. (1) Brahmans, (2) Rajpoots (3) Domas or Doms. They are generally admitted to be foreigners, and are not recognized by the corresponding tribes of the plains.

ners, appearance, and language. Their own statement is that they came from the village of Shivraj-pore, in Cawnpore zillah, where the head of their tribe is a talookadar with the title of Rajah: they consider themselves "*Rajbuns*," (i. e. descendants of the Surya or Solar line) but, though their kindred in the plains intermarry with Rajpoot tribes, they admit that circumstances confine their own alliances to the nearest corresponding tribes in the Himalayan districts. They consider themselves in all points strict Hindoos.

So with the Assamees of the grants, many of whom have absolutely been brought in, and settled there during recent memory. One well-known gentleman of the Civil Service especially brought in hundreds at the time of the great famine, though it must be acknowledged that most of them ran away when plenty re-appeared.

This however by no means proves that families in bad circumstances might not, with careful management, be induced to clear the ground and settle in the vast forest tracts of the Doon, with the concurrent measures of assistance previously pointed out in this paper. Indeed the numbers of Bunjarries at present settled near the Jumna plainly shew that the experiment of giving to some of the wandering gypsey tribes "a local habitation" would, with fair play, be likely to be attended with success. The Kutta-puttee canal is shortly to be opened, and it will be curious to see whether any large immigration will follow, and if so, to what extent the movement will be spontaneous.

It may be superfluous to say much about education in a country where there are scarcely any

inhabitants. In this respect however the Doon is more favorably circumstanced than might be expected. Many of the Zemindars can read, and not a few support vernacular teachers. In the town of Dehra itself, the inhabitants some time ago got up a school, to the support of which they made handsome donations and monthly contributions; and though we believe the establishment has temporarily become suspended, we fancy it happened more from want of supervision than from lack of funds.

We know of no place to which Mr. Reid's excellent vernacular system might be extended with some hope of advantage than the intelligent and respectable city of Dehra.

We here draw to a close our brief notice of this interesting little district, confidently trusting that we shall be pardoned for any errors into which absence from the spot, and the necessary economy of space, may have led us. More especially do we hope that nothing we may have said will be considered in any way depreciatory of the conduct either of the Government or of the local authorities; we believe indeed that there are few districts for which so much has been done with so little prospect of immediate return, so benevolently conceived by the one, or so cheerfully and skilfully carried out by the other. It is not every where, even in India, that land of private apathy, that you shall find a careful survey and settlement, and a scientific system of irrigation, for a revenue amounting (however incomplete as yet,) (exclusive of the timber-duties) to about two thousand five hundred pounds a year.

SENT OUT TO INDIA.

A T A L E .

(By the Author of "*My Uncle Ben's Courtships*.")

Chapter XV.

GREAT CATCH AND A MOONLIGHT SCENE.

WHILE the important fortress of Grimgurh was thus succumbing to the prowess of the invincible Oldbuffer, and Shel Lak Khan, with his warlike followers, was fleeing before the party sent in pursuit, some events occurred at Dust-i-nuggur which, as a faithful historian, we feel bound to narrate, albeit the temptation to remain with the victorious General, and record his sayings and doings, like a Bourrienne or a Boswell, is undoubtedly very strong. We have already given the reader an insight into the state of things at Mrs. Major Devigne's, and shown how that queenly and magnificent lady, on finding that the most eligible gentleman in the neighbourhood had been attracted by the charms of her niece, though proof against those of her daughter, had exhibited enough of human weakness to revenge herself upon poor Miriam for the disappointment, by treating her on many occasions in an unkind and haughty manner. Now it is quite possible that if events had run their usual course, there would have been one or two "scenes" at the fine lady's mansion, calling for the display of cambric handkerchiefs, and the application of *sal volatile*, and involving appeals to the worthy Major upon points which he found it positive torture to decide,

and ending in Miss Miriam taking up her abode with good Mrs. Flirter, until the tempest blew over, or until she changed her condition. But happily, at this juncture, an incident chanced to occur, which in a great measure restored to Mrs. Major Devigne that good-humour, and satisfaction with herself and the world around her, which the bitterness of envy and jealousy at the preference shown for Miriam by Mr. Sternhold had so lamentably diminished. Miss Betsey no longer saw herself condemned to sing or say:

"There's nobody coming to marry me,
There's nobody coming to woo!"

while the great Political Agent of Kilgaum was courting her cousin, and her sister sat fondling dear little Byron, and feeding him with sponge-cake, and thinking of Canter in his splendid uniform and clinking spurs. Oh no! Betsey now had a lover of her own. No lanky beardless Ensign, or indebted Captain, but a gentleman of portly form and imposing presence—an officer who, when in full dress, glittered with crosses and stars, and dazzled you by the magnificence of his habiliments—a General—a man of distinguished service, and of immense wealth.

He had coal-black hair, coal-black eye-brows, coal-black curl-

ing mustachios, and a coal-black beard, full and glossy, which would have reached to his waist had he allowed it to grow. He had a Roman nose, very white teeth, and hazel eyes. Such a lover for little Betsey! If she had the making of him, she would scarcely have altered a hair or a feature. Personally he was perfect.

This, anxious reader, was the celebrated General De Trop. He was about forty-five years of age, and though exhibiting an unfortunate tendency to corpulence, might be termed, upon the whole—as he no doubt thought himself—a rather fine-looking fellow. He was of French extraction, as his name denoted; but his mother, whom he never mentioned without a sigh, had been a pretty Swiss girl of Altorf; and M. De Trop himself had served in Spain, and resided in America; so that in his own mind he was not very clear to what nation he belonged, though the balance of his sympathies undeniably leaned towards France. He was in the service of Runjeet Singh, the “Lion of Lahore.” He had been governor of some place in the hills, and possessed a village or two, and a palatial residence, in the province of Cashmere. The circumstances of his parentage, his adventurous life, and his employment under so wonderful a person as the one-eyed ruler of the Punjab, threw an atmosphere of romance about him which was extremely agreeable to the spirit of the fair Elizabeth. Rumour said that he had amassed great wealth, and certainly during his stay at Dust-i-nuggur, he evinced no lack of ready money. At the time we introduce him to our rea-

ders, he was on his way to Europe, having obtained leave of absence for a year or two; and he had intended to make as expeditious a journey as possible to Bombay, but was unexpectedly detained—nominally for want of an important communication from a friend to Umritsir, but really (as we believe) in consequence of the effect produced upon him by Betsey’s bright eyes, and the complaisance of Madame, her mama.

The General spoke half the languages under the sun; and had a remarkably good knowledge of English, though his accent, of course, every now and then betrayed the foreigner. And he was a very talkative person indeed. To hear him describe the lake of Como, or the passage of the St. Gothard, or the fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, or the attire of the Spanish ladies, or the blowing up of an American Steam boat, giving all details, down to the minutest particular—was extremely entertaining, even to those, (and there were some such churls in the Station,) who did not greatly admire M. De Trop. But his *forte* decidedly lay in narrating his Indian adventures, and portraying the peculiarities of the people among whom his lot, for the last few years, had been cast. And the fair Elizabeth would listen with surprise and awe as he depicted with graphic power, the *durbar* of the great Runjeet, with its barbaric pomp and magnificence, and described the terror which a single glance of the old Maharajah used to inspire when his wishes were thwarted or his interests jeopardised by friend or foe. She heard with a smile the stories which he

told of the cleverness of the Ranee Chund Kour, and the adroitness of the slave-girl Mungela—stories which we beg to say were perfectly proper and correct, though it is probable M. De Trop was aware of facts concerning both those ladies which might put even Paris to the blush,—to say nothing of Dust-i-nuggur. And she displayed an amazing degree of interest when the splendid General related how he had recently crossed the mountains, and paid a visit to his children in Cashmere—what dangers he encountered on the route—how brilliant a reception was given him by his retainers—and what deep grief they expressed on his departure. Really she could scarcely help wishing that she might some day visit that charming place with him!

It was not long after the departure of the expedition to Grimghur, that this eminent officer of the Sikh Army made his appearance at Dust-i-nuggur. Mrs. Major Devigne, like a good and prudent mother, was in the habit of scanning with wary eye every man she met—conjecturing his age—observing his manners—drawing inferences as to his temper—and above all, pushing secret enquiries touching his income and expectations—her noble object being to determine, upon a consideration of all the various particulars thus collected, whether the individual in view would “answer” for either of her dear girls. As soon as M. De Trop called, the match-making eyes were fastened upon his portly figure, and the match-making brain set to work, guessing, and calculating, and reasoning; though of course the lady talked to her visitor

meanwhile as freely and openly as if she had not the shadow of a design upon him.

“It is a very fine army, that of Runjeet Singh,” she said, when conversing for the first time with M. De Trop. And then she *thought*: “Sikh Army: he’ll have no pension: but the rank is something, and I dare say Runjeet pays his European officers well.”

“I have bid adieu to my friends in the Punjab for some time,” quoth the General. “And I have paid a farewell *veset* to my palace—my chateau, Madame will understand, which is situated in the valley of Cashmere.”

“A lovely place, that vale of Cashmere!” said the lady. And she *thought*: “A Chateau! well, he must be worth money. But I would rather it were in France than in Cashmere.”

“I have some land there, and also some villages,” De Trop said, “but I value my money more than I value my land. *Pourquoi*—Madame will understand.”

“Ah!” returned the lady, “the political state of the country no doubt renders property of an immoveable kind very insecure.” And she *thought*: “He has money, and a good deal of it, I’ll be bound. I wonder whether he has brought any hoondies, drawn upon our Dust-i-nuggur Bankers. We might ascertain *that*.”

When the General got up to go away, Mrs. Devigne, in giving him her hand, did not fail to notice the big diamond ring on his thick hairy finger; and as he was a foreigner, she took the liberty of asking if that magnificent ornament had been given to him by the Maharajah?

"Ah! yes, Madame," replied he, bowing gracefully, "that is *one* of the presents His Highness forced upon me when I took leave of him. I have some other little things of the same sort. He was always a generous master. *Bon jour, Madame.*"

"It is evident," thought the sagacious mother, "from his speaking so contemptuously of valuable things, that he must have feathered his nest well since he entered the Sikh service. What a catch he will be for Betsey!"

The General speedily became a frequent visitor at Mrs. Devigne's; and directly that worthy lady discovered that Elizabeth had made an impression upon him, there was a wonderful change in her demeanour towards the entire household. Miss Meek, who for some time past had been scolded almost from morning to night, for all sorts of sins of omission and commission, and who had actually penned a formal notice, signifying her intention of leaving Dust-i-nuggur upon the expiration of three months—was spoken to, now, with kind condescension, and permitted to make an occasional observation in company, without being snubbed for her temerity. Fanny was allowed a chicken *per diem* for Byron, instead of being obliged to buy food for her pet out of her own pocket money, and get it prepared furtively by the cook. Elizabeth got through her music lesson without incurring the anger of her mama, and being called (as sometimes happened previously) a little stupid that never *would* learn—a tiresome, careless, good-

for-nothing puss, &c. &c. &c. Master Tom was kissed profusely as usual; but felt the relief of receiving these proofs of affection without that preliminary flogging by which they were wont to be preceded—a change infinitely grateful to his young spirit. The Major was paid the almost unprecedented compliment of being asked for his opinion on one or two matters of domestic concernment. And as for our young friends, Miriam and Louise, they both found their aunt of a sudden grown so friendly and affable, that they might almost have fancied they had just arrived in India, and that the feelings of regard she had at first expressed for them had never been disturbed by the accident of Mr. Sternhold finding Miriam more attractive than her cousin Betsey. So that whatever censorious and cynical people in Dust-i-nuggur might think of our magnificent friend the General, it was quite clear that his attentions to the Devigne family at this time made (as Louise said) something like a summer, "where Darkness else would be." Every body felt thankful to De Trop for thus shedding his sunny influence upon the lady of the house; and Miss Meek wished in her innocent heart that the General's courtship could last for ever, or that he could marry both the Major's daughters at once, and thus extinguish the causes of their mama's petulance and unkindness for ever. But the Governess did not know this fine lady. If she had had as many daughters as King Priam had sons, and each one of them had been successfully married, she would still have remained the

same proud, overbearing, heartless, and spiteful woman.

"This is a pleasant change, Miriam," said Louise to her sister one day. "Aunt has not had a headache since General De Trop called, nor Tommy a beating."

"Ah! but it won't last," replied Miriam, with a smile. "My Uncle will surely never allow his daughter to marry this foreign officer, and as soon as M. De Trop goes, I fear Aunt will be so angry at losing him that she will treat us worse than ever."

Little Mrs. Flirter was fond of being merry and happy, and of inspiring those around her with similar agreeable feelings. She had already given a Ball—a very grand and imposing affair, of which we published a feeble account in a preceding chapter—and she now resolved, after consulting her husband the Collector, who opened his large mouth and looked at the ceiling, and said he was sure he had no objection, to issue invitations to certain of her friends for a *fête*, which she designed to give at a picturesque spot about five miles from Dust-i-nuggur. This spot was called by the European residents Lake Ludicrous, but of course was known to the natives of the country by some less absurd appellation. Here was a large sheet of water, enclosed on three sides by wooded hills. Upon the water was a little boat, in which parties used to amuse themselves, sailing or rowing as the fancy took, and sometimes meeting with real danger in their amateur navigation, from the sudden puffs of wind that would come down through unexpected gaps in the hills. Crowning the loftiest peak

of the miniature mountain range, were seen the ruins of an old fort, with a white building standing beside it which resembled a tomb; and the story ran, that very many years ago this stronghold had been inhabited by a most daring and ferocious robber, who, having abducted the beautiful daughter of a neighbouring Rajah, kept her immured there till she died, when in a fit of remorse he ordered a marble monument to be erected over her remains, and upon its completion threw himself headlong from its summit into the lake beneath. If the famous robber really did perform the feat attributed to him, he must have had surprising saltatory powers; but folks said that the ghost of the great jumper still haunted one side of the lake, while that of the lady walked up and down on the other, so that probably it was merely his spirit that took the leap, with the spirit of the Rajah's daughter in its arms. However this may be, the inhabitants of the little village in the vicinity were so impressed with the truth of the story, that not one of them would approach the shores of the lake after sunset. Here it was that Mrs. Flirter proposed to feast her friends; and in order to attach some novelty to the entertainment, she decided that it should take place by moonlight. The party were to leave Dust-i-nuggur in the afternoon, and (as the little bungalow commonly used by excursionists was rather out of repair) were to dine in a spacious tent pitched on the margin of the lake; by that time the moon (which was at the full) would be rising; and in such a picturesque place, at such an hour, and with such companions, the worthy lady

was convinced, that people would enjoy themselves exceedingly.

The appointed day having arrived, the *elite* of the society of Dust-i-nuggur, instead of taking their usual evening drive, were seen wending their way in the direction of Lake Ludicrous. There were the Flirters and the Devignes, Mrs. and Miss Oldbuffer, Mr. Sternhold, General De Trop, Mr. D'Oyley Dashwood, Mr. and Mrs. Staples, Miss Meek, Mr. Bob Dunrobin, and about half a dozen more—some in their carriages, and some on horseback, forming quite a numerous and gay procession. M. De Trop rode a large black horse, and kept pretty close to Mrs. Devigne's carriage during the journey. Mr. Sternhold was on horseback too, but came not near the General, perhaps because he did not like him, and perhaps because he feared that he might not show to advantage beside so stout and imposing-looking a person and so expert a rider.

Had cunning little Mrs. Flitter any secret reason, of her own for getting up this entertainment? Was it not a strange thing for such a party to be given at a time when hostilities were in progress on the frontier, and many of the friends of her guests were actually engaged in them? How could affectionate Mrs. Oldbuffer be expected to eat turkey and ham, and swallow champagne, and how could sweet Miss Oldbuffer be expected to prattle smilingly to Mr. D'Oyley Dashwood, whilst the Brigadier was exposing his valuable old life before the walls of Grimghur? We cannot answer these questions. We only know that he *fête* took place as arranged,

and that it passed off with great *éclat*, Mrs. Oldbuffer eating a hearty dinner, and narrowly escaping being made to dance afterwards, and her lovely daughter chatting away merrily—as was her wont—and keeping both Mr. Dashwood and Mr. Bob Dunrobin in capital humour.

Moonlight, shining upon the calm clear waters of a lake, makes a very pretty and romantic scene. And what a thing moonlight is in India! It does not glimmer hazily, as though the Lady Moon were concealing her face behind a gauze veil, or shoot forth fitfully as the orb dives in and out of dismal passing clouds, as is usually the case in dull old England,—but it pervades and illumines all space with a gentle silvery lustre, giving us less a bright night than a kind of milder day. Objects are clear and distinct as in the sun-light, but there is no glare, nor heat, nor noise. You look up at the broad, brilliant face of the planet, and fancy it appears nearer and nearer the longer you gaze. How the placid bosom of the waters shines beneath the clear unbroken stream of light—just as some mortal bosom may be supposed to reflect and respond to the light of love!

There was a little music in the tent, and a little dancing. But the fiddlers, who had come from Dust-i-nuggur, were not particularly expert, and the ladies had not brought their ball dresses with them; and the scenery outside was so beautiful, and the moon so bright, that many of the party preferred to stroll along the shores of the lake, and some even started on a daring expedition to the ruined fort on the hill, heedless of tigers, and snakes, and

ghosts, by all of which, according to popular belief, their route must be infested. One of the first who emerged from the tent was honest Bob Dunrobin, who came out steady as a rock, and stuck a comical low-crowned hat, which he was in the habit of wearing, firmly upon the side of his head. Whither could Bob be bound? Was it possible that so enormously fat and funny-eyed a gentleman could be in search of the sublime and beautiful? Bob made for a bit of a bank near the tent, and there pulled out his cigar-case, and lit his cheroot. Seated upon the little eminence with his elbows upon his knees, he puffed away most agreeably, and no doubt thought the moonlight was beautiful, and the lake superb. Then came Staples the cotton-planter, with a champagne mildness about the eye, who, desecrating honest Bob in the distance, made up to him rather tortuously, and begging a cheroot, lit it with difficulty, and put the lighted end in his mouth. After a brief interval, a stout gentleman with a thin lady, and a stout lady with a thin gentleman, sallied forth and bent their steps towards the path leading to the old ruin.

"I say, Dunrobin," said Staples thickly, "there's your d—d double!"

"'Tis you that *see* double," observed Bob, blowing a silvery and odoriferous cloud.

"He's as like you as two peas," sputtered Staples.

"It's that d—d French *Général*—as he calls himself," Bob said contemptuously. "He's doing the polite to Miss Betsey Devigne. And the old lady behind is Mrs. Brigadier, with lit-

tle Bodkin, who has just come up from Bombay to join the —th. I dare say Mounseer wishes Mother Oldbuffer a thousand miles off."

"Why," said Staples, rubbing his eyes, "there are two—two—more."

It was a single couple this time; and instead of following those who had preceded them, they took the path, skirting the western shore of the lake, and walked on talking in a low voice.

"Mr. Sternhold and Miss Miriam Devigne," said Bob. "How well that girl walks. She does not trip like Catherine Flirter, or wriggle like Betsey Devigne, or waddle like Mrs. Brigadier, or sail like Mrs. Major. She *walks*! You're out, old fellow. Throw that cheroot away, and try another."

Some further desertions from the Tent now took place; and Bob, finding that he could not smoke in that privacy which is essential to the perfect enjoyment of the weed, got up from the bank, and marched to the water-side, designing to have a pull across to the opposite shore, in the little boat, of which we have already made mention. Staples accompanied him, walking, we regret to say, very unsteadily. The cotton-planter, like Cassio, had "unhappy brains for drinking;" he had made attacks, too free and frequent, upon Mrs. Flirter's champagne; and the effect of the night air upon his obfuscated faculties was the reverse of illuminatory, as may be easily imagined.

"Get in and steer," quoth Dunrobin. "I'll take the oars and we'll be over in no time."

While these happy gentlemen thus amused themselves, Mr.

Sternhold and Miriam continued their quiet walk along the western shore. Sternhold spoke in low tones, and without any high flown language or foolish sentimentalism. There was an earnestness in his manner, but no passion. He made love very much as he would have written a despatch—weighing his words carefully, and saying neither more nor less than, in his view, the occasion demanded. Not a syllable about burning adoration, or broken hearts. Not a hint of suicide. Not the smallest reference to angelic eyes or celestial smiles. He seemed to penetrate her thoughts, however, and watchfully followed them, as expressed by the words she softly uttered, and by the plainer language of her dark and beautiful eyes. And when he saw after a while that his suit was destined to be crowned with success, he took her small white hand, and raised it respectfully to his lips. 'Twas the wooing of a diplomatist rather than of a lover.

The progress of the worthy folks who were essaying to climb the hill was not very rapid. Mrs. Oldbuffer, indeed, after gallant but unavailing efforts to keep up with the General and his companion, was fain to plump down on the stump of a tree, and pause there to recover her breath; while Ensign Bodkin stood beside her sympathisingly, and thought (the young rascal!) what an awful flirtation he was carrying on, and what the chances were that he would have a head upon his shoulders to-morrow, if the Brigadier could suddenly pop in upon them. The General, too, being like Hamlet, "fat and scant of breath," plodded on at

last so wearily beside the light and agile Betsey, that this compassionate young lady (who thought his grunting anything but romantic) suggested that they should desist in their attempt to reach the ruin, and descend to the lake by a bye-path.

"Ah, *mon dieu*!" said the panting General, "that is good."

And so they turned off and proceeded towards the place where Mr. Sternhold and Miriam were walking.

"A pretty mountaineer *you* are, M. De Trop!" said Betsey, as she tripped along besides the distinguished officer.

Meanwhile, our two friends on the water performed some extraordinary evolutions. At one time the little boat would shoot along smartly for a second or two—then it would pause and turn half round—then it would shape a zig-zag course—then it would "cant" over, so as nearly to upset. The fact was that the condition of the "man at the helm" was such as not only to disable him from steering, but to prevent his paying the slightest obedience to the orders of his Captain, Robert Dunrobin. He would sometimes go in one direction—sometimes in another; and ever and anon he would throw down the tiller-ropes, and commence singing "Black-eyed Susan," or "Farewell, my trim-built wherry,"—or haply attempt to dance the polka with an imaginary partner, and place the little boat in imminent danger of capsizing. Thus Bob felt that the sooner he ran his bark aground and landed his impracticable helmsman, the better; and he therefore used every possible effort to regain the shore.

"Three ch-cheers for the British admiral!" cried Staples, who espied General De Trop on the hill; and standing on tip-toe, he waved his hat so violently that at length it slipped out of his hand, and went sailing along the surface of the lake.

"Bout ship!" vociferated he: "haul down the ter-gallant try-sails! Let go the back-stays! Keep her stern to the wind!"

"For Heaven's sake, hold your tongue, and sit down," said Dunrobin; "you'll be overboard presently, or else capsize the boat."

"Captain," returned Staples with comical seriousness, "don't you see that I've lost my hat?" And then he burst forth again with:—

"Oh! Pilot, 'tis a fearful night;" and after roaring a few lines of that lively song, addressed himself to the ladies as follows:—

"To all you ladies now on land,
We men at sea indite,
But first we'd have you understand,
We don't know how to write."

There was a little clump of trees on the western shore; and as there seemed to be a good landing-place hard by, Dunrobin

made for it, and just as his companion was finishing one of his nautical ditties, he ran the boat ashore, and jumped out.

"Yoho! The ship has struck!" yelled Staples; and tearing off his coat and waistcoat, he rushed with wild eyes and wilder hair after poor Bob Dunrobin, and seizing that stout individual by the waist, and vowing that he should *not* be drowned, that he *would* save him, ran in among the trees, dragging his struggling victim after him.

There was a loud shriek, and a louder exclamation in the French language.

"'Tis the Rajah's ghost!" cried a female voice.

"'Tis Shel Lak Khan, *ma chere Batesey!*" cried a male one.

"We're two poor shipwrecked mariners!" roared Staples, reeling over General De Trop (who was upon his knees before Miss Elizabeth) and precipitating honest Bob, sheer against his will, into the arms of the young lady.

At this moment Mr. Sternhold and Miriam, alarmed by the noise, appeared upon the scene.

Chapter XVII.

THE REBELLIOUS HUSBAND.

ABOUT three weeks had elapsed since the scene described in the preceding chapter. It was early morning: there was not a breath of air stirring nor a cloud passing, and the sun, though not long risen, was already, in the pride of his strength, giving a foretaste of the vigorous heat with which he would embrace the day. In the verandah of Captain Granton's residence, there

stood a bed-room couch, covered with a sheet, and with white pillows at its head, upon which one or two dark stains, as of blood, might be seen. A sick man lay there attended by a pale-faced young officer, who had a punkah in his hand, and was fanning his friend's face, and also by an active-looking gentleman, with bushy whiskers, who had evidently been busy with plasters and ban-

dages, and was now shaking the contents of a largish phial, quite with a professional gusto.

"This will do you a power of good, Granton, my boy," said the whiskered gentleman, who was no other than our old friend Dr. Leechley.

"I tell you once for all," the patient replied, "that physic is of no use. All that I want is rest, and low diet, and some one to read to me: nature will speedily put me to rights if these things be attended to. Oh! that infernal palankeen—I feel the jolting of it yet."

"This draught," Leechley continued, holding the phial up to the light, and looking at it lovingly, "will give you wonderful relief; you will sleep nicely after it, and rise refreshed. It is the most soothing preparation in the world. I saw it compounded myself. 'Pon my faith! 'tis a delightful medicine."

"I want a cup of tea," said Granton, interrupting the eulogy; "Prettyman, get me a cup of tea."

The pale young officer handed his punkah to the Doctor, and went off with alacrity to order the desired refreshment.

"How Prettyman is improving," said Leechley. "What a nice young fellow he is growing."

"You may say that truly," returned Granton in a low tone. "What I should have done without him on the journey I know not. He was as kind to me as a brother, and nursed me with as much attention as a woman. I have already told you how gallantly he behaved at Grimghur; and it is a fact that in the pursuit of Shel Lak Khan, he cut

down three of the enemy with his own hand. His future course will be distinguished, mark my words."

"You must have had a hard tussle with that rascal who floored you;" remarked Leechley.

"Ay," Granton said; "but he'll never draw sword again. The British steel went truest, and what care I for a paltry cut in the shoulder? Do you think those vagabonds will venture to make head again, now that their chief has bit the dust? Not they! I say the war is put an end to, and virtually by 'this little arm and this good sword.' I shall soon get well. But what is the Dust-i-nuggur news? You have told me nothing, and no one has been here yet to visit me."

"You are talking too much; and I shall go away and leave you, Prettyman!" (added the Doctor to that young officer, who had just returned). "Keep Granton as quiet as possible, and don't let him converse. He had better take this draught: it will probably prevent his having fever."

And so Leechley departed.

Captain Granton had received a severe sword-cut in an engagement with the Grimghur fugitives, who had been overtaken and cut up—all their baggage and valuables falling into the hands of the victors. The wound had been inflicted in a *mêlée*, but he had reason to believe the striker was no other than the redoubtable Shel Lak Khan, whose body was found on the field after the action, and bore (we must add) a most remarkable resemblance to the *soi disant* ambassador, whose visit to Brigadier Oldbuffer has

been already recorded in these pages.

"I should like to know what has been going on here during our absence," said Granton.

"You may soon gratify your curiosity, then," answered Prettyman, going to the door, "for I see the Major coming."

It was in truth Major Devigne who came trotting into the compound, and dismounting from his horse, entered the verandah with a quick step, and shook Granton cordially by the hand.

"Pon my soul, I am heartily sorry," the good-natured gentleman said. "Not a bad hurt though, I hope? Ah! a cut in the left shoulder. Yes, I see. Did you punish the rascal for it? No fever?"

Granton answered the Major's enquiries, and gave a brief account of the engagement in which he had been wounded: then, considering that his own turn had come as a questioner, he asked for Mrs. Devigne and the young ladies, and generally for the news of the station.

"You have heard of my niece's marriage?" said Major Devigne.

"No, indeed: which niece?"

"Oh! Miriam is Mrs. Sternhold now. She was married a week since."

Why should Granton start, and his cheek grow paler, and his teeth fasten upon his lip, as he heard this piece of intelligence? Why should the Major's simple words, smilingly uttered, thrill electrically to his very soul, and produce a faint, a sickening sensation, as though the tidings of some dread calamity had fallen upon his ear? What was Miriam to him, or he to Miriam? Had not he considered calmly, deliberately,

rationally, the question whether he would be justified in assuming towards her the attitude of a suitor; and had not the full weight of the evidence, and the whole strength of the argument, commanded a negative decision? And, moreover, had not this decision been firmly pronounced and unwaveringly adhered to? This was all strictly true; yet the suddenness of the announcement that one whom he loved—he really had not known how deeply till now—was lost to him absolutely, and for ever overwhelmed him with painful emotion. If his nerves had not been somewhat unstrung, and if the news had been broken gradually to him, he thought he could have heard of Miriam's marriage unmoved; but pain, fatigue, and weariness had weakened the powers of reason and judgment, and heightened those of passion and feeling, and thus the tidings came upon his spirit like a heavy blow.

"What is the matter? Do you feel worse?" enquired the Major.

"A little weak, that's all. 'Twill soon pass off."

Without suspecting the torture he was inflicting, Major Devigne proceeded to describe, for the pleasure and benefit of his audience, the various circumstances connected with Miriam's wedding; the beauty of the dark-eyed bride; the richness and grace of her bridal attire; the magnificent breakfast which her aunt (for the poor Major ascribed all the praise to his wife) had insisted upon giving; the number and rank of the guests; the champagne; the speeches; the departure of the bride and bridegroom for Kilgaum, amidst the

tears of the women—who always would cry on these occasions—the Major couldn't for the life of him understand why or wherefore; and then the dinner in the evening of the eventful day, and the deuced pretty French duet which General De Trop and Betsey had sung. Altogether the event had passed off admirably; and although poor Louise's distress at parting with her sister was deplorable enough, yet *that* wouldn't last long, of course—such grief never did! Thus Major Devigne rattled on, for the edification of poor Granton.

"And who is General De Trop, Major?" asked Ensign Prettyman, who, though he had given up all hope of the fair and scornful Elizabeth, could not repress a slight sensation of jealousy at hearing her name mentioned in connection with another.

"He is a French officer," the Major rejoined, "belonging to Sikh service, and is now on his way to Europe. Apparently he has seen a good deal of the world; and he talks English as well as you or I. Can't say that I liked him much at first, for I have a sort of John Bull antipathy to foreigners, and probably the specimens we see in the service of native princes are the reverse of favorable; but my better half at once perceived and appreciated his merits, and pointed them out to me in her usual convincing way; the girls, too, seemed struck with him, especially Betsey, the little rogue! So he has gradually become quite intimate with us, and drops in to dinner of an evening like an old friend."

"De Trop—De Trop," said Granton, musingly; "is he not a stoutish fellow with a merry

eye, and black hair and moustache?"

"Just so."

"I think I met him a few years ago."

"Then you will be able soon to renew your acquaintance with him. But I am forgetting the wedding. Louise remains with us for the present, but I believe after the honeymoon she goes to reside with her sister at Kilgaum, taking the worthy Mrs. Comfit along with her, so that our family circle will be quite a small one again. Poor thing! she often seems very unhappy, and Mrs. Devigne says, she half suspects love is the cause of her melancholy. I don't know how it is, Granton, but women are not only sharper in observing effects than men, but seek a great deal deeper for causes. Now I should say, my niece is merely sad on account of her sister's departure, a very natural source of grief; but my wife *will* have it that she is cherishing an attachment for—for an officer of the regiment—an unrequited attachment, you know, and really I should be extremely sorry if that were the case."

Granton smiled faintly, and looked at Prettyman, as much as to say, "Oh! you young dog, you've been making a conquest of Miss Louise, have you?"

The valiant Ensign returned the look with a glance of comic surprise, and commenced: "My dear fellow, I assure you——"

But the Major relieved him from his embarrassment by saying smilingly: "Oh! it's not you I was referring to, but a much older sinner. However it will not do for me to be chatting away here all day: I must be off.

I shall come and see you often, Granton; and I hope you will soon be on your legs again, strong and hearty as ever. If there is anything you want, don't scruple to let us know. We shall be delighted to be of service to you. Ah!" (and the Major paused for a moment on the threshold) "a little nice calves' foot jelly would be just the thing; I'll ask Mrs. Devigne to order some to be made when I get home, and it shall be sent down to you the moment it is ready. Good bye old fellow."

In the course of this visit, the worthy Major, (who appeared to compensate for his taciturnity at home by talkativeness abroad) had been on the brink of two precipices, or to speak more plainly, on the point of divulging two family secrets, one of which was, that a matrimonial engagement had been arranged between General De Trop and Miss Betsey; and the other, that Mrs. Devigne, by aid of her acute perception, and adroit questions, and practised powers of reasoning, had discovered, to her own perfect satisfaction, that Louise entertained a feeling stronger than mere friendship for Captain Granton. The appropriate time for the revelation of these secrets had not yet come; and we tremble to think what might have been the consequences, had the tattling Major anticipated the period for disclosing them, and thereby usurped the prerogative, and deranged the plans of the fine lady—his wife!

Major Devigne went home, dressed, breakfasted, and then retreated to his own *sanctum*, where he already enjoyed in imagination a comfortable smoke in

his easy chair and a clever article in the last number of the *Edinburgh Review*. However, he was not destined to enjoy at this time these innocent pleasures, for ere he had well lit his cheroot, he heard the grunting of hamauls, and saw De Trop's palankeen coming into the compound, very much on one side as usual, and caught a glimpse of the occupant's legs thrown up higher than his head; soon after which interesting apparition, Mrs. Comfit knocked at his door, and summoned him, by his lady's desire, to the drawing room.

"What's the matter now, Comfit?" enquired the Major.

"Oh la! how can I tell, Sir," answered the old lady, who was suffering from prickly heat, tempered with violet powder. "Perhaps the Siamese have invaded Cashmere and stolen the General's goats. Or may be an earthquake has happened, and shaken down a *havalanch* upon Monseer's viller. There's nothing supernatural about me, Sir, but I've had a predilection for some time that something would happen in Cashmere." And Mrs. Comfit, who had an unaccountable dislike to General De Trop, bustled away to her own quarter of the establishment, while the Major, throwing down his cheroot, repaired obediently to the drawing-room.

"*Bon jour*," said De Trop as he entered. "You were out early this morning. I saw you pass on your horse."

Mrs. Devigne was seated on a sofa, busily engaged upon some worsted work of gorgeous hues, for she always wished to appear industrious in the morning: it gave intending suitors the im-

pression that she trained up her dear girls in active and useful habits, as well as in those accomplishments which impart elegance to the manners and elevation to the mind. The young ladies were all absent. Betsey was translating Italian with Miss Meek in another room; Louise was writing to her sister; and Fanny (Byron being asleep) was teaching Master Tom his letters, and explaining to him the mystic difference between the round O and the crooked S.

"I have been paying a visit to poor Granton," quoth the Major, throwing himself down on a chair. "He returned from Gringham last night; and has rather a bad wound in the shoulder. By the bye, General, I think he said he had met you somewhere or other. I was not aware that you knew him."

De Trop turned suddenly pale. He cast his eyes on the ground, then up to the ceiling; and then drew himself to the very edge of his chair, and sat there fidgettily, twirling his moustache, in a vigorous fashion with the thumb and forefinger of his right hand.

"Ah! Yes," returned he, "we were acquainted; that is,—*mais n'importe*;—the times are changed;—Alfred Granton, I think, is his name?"

"Wilfred!"

"Yes, Wilfred. My memory is not good."

"I sent for you, Major dear," said Mrs. Devigne, "in order that we might have a little quiet conversation about poor Elizabeth. I fear we must make up our minds—heigho!—to part with the dear sweet girl. In affairs of the heart, many parents are disposed to interfere harshly with the inclina-

tions of their children, but I have always felt it to be *my* duty to consult those inclinations, and to do my best to promote the happiness of my girls. Elizabeth has confessed a partiality—nay, more than a partiality—for our friend General De Trop." (Here a tear came into the corner of Mrs. Devigne's eye, which she wiped gracefully away with a cambric handkerchief, having a very deep lace border.) "There are mothers who would probably take an unfavorable view of the General's pretensions—do not be offended, M. De Trop—who would object to him on the ground that he is a foreigner; that he is in the service of a native power; and that in case of any thing happening to him, (I hope I don't alarm you, General?) the future years of his widow would not be comforted with the pecuniary solace of a pension. There are others who might—forgive me, Monsieur—take exception to the suitor on the score that he is a little too old. But how cruel, how inhuman it would be, for any of these reasons, to place the stern barrier of parental prohibition between a sorrowing girl and the object of her regard! Major, dear, suppose that my mama had pronounced *our* union an undesirable one, and torn those hearts asunder which evidently it was the will of heaven should be joined together. I might have been offered upon the altar of Mammon, or gone mad like Juliet, or been driven to undertake the office of a Sister of Charity. And *you*—you would have committed suicide; I am sure you would, so don't say a word. Yes, we must not stand in the way of dear Betsey's happiness. She must not pine away and die, nor must we allow

our good friend the General to give himself up to black despair. M. De Trop has made Elizabeth a formal offer of his hand and heart—she has accepted him, subject to our consent—and I now think we should give the dear girl the permission she seeks, though I am sure," (with a succession of loud sobs,) "it will b-break my v-very heart to part with her."

Poor Major Devigne felt his position peculiarly uncomfortable. He was very fond of Betsey—as, indeed, of all his children; he did not half-like the French General; and he had the greatest aversion to anything like a "Scene." Yet here was Elizabeth represented as deeply in love with the mustachiod individual; and here was Mrs. D. herself advocating the cause of the lovers, and whimpering about 'it in a genuine, affecting, irresistible kind of style. What could the Major do or say? It was true his wife had of late more than once talked the matter over to him, and besought him to give it earnest consideration, but he had purposely avoided reflecting on it, because it was a vexatious, unwelcome topic; and now that the subject was in a manner forced upon him, and he could perceive no way of escape from it, he evinced the deepest possible uneasiness, appearing—to use a significant expression—thoroughly "non-plussed."

But if Major Devigne was put in a perplexing position, General De Trop—to judge by his countenance and manner—felt his situation still more embarrassing. The Major's lady had expected him to display a perfect transport of joy, and to go down on his knees to her, at the very least,

to thank her for consenting to his union with the adorable Elizabeth. M. De Trop, however, remained as fast in his chair as though he were glued to it, and showed a more troubled visage, and twisted his moustache more ferociously than ever. At last he said:

"Madame must pardon me. I had bad news this morning; I have enemies at Lahore, who have been poisoning the Maharajah's ear against me; my Cashmere property is in danger; and it is necessary—*absolument*—that I retrace my steps to the Punjaub. I must go *à l'instant*."

It was now Mrs. Devigne's turn for surprise. "Good Heavens!" cried she: "Is it possible that you intend to leave us, and at so interesting, so important, a moment? Is my beloved child, whose affections you have succeeded in gaining, to wait, in anxious suspense, until you have prosecuted this perilous journey to the Punjaub, baffled the machinations of your enemies at Lahore, and re-established yourself in the good graces of the Maharajah? General De Trop, as a man of honor, can you condemn her to this fate?"

Miss Betsey, who was not very far off, must have overheard a portion of this eloquent appeal, for she suddenly discontinued her Italian exercise, and came running into the drawing-room, exclaiming, "What is the matter, dearest mama? Tell me, I implore you, what is the matter?"

"Ah, Elizabeth!" cried Mrs. Major Devigne, throwing aside her worsted work, and betaking herself to her smelling-bottle in an agonised manner—"He is going to leave us! He says he must go back to — to — La-



hore. Why did he come here to gain our esteem, our love, and then plant such a dag—dagger in our hearts !”

“Oh General !” uttered Betsey, sitting down in a *prie dieu* chair, and covering her face with her pocket handkerchief.

“Mesdames,” said De Tropic, more agitated than ever, “pray pardon me ; give me a little time to explain the—the situation.” And then he went on to tell them half in English and half in French how a party, headed by Sirdar Something Singh, had made accusations against him to the Maharajah of a character seriously affecting his honor,—how it had been asserted that his application for leave of absence was a mere *ruse*, and that his real object in leaving the country of the Five Rivers was to get safely off to Europe with his ill-gotten gains—and how the most daring of his accusers had gone so far as to propose to Runjeet Sing the confiscation of his possessions in Cashmere as a fitting punishment for his dishonesty and treachery. The General concluded these details by placing his hand upon his heart, and asking Mrs. Devigne, with a sort of melodramatic flourish, how he could possibly enjoy peace of mind, or rest of body, until he had vindicated his honor, thus perfidiously assailed, and punished the cowards who were basely plotting against him behind his back ?

A little sob was heard from behind Betsey’s pocket handkerchief.

“General,” said the young lady’s mama, “we believe your statement, and fully enter into your feelings. But something is due to this family, to this

dear girl, overwhelmed with grief, and to her sorrowing parents. You have proved to me incontestably that you have a sufficient fortune to enable you to live in comfort, nay, in affluence, with your future wife, in any city of Europe. Why then go back to Lahore ? Why desire to regain the good opinion of a semi-barbarian prince, who in a few years may not have a bag of rupees nor a beegah of land that he can call his own ? Why care about the charges preferred against you by a parcel of intriguing chiefs ? My advice to you is to relinquish all thought of returning to the Punjaub, and to devote your future life to making my daughter, and yourself happy.”

“No ! I’ll be d—d if he shall !” thundered the Major, rebelling for the first time against his “*placens uxor*,” and speaking with a passionate vehemence he had never yet been known to display.

This was so startling that Mrs. Devigne gazed at him aghast, and Betsey raised her pretty head, and forgot to wipe away the tears, of which traces were still observable upon her face.

“My dear Madame overlooks the Cashmere estate,” said the General, mildly.

“Never mind your estates, Sir,” the Major went on, still unusually excited. “Go and clear your honor. While that is impeached or suspected, you shall have no daughter of mine. Meet your enemies—disprove their charge—recover the Maharajah’s favor.”

“Major, dear,” interposed his wife, “you’ll frighten the General ; don’t you see he wants to do the very things you are urging upon him. It was I who, prompt-

ed by the loftiest, holiest feelings of a mother's heart, advised the course which you so sternly denounce. Turn your artillery upon me, if you like. I am the culprit." And she shed a tear or two, and recruited exhausted nature with a sniff at the smelling salts.

The Major was softened. 'Tis hard to see a wife in tears, and not be mollified; and when the weeping mother has an ally in a tender-hearted daughter, 'tis absolutely impossible.

"I beg your pardon, my dear," said the worthy officer. "I am really very sorry. But you see M. De Trop is compelled by the dictates of honor to return immediately to the Punjaub; and really we must not part with Betsey till he comes back in triumph. General, you will write to us during

your absence, and report progress. We heartily wish you every success."

Let us draw a decent veil over the parting. No doubt there were sighs and sobs, and tearful glances and heart-broken tones, and farewell promises; but the pen flinches from the task of recording such marks of sorrow. All we shall add is that the General returned home, cursing his hard fate in very emphatic French; and that upon his departure, Mrs Major Devigne got up, and after exclaiming, "This is a very pretty business, Miss Betsey!" proceeded to try her husband for the act of rebellion he had committed, occupying the four-fold office of prosecutor, jury, judge, and executioner, and so thoroughly demolishing his case that she left him (figuratively) not a leg to stand on, nor (after execution) a head to wear!

Chapter XVII.

THE DESERTED ONE.

IN spite alike of Dr. Lecchley's admirable prescription, and of the pleasing intelligence brought by the Major of Miriam's wedding, Captain Granton fell shortly into a high fever, which continued for a considerable time, and when it finally departed, left him so thin and feeble that he seemed merely the shadow of his former self. During his illness Prettyman attended on him most assiduously, and the Major frequently came to see him, bringing kind messages and other tokens of regard from the ladies of his family. The Flirters sent to enquire after him daily. And when the troops returned from Grimghur, with all their honors thick upon them, Canter and Love-

long, and the rest, were not long in coming to see him, (for he was a general favourite with his brethren in arms,) and he even had the immense honor of receiving a visit from Brigadier Oldbuffer, who came accompanied, as usual, by his echo and shadow, Shoe-flower, and sat down, puffing and panting, on an easy chair, which creaked beneath his weight, and spoke to the invalid about battles and beer, sieges and sherry, capitulations and curry-powder, until Granton was quite weary, and even Shoe-flower grew almost tired of perpetual acquiescence, and longed, for the sake of diversion, to say "no" instead of "yes" to some of the opini-

ons propounded by his patron. We believe that upon the first access of his fever, the patient, who was for a while delirious, raved wildly about Mrs. Sternhold, and apostrophised her in such wise as to leave no doubt of the deep and passionate regard which he entertained for her. Happily, however, none but Mr. Prettyman heard these wild outpourings, and this young gentleman, whose own heart-wounds were yet fresh and smarting, not only kept his friend's secret, but with true delicacy of feeling abstained even from acquainting him, when his consciousness returned, with the language that had passed his lips during the period of delirium.

You may be sure that our friend the Major, whose recent insubordination had by no means improved his position at home, and whose conscience at length grew uneasy under repeated upbraidings, took as early an opportunity, as circumstances allowed, of questioning Captain Granton as to his knowledge of the French General, who had become so intimate with his family, and so nearly succeeded in establishing himself there on the footing of son-in-law.

Granton was not in the least surprised at hearing of the distinguished officer's sudden departure for Lahore, to baffle the designs of his enemies and re-ingratiate himself in the favor of the Maharajah. He smiled at the account which the Major gave of the farewell scene; and when the narrative was finished, said:—

"It is just what I should have expected. 'Tis an ill wind, the proverb says, that blows nobody

good; and this wound of mine, which has not been beneficial or agreeable in other respects, has at least had one good effect—it has relieved you of a sharper, and saved your daughter from the misery, and yourself from the mortification, of a most degrading alliance."

"Good God!" exclaimed the other, "what do you mean?"

"Why, I have no doubt that this fellow De Trop bolted from Dust-i-nuggur for no other reason than his hearing that Wilfred—or, as he called me, Alfred—Granton, had made his appearance on the scene, to expose his character and upset his plans. The last time we met, I promised him that whenever we should have the pleasure of seeing each other again, I would of a certainty perform this kind office for him. Ah! the rascal; I know him a little too well."

"You astonish me," said the Major. "He took my wife in most completely,—and some other very respectable people too. We thought him a devilish honest, open-hearted agreeable fellow."

Granton smiled again. "I fell in with him a few years ago," he said, "when travelling with some English friends on the Continent. He seemed a dashing, clever chap—gave himself the airs of a Nabob, and spent his money like a Prince. The ladies of the party declared in his favor on account of the dash of Oriental romance there was about him; the gentlemen, because of his free and frolicsome spirit, and the jolly, good-natured, devil-may-care way he had: besides, I must not forget that he had a good knowledge of the continental languages, and was thus fre-

quently of material assistance to us. He went about with us from place to place—or rather, he always appeared to turn up wherever we found ourselves, and would hand us politely out of Steam-boat or Diligence, help us to the best hotel in the place, (the landlord of which he was sure to know), and exert himself most strenuously, as we thought, to prevent our being imposed upon by those harpies who, abroad, make a prey of honest John Bull and his innocent sons and lovely daughters. Among our party were Mr. Samuel Spoon, a son of old Uriah Spoon, of the great City House of Trencher, Spoon, and Co., with his sister Sylvia. Young people totally inexperienced, and who were travelling, partly for the benefit of the young lady's health, which was delicate, and partly to give Samuel, a plastic, unsophisticated youth, that polish of manners and knowledge of the world, which elderly gentlemen who have never crossed the Channel believe to be derived from foreign travel. Spoon the elder being a perfect Cræsus, of course Spoon the younger was well supplied with means to 'carry on the war' (as he called it;) and we observed that De Trop, though very fond of us all, paid greatest attention to this young gentleman, whom he seemed to consider under his peculiar guardianship. He rode and drove, smoked and drank with him, showed him all the lions of every place we visited, and introduced him from time to time to very charming society, where the Colonel (he was only a Colonel then) appeared always to make himself perfectly at home. In point of fact De Trop was engaged in the

noble pursuit of systematically fleecing poor Samuel Spoon. The unprotected youth was artfully flattered as a connoisseur in wine, and induced to drink more of it than was good for him; play was then resorted to, at which he lost heavy sums, a large per centage of which no doubt went into the pockets of the Colonel, although this adroit sharper often continued to be Spoon's partner, or to bet upon his game, and so apparently lose as heavily as his victim. We were most of us young in the world's ways, and for some time the Colonel's design was concealed from us: indeed, we suspected he was enamoured of Miss Sylvia, and cultivated the friendship of her brother with the view merely of advancing the success of his suit. But one day (we were at Brussels at the time), poor young Spoon, who had been drawing largely upon his 'Governor,' received a most thundering letter from the old gentleman, declaring that such iniquitous extravagance would ruin the Bank of England, and refusing point blank to advance another six pence till the end of the year. He came to me for advice; I ascertained how he had been going on; and one night I accompanied him to one of the haunts he frequented, and saw quite enough to convince me that he had been in the hands of a gang of swindlers, of whom the *soi disant* Colonel—now General—De Trop, was the chief."

"Good Heavens!" cried the Major: "this is a most extraordinary story, and what followed your discovery of the Frenchman's knavery?"

"I communicated what I had seen to our friends, and it was

resolved to break off all acquaintance with M. De Trop. The rest were anxious that there should be no quarrel or *fracas*, but I was so indignant at the rascal's villany, and at the successful way in which he had imposed upon us, that I hurried to let him know in plain language our reason for cutting him. So one forenoon, as I was standing at the door of the Hotel, upon his addressing a familiar observation to me, I turned upon my heel, and said, in the hearing of about a dozen persons, that I did not care to hold converse with sharpers. De Trop scowled, and muttered the word '*menteur*;' whereupon (my temper getting the better of me) I rushed at him with my riding whip, which was a pretty stout one, and gave him a severe personal castigation. You should have seen how he ran, and heard how he bellowed! In about an hour he sent another *chevalier d'industrie*, who called himself a Count (I have forgotten his name) and had red eyes and dyed whiskers, to demand satisfaction for the diabolical treatment to which I had subjected an honorable gentleman."

"And did you go out?"

"Faith, no. I told him, in the best French I could muster, that I knew De Trop and his gambling friends were a gang of unmitigated sharpers, and that if they did not leave the town within twenty-four hours, I would denounce them to the Police. The Count pretended to be immensely angry, but I saw symptoms of fear appearing nevertheless, like the copper shining through a badly plated article after it is a little worn. He intimated (with a stammer), that

De Trop was the devil himself when '*enragé*,' and added (glancing at the door), that I should of a certainty be posted next day at the Hotel, and all over Brussels. Then he twirled his moustache, stamped his foot, and flinging the door open, took himself off in a whirl of well-acted passion. I suppose he went to De Trop to make arrangements for instant flight, for we saw no more of the rascals—and I lost sight of the Colonel altogether until about eighteen months since, when I heard that he had come out to India and managed to get into the service of Runjeet Singh."

"And the Spoons?"

"Ah! I have not told you the worst of your *General*. Poor Miss Sylvia had been foolish enough, positively, to fall in love with him; and as she was a shy timid thing, and feared being laughed at or lectured by her seniors, she admitted none of the ladies of the party to her confidence, (albeit one of them was her own aunt.) When concealment, however, had begun (as Shakespeare says), to 'prey on her damask cheek,' she opened her heart to Lucy, her maid, a nice looking girl of eighteen, and told her (as she laced her stays one morning), a pitiful story of love at first sight, furtive glances, tender sighs, *billets doux*, and stolen meetings. What was her dismay (poor Sylvia!) to find her confidante, whose face she could see in the looking glass, turn suddenly pale, drop the stay-lace, burst into tears, and fall down in a hysterical fit! De Trop had been courting the maid as well as the mistress, and I fear with even greater success."

"I never heard of a more consummate scoundrel!" said the Major.

"You should be thankful for your escape," continued Granton. "Rely upon it, you will see no more of De Trop. He is doubtless on his way to the Presidency, where he will take ship for Europe, after befooling a few of the leaders of Society in Bombay, who are always on the look out for celebrities, and deserve to be sometimes taken in. His story about going back to Lahore I don't believe a word of. He has doubtless brought a good deal more with him than he left behind him; and I'll be bound he won't cross the Sutlej again in a hurry."

Does the reader suppose, that Major Devigne related all these facts to his wife, as he was in duty bound to do, the moment he had an opportunity of speaking in private with her? Alas! there was no such confidence between this strange couple. The Major did what no other husband of course ever dreams of doing, he kept to himself the information which he had received. The truth is, that he was in his heart not a little ashamed of having been so thoroughly deceived by a dishonest adventurer; and he knew that

if he repeated Granton's story to Mrs. Devigne, she would either absolutely refuse to believe it, which would place both his friend and himself in a very awkward position, or else communicate it to her daughters and Miss Meeke, by which means it would be sure to become known to the people of the station, who would circulate it with a hundred ingenious additions and pleasing exaggerations. So he prudently held his tongue, and allowed his lady to retain her belief in the General's truth and fidelity, and permitted Elizabeth to console herself with the hope of seeing De Trop some day return, laden with jewels and Cashmere shawls, his roguish black eyes twinkling with the light of triumph, and a list in his pocket of treacherous rivals consigned to banishment or deprived of their cars!

Mrs. Devigne looked daily, for some time, for a letter from the General, written in "that dear French;" and Betsey took to reading Lalla Rookh, fancying De Trop sometimes to be Feramorz, sometimes the Gheber in the fire-worshippers, and sometimes Nourmahal's lover in the feast of Roses. The following lines in particular she read over so often, that at last she got them quite by heart:—

"The gentlest of all are those sounds, full of feeling,
That soft from the lute of some lover are stealing,—
Some lover, who knows all the heart-touching power,
Of a lute and a sigh in this magical hour.
Oh! best of delights as it everywhere is,
To be near the loved *one*,—what a rapture is his,
Who in moonlight and music thus sweetly may glide,
O'er the Lake of Cashmere, with that *one* by his side!
If woman can make the worst wilderness dear,
Think, think what a Heaven she must make of Cashmere!"

But the General's expected letter never came; and Mrs. Devigne at length grew tired of glancing over the epistles which the Postman brought, and then saying to her daughter, with a sigh, "Ah me! nothing from Lahore." As for Betsey, we believe (having a thorough knowledge of the young lady), that she remained constant for precisely the same reason that, according to the Irish song, the stars shine up in heaven, namely, because she had nothing else to do. Who would come courting her, when it was known that she was engaged to a wealthy, stout, and good-looking officer in the service of his Highness the Maharajah of Lahore, who had only gone back for a short time to the Punjaub, in order to confound the knavish tricks of his enemies, and dispose of his valuable estate in the beautiful vale of Cashmere? And women, good reader, must wait to be courted, at least in some degree—even though they are coquettes born and bred, and have match-making mamas, like Miss Elizabeth Devigne. What a time that was—what an anxious, thorny, unprofitable time—while Betsey was looking and longing for the return of her dear General from a place to which he did not go! Goodness knows the darling girl cried many a pocket-handkerchief wet through,—and acquired besides an ugly habit of biting her pretty little nails—during that melancholy period. In a few weeks more, the heart-sickening of hope deferred yielded to a mild form of romantic despair, and the deserted Elizabeth, discarding Moore, had recourse to Tennyson's Mariana, where :—

She only said, "My life is dreary,
He cometh not," she said;
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!"

The succeeding stage was not a gentle insanity like that of Ophelia, or a gradual fading away and dying off like the leaves in autumn: on the contrary, this delightful young lady was a living instance of the truth of the saying, that "when things get to the worst, they mend," for when her mama and herself found, as they did eventually, that the General was irrecoverably gone, and irretrievably lost, the fact is Miss Betsey brightened up, dried her tears, regained her airy step and gay tone, and looking around, bethought herself for whom she should next braid her hair and propose arrowy glances from her dangerous eyes! Wise girl! instead of dying heart-broken, she listened to the voice of reason, and drew consolation from the knowledge that there were other Generals in the world, or if not Generals, then Colonels, or if not Colonels then Civilians, or even Clergymen or Doctors, who might be found not unsuitable to fill the place of the departed De Trop. Condemn her if you will censorious and prudish reader. We say she was a sensible creature, and leave her at your mercy.

It was while General De Trop was still regarded by these simple women as an honest gentleman and faithful lover, that Louise had to say farewell to her aunt and uncle, and proceed to Kilgaum, for the purpose of taking up her abode with her sister. She had at first formed a very unfavourable opinion of Mr. Sternhold, whose grave countenance and reserved and chilly manner had

impressed her with the notion that he must be a stern, taciturn, and evil-tempered man, if not something worse; nor had she yet become reconciled to her sister's marriage, although she felt that she might have done some injustice to the Political Agent, in painting him in such dismal and unlovely hues. However, she deemed it her duty to accept the offer of a home which Miriam had made her; and being a girl of cheerful and hopeful disposition, she resolved to do her very best to be happy, and make her sister, and even her sister's husband, happy too.

She shed some tears when she took leave of Major Devigne, for he had been always most kind and affectionate to her; and though Mrs. Devigne's parting kiss was somewhat of the coldest, and the young ladies wiped their eyes superfluously, and folded our young friend in an embrace that would not have crushed a butterfly, still Louise felt sorry at having to say good bye to her aunt and cousins, and grew pale and trembled a good deal as she went through that awful ceremony. Poor little Tom's dirty face she kissed heartily, as he stood in the door-way "piping his eye" unaffectedly whilst the more formal leave-taking was going on. Mrs. Comfit (who was departing likewise), whimpered pitifully over leather trunks and brown-paper parcels, not because she had any liking for Mrs. D. or her daughters, or was in the least sorry to leave them, but (as she subsequently explained) because her dear young Mistress was "taking on so," and she thought it incumbent on her to offer an unmistakable demonstration of sym-

pathy upon such an occasion. "You know, ma'am," she said afterwards to Mrs. Sternhold: "I could not help mollifying a little, for Miss Fanny and Miss Betsey both had their handkerchers out, and your dear sister, like *Nihoby*, was all tears!" Is not crying catching among women like yawning among our species in general?

So Louise set off on her journey one fine morning, a little agitated, as was natural, at parting from her Dust-i-nuggur friends, and at the prospect of the new home provided for her at Kilgaum.

As the carriage containing the young lady and her companion drove away from the door, Mrs. Devigne turned to her husband, who was watching it with a moistened eye, and a queer sorrowful expression of visage, and said: "Major Devigne, I am surprised! One would suppose you looked upon that girl as a daughter. The little pert upstart, presuming thing. Oh! what a pity it was I ever consented to your getting your nieces out. They have stood in the way of your own daughters, your own flesh and blood, ever since they have been with us. Betsey might have been Mrs. Sternhold now I am convinced, if it had not been for that forward hussey, Miriam, with her affected airs and ridiculous pretensions. I am glad your nieces are gone, Major, I wish them well. May they be as happy as they deserve! But don't insult me, and wrong your daughters, by showing grief at their departure. Why, there's Tommy, too, blubbering. Come here, Tom. What's the matter

with you, you stupid little fellow?"

"Oh mum—mum—ma," snivelled Master Tom, down whose begrimed cheeks little briny rivulets were running. "She's gone away mum—ma! oo—oo—oo! And she wo—o—n't come back again. O dear! oh dear!"

"Be quiet you little ninny!" cried Mrs. Devigne; "you've got your sisters, haven't you? I'm sure you didn't care for your cousin Louise."

"Didn't I, though!" replied Tom, wiping his eyes with his sleeve. "She never scolded me as they do, and never slapped

And she gave me barley-sugar, oo—oo—oo!" A fresh flood of grief here rose, and checked his utterance.

"Go away to Miss Meek, you little blockhead, and get your face washed, and your hair combed," his mother angrily said.

"She's crying in her room," quoth Tom, "and she won't come out. It's she making that noise."

"I'll teach her to waste her

time in that way!" exclaimed Mrs. Major Devigne, now virtuously indignant, and pleased (at the same time) that she had got some one upon whom she could discharge the torrent of her wrath. "Have you had your lesson this morning, Betsey? No, I thought not. Come along with me. Of course Miss Meek has as much right to cry, and make a fool of herself," (here Mrs. D. glanced significantly at the Major,) "as anybody else here. No one denies that. But she shan't shirk her duties, I'm determined. You've no spirit Major. I declare it's a downright fraud, for Miss Meek is *paid* for what she does, and neglect therefore amounts to robbery. Come, girls, come, Tommy dear, *I'll* see whether we are to be imposed upon by that good-for-nothing, careless, deceitful, hypocritical creature."

And Mrs. Devigne bounced wrathfully away, followed by her children, while the Major repaired to his own room, in order to enjoy his reflections at leisure.

(To be Continued.)

HISTORY OF THE LEAGUE.

CHAPTER VIII.

The States of Blois—The Murder of the Duke of Guise, and of his brother the Cardinal.

1588.—ON the 27th of September the Court arrived at Blois, and on Sunday the 2nd of October a solemn procession paraded the streets which were gaily decorated for the occasion. On the ninth, the deputies received the sacrament, which was administered by the Cardinal of Bourbon to the King and the Duke of Guise, as they knelt side by side before the altar. The assembly of the States was at length opened on Sunday the 16th, in the great hall of the Castle. The King was seated on his throne, with the Queen's brother on his right hand and the Queen Consort on his left. Behind them stood the Cardinals of Bourbon, Vendôme, Guise, Lenoncourt, and Gondy, the Dukes of Nevers and Nemours, the Princes of Montpensier, Conty, and Soissons, and many others of the highest nobility; while Guise, as Grand Master of the royal household and Lieutenant General of the kingdom occupied a chair in front of the King, but a little below him. He was robed in a magnificent dress of white satin, and bore in his hand a wand of office profusely ornamented with gold fleurs-de-lis. The King opened the States by a speech, denoting considerable ability and eloquence. He began by invoking the aid of the Holy Spirit on their deliberations, and dwelt at some length on the sufferings of his people. After paying a high

compliment to the energy and patriotic exertions of the Queen-mother, he protested his own earnest desire to restore peace to the realm, which he was at last convinced, could only be done by the extirpation of heresy. He acknowledged that he might on some occasions have been guilty of negligence in this respect, for it is the common lot of mortals to err—but he had been misled by evil counsels, and would amend his shortcomings for the future. Of his sincere attachment to the religion of the Church of Rome they could scarcely doubt, if they would cast a glance on his past life and on the actions of even his early youth. It was not sufficient, however, to punish the sin of heresy, the Catholics themselves were liable to severe reprehension for the ungodly and profane habit of cursing and swearing that had become so much in vogue. For his own part he was determined to set them a bright example in his own person, for the sovereign was the model by which faithful subjects ought to mould their habits and manners. Many abuses that had crept into the administration of affairs must at once be eradicated, nor could he for the future permit the existence of any leagues, or associations, except the one enjoined by the Edict of Reunion. It was his intention now to carry on the war without remission, for which purpose he must be supplied with

sufficient funds, though it deeply grieved him to add to the distress of his exhausted and impoverished people. He called to witness God and Man, heaven and earth, that he would neglect no means to effect the perfect restoration of peace and prosperity; and he warned them that if they did not co-operate with him heartily and with singleness of purpose, that they would cover themselves with perpetual infamy while on earth, and that after this life he would appeal against them to the Judge of Judges, at that bar where the thoughts of men's hearts shall be laid open, and receive their merited recompense.

When the King had resumed his seat, Francis de Montholon, Keeper of the Seals, addressed the assembly in a long and laborious harangue. He observed that his Majesty, in conformity to the examples of his predecessors, had convoked the States General to deliberate upon matters of much difficulty and importance; and quoted numerous precedents to that effect. He then called upon the Clergy to reform their manifold abuses, for had the service of the Church been better conducted, there would have been no room for heresy. The plurality of benefices was a crying evil, and, owing to the non-residence of the priests, great corruption had spread over the country. The lives of the monastic orders were likewise too often highly immoral, and Simony had come to be regarded as a very venial offence. He then remonstrated with the Nobles on their unbecoming indulgence in profane and foolish swearing. In former times the

simple asseveration of *Foi de Gentilhomme* was considered sufficient security for the most improbable statements, but such unhappily was no longer the case. He inculcated the duty of obedience to the sovereign, and quoted largely from ancient and modern history in support of the doctrine of submission. He pointed out in forcible terms the evils arising from the absurd and barbarous practice of duelling, and showed how inconsistent it was for beings who daily prayed to be forgiven according as they forgive others their offences, to take upon themselves the office of vengeance, and for imaginary affronts to seek the life of their fellow-christians. Moreover, in their violent usurpations of Church property they were guilty of a want of proper reverence for God's ministers and servants, who were entitled by all laws, human and divine, to live by the altar. To the Tiers-Etat he suggested that they should direct their attention more especially to the subjects of justice and police, and inveighed against the universal corruption and the shameful perversion of the laws. He denounced the increase of gambling, swearing, drinking, and all kinds of debauchery, and particularly the licentiousness of the Universities. He concluded by eulogizing the zeal and piety of the King, and the extraordinary talents of the Queen-mother, and recommended to the assembled deputies sincerity, concord, and enlightened perseverance.

When the Keeper of the Seals had terminated his speech, the Archbishop of Bourges rose and delivered a florid oration in the name of the Three Orders, and

especially of the Clergy. He praised both the King and the Queen-mother in the most extravagant terms, and extolled to the skies their virtue, wisdom, and piety. He exhorted his Majesty to persevere in his noble task by the examples of Hercules, Theseus, and other worthies, who went about destroying monsters and giants, and delivering the oppressed. He instanced Moses, Joshua, David, Manasses, Nabuchadnezzar, Cyrus, Darius, Augustus, Vespasian, Mithridates, Crassus, Solomon, and a host of kings, princes, and rulers, who had in like manner established religion and justice, and put down heresy and oppression. The temple of war was now about to be closed, and that of peace opened for ever. Truth and justice would embrace each other, and prosperity and happiness would revisit the kingdom. He at last came to a conclusion by praying that the King might outlive Nestor, and even Arganthonius, King of Gador, who saw one hundred and eighty years; that his lineage might endure for many generations; and that he himself, after leaving on earth a glorious and imperishable name, might ascend to the regions of bliss, and enjoy the beatitude reserved for those who have governed wisely and virtuously the people committed to their care in this present world.

The business of the day then terminated, after the Baron de Senecey on the part of the Nobles, and Chapelle-Marteau for the Third Estate, had briefly tendered their thanks to the King for summoning them together, and for his gracious professions of paternal solicitude and regard

which they would endeavor to merit and preserve. It is said that the Archbishop of Lyons afterwards privately waited upon the King, and required some alterations to be made in his speech before it was published, as certain passages appeared to be mainly directed against the Leaguers. Henry III. at first refused, alleging that he had mentioned no names, but had spoken in general terms. The Prelate however persisted, and said that no one could believe his Majesty had really pardoned the past if he adhered to these severe remarks. The Queen-mother was of the same opinion, and Henry, habitually averse to argument or dispute, caused the obnoxious and truthful passages to be expunged.

On the 18th the States were again assembled, when the King, after making a few prefatory observations, commanded the Secretary Beaulieu to read aloud the royal declaration touching the Edict of Reunion. The tenor of it was that his Majesty had been anxious to free the realm from heresy by gentle means, from a desire to spare the lives of his subjects, but that he had become convinced of their utter inefficacy. He was therefore constrained to use force and for this purpose had united all his Catholic subjects by a holy league. His principal reason for convoking the States was the recognition of this Edict as a constitutional law of the kingdom, which all governors and persons in authority should be instructed to execute to the letter. The Edict was then recited: after which the prolix Archbishop of Bourges undertook to impress the deputies with a sense of the grave and

solemn nature of the oath they were about to take. God is truth, but men are liars from their birth. He then enumerated the various denominations and species of falsehood, and assured them that perjuries would incur a miserable death on earth and eternal damnation hereafter. Oaths, however, ought to be just in themselves, and for a good cause; but what cause can equal that of God's service and the well-being of His Holy Church? By the word Church is not meant a mere building made by hands, but the union of all the Faithful. It is both visible and invisible, and without distinction of persons. There is, and can be, only one true Church which, like the Sun, may send forth many rays! Upon this fruitful topic he enlarged at great length. It would have been more desirable to have converted the heretics by mild and conciliatory measures, but oftentimes the Surgeon was compelled to cut off a gangrened member in order to save the whole body. He therefore called upon all present to unite with his Majesty and the Queen-mother in swearing mutual forgiveness, and solemnly to devote themselves and their worldly goods to the maintenance of the once true Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman religion.

The King then resumed and swore to observe this Edict sincerely and truly all the days of his life. The deputies followed his example—the ecclesiastics laying their right hand on their breast, and the lay-members raising theirs towards Heaven. Shouts of *Vive le Roi* concluded the ceremony, and the entire assembly adjourned to the Cathedral to

chaunt the *Te Deum*: for men love to praise the Deity when they are about to violate his plainest laws, and nothing creates so much enthusiasm as the taking of an oath by a large body of men who, though probably sincere at the moment, never rest till they have broken it, or at least revoked it by another, equally sincere and equally durable.

Thus far the utmost harmony prevailed between the King and the deputies, but it was of brief continuance. The Princes of Conty and Soissons had again abandoned the party of Navarre, for the latter perceived that he had no chance of obtaining that Prince's sister in marriage. But the States at first refused to admit them to their deliberations until they had received absolution for their late fellowship with heretics. Conty made light of the objection, but Soissons procured a Bull from the Pope pardoning his former errors and misconduct. The Venetian Legate, who attended the meetings of the Assembly, was at the same time enjoined to absolve the two Princes. This circumstance in some degree marred the projects of the Guise faction, for even if the King of Navarre were excluded from the succession, these Princes would stand between their chief and the throne. The King at first felt very indignant at the hesitation of the States, but graver matters soon diverted his attention. The Three Orders, after choosing their Presidents from among the avowed partisans of the League, pretended that the royal sanction was altogether superfluous, provided they were unanimous on any point. They next proposed to diminish the taxes, so as to render it impossible for the

King to undertake the war they had all sworn to prosecute: and they insisted on the immediate proclamation of the Council of Trent.

About the middle of November deputies from all the reformed towns in the kingdom assembled at La Rochelle, and the King of Navarre, in a plain, sensible speech recapitulated the state of public affairs, and urged them to activity and perseverance, with a firm reliance on his own sincerity and zeal. They therefore agreed to send a deputation to the States of Blois, to demand the redress of their grievances, and security for their persons and property. Their petition, however, was haughtily dismissed by the States, and Navarre himself pronounced incapable of succession to the Crown: but the King found means to evade and postpone the ratification of this resolution. Some of the Provincial Parliaments also were strongly opposed to the systematic agitation of the Parisians. At an assembly held at Riom, in Auvergne, Binet, the Lieutenant Governor of the province, declared that the nation had become habituated to the holding of great assemblies at a vast expence, which always terminated in nothing but the enactment of fine laws and ordinances that could not possibly be carried into execution, so that France might well be styled the Mother of Laws, though she proved a very indifferent Nurse, for she invariably stifled or strangled her offspring at their birth. This magisterial body openly accused the King of being the cause of all the existing distress by his toleration of house, and by conferring Church livings on his favorites, and even on wo-

men, and by countenancing the venality of offices of judicature and finance. They therefore called upon him to repent him of his evil ways, or he would certainly be sentenced hereafter to eternal condemnation. But they also ascribed much of their sufferings to "the Italian stranger," who threw the apple of discord among the true French, and was the demon that troubled the general peace.

While the States were voting the diminution of the royal revenue and withholding from the King sufficient supplies for either public or private expences, Charles Emmanuel, Duke of Savoy, seized on the Marquisate of Saluces. Such an outrage on the part of an insignificant principality was not to be endured, and it proved how low France must have fallen in the estimation of foreign powers. Henry III. at once summoned the States to grant him the means to crush this puny assailant. To his grief and shame they refused. He indignantly exclaimed that the provinces had returned Spaniards, not Frenchmen, to the assembly, and insisted on immediate hostilities. In this he was apparently seconded by Guise, who secretly promised the Duke of Savoy and the King of Spain that nothing should be done beyond the mere declaration of war, as the entire power of the realm would be directed against the Huguenots. These repeated insults greatly exasperated the King, nor were his feelings soothed by the intelligence that Guise proposed to hold his appointment of Lieutenant General of the kingdom direct from the States without any

reference to the powerless occupant of the throne.

An incident that occurred on the 30th of November would probably have led to serious consequences, but for the firmness and fidelity of Crillon and the Guards. A dispute accidentally arose between some pages of the royal household and those of the Lorraine Princes. Insignificant in itself, it soon acquired importance by the numbers that took part in the affray without any regard to the justice of either cause, but solely according to party feeling. The struggle was severe, and blood was freely shed, but at last the *Guisards* got the upper hand and drove their adversaries into the royal residence. Guise himself was at that moment personally engaged with the King, but neither changed countenance, nor in any way noticed the tumult that was raging so near at hand. Crillon at length succeeded in separating the combatants, and the pages were thenceforth forbidden to wear swords within the castle. The insolence of the Leaguers again broke forth, and the King was daily subjected to petty insults and annoyances. The Cardinal of Guise even ventured to speak in public of the pleasure he should derive from holding the King's head, while the monachal crown was being shaved. His sister the Duchess of Montpensier was not less violent, though about this time she repaired to Paris to attend the Duchess of Guise, who was near her confinement. It is said that Henry III. had offended her personal vanity in a manner that no woman ever forgives. She therefore constantly wore in her girdle a pair of gold scissors with which, as she boast-

ed, she intended to give the King a Capuchin's crown as soon as he was placed in a monastery. Indeed the Leaguers evidently aimed at raising the Duke of Guise to a rank equivalent with that of the ancient Mayors of the Palace, well knowing that he would not fail to imitate the examples of Charles Martel and Pepin. The preachers also became more and more virulent, and in the royal presence one of them spoke of the Barricades as holy and blessed work. But Guise's all absorbing popularity excited the jealousy of his own family, and a division arose, called the *factio Carolina*, embracing Mayenne, Nemours, Aumale, and Elbœuf. The two brothers had a violent dispute respecting a lady to whose favours they both pretended, and so sharp was the contention that they agreed to refer it to the arbitration of the sword. Mayenne's better or more prudential feelings however resumed their mastery, and before their weapons crossed, he submitted to the superior fortune of his elder brother. Abandoning the Court, he hastened to Lyons to secure the government for his half brother Nemours, as Mandelot had recently expired. Happening then to meet the Corsican Colonel D'Ornano, he bade him warn the King to be on his guard, and similar advice was sent by the Duchess of Aumale. Henry III. therefore held a secret council of the persons most devoted to himself, and demanded their advice as to the course to be pursued towards the Duke of Guise. It must be borne in mind that even theologians of those times asserted the right of a sovereign to take the life of a sub-

ject without any form of trial, if he felt convinced that his own existence or the tranquillity of the kingdom was endangered.*

Marshal D'Aumont and Ram-bouillet advised that the Duke should be arrested, subjected to a mock trial, and condemned to death. The others demonstrated the impracticability of such a proceeding, and the certainty of a popular commotion. It was then decided that he should be assassinated. Not three weeks had elapsed since Henry III. and Guise, a second time kneeling side by side, had received, according to their belief, the actual body of their Saviour, swearing at that solemn moment perfect reconciliation and mutual forgiveness of past offences! The first difficulty was now to find an assassin, for, independently of the atrocity of the act to be performed, the Duke was esteemed the best swordsman in France, nor did he ever appear in public without a numerous and well armed retinue. Aware, however, of Crillon's deeply rooted aversion for Guise, the King sent for him and asked if he deemed the Duke was guilty of death. The other at once answered in the affirmative. On which Henry III. informed him that he was the man to whom he entrusted the perilous duty. Crillon proved to be his sovereign's champion, declared his resolution instantly to force the Duke to single combat, when he would pierce his heart, though it would cost him his own life to do so. But this was not the King's

intention, and he hastened to explain to him that the Duke must be privately assassinated. The gallant officer shuddered at the proposal, and sternly reminding his Majesty that he was neither an executioner nor an assassin, firmly refused to lend his aid to such a crime, though he promised to keep the secret. The King then betook himself to Lognias, Captain of the Quarante Cinq, who readily undertook the odious task, and promised to find a sufficient number of determined men to insure success. The rumour, however, got abroad, and Guise's friends strongly urged him to quit Blois, but he always replied with an air of assurance that no one would dare to attack him. He consulted, indeed, his brother the Cardinal, the Archbishop of Lyons, President Neully, Chapelle-Marteau, the new Provost of Trades, and Mandieville, Governor of St. Menchould. The Archbishop, full of the arrogance and fearless pride of priestcraft, dissuaded him from leaving the town, for the King would never venture to strike so bold a blow. But the others, and especially Mandieville, besought him to consult his safety by a temporary retreat from Court, for the King feared and hated him beyond all things, and there is no animal so dangerous as a coward wrought up to desperation. Guise, however, constitutionally devoid of fear, scorned to exhibit the slightest appearance of hesitation if there breathed a man who could

* Some curious arguments to this effect were adduced a century previous by Maitre Petit Jean in justification of the murder of the Duke of Orleans by Jean-sans-Peur. The system of scholastic casuistry that so long prevailed was perhaps even more pernicious than the doctrines of the Jesuits, for the latter influenced only their members of the society, while the former tended to demoralize all classes. See this unique harangue in the 2nd vol. of De Barante's *History of the Dukes of Burgundy*.

doubt the reality of the danger, and therefore determined to remain at his post whatever might be the consequences. This resolution he expressed with a certain degree of balderdash familiar to the French character, though of all others the most daring and chivalrous: "If death came in at that window, I would not move to the door to avoid him." In a calmer mood he wrote to De Vins, at that time in Provence, acquainting him with the unfavorable rumours that were afloat, and adding that he himself entertained no apprehensions, not from any reliance on the King's virtue or latent affection, but from a safer trust in his prudence or fear, his sloth or superstition. He received yet another warning the day previous to his assassination. On unfolding his napkin, he found a note apprizing him of the King's intentions. He read it with a scornful smile, and pencilling on the back of it the words "He dare not," threw the crumpled paper under the table, rightly judging that his anonymous correspondent would there seek for it. In his case, as in all similar ones, it was proved that God sometimes confounds the wisdom of the worldly wise, and that a man on the eve of his destiny cannot escape the fatal hour by any effort of mere human sagacity. *Quem Deus vult perdere, prius dementat.**

That he might form no suspicions from the unusual number of

the royal Guards collected on the occasion, it was arranged that the commanding officer and a party of his men should wait upon the great redresser of wrongs, and solicit his interference in their behalf, as their pay had fallen much into arrears. It is easy and agreeable to undertake the task of reproaching the faults of our enemies, and Guise readily charged himself with the mission of advocating their claims. He even assented to their request to be allowed to escort him the following morning from his own residence to the Council Chamber, as if to remind him of his promise while they proclaimed his importance. The King had announced his pious intention of proceeding at an early hour on the morning of the 23rd of December to offer his devotions at the shrine of Our Lady of Clery, and had consequently convened the Council at the somewhat unseasonable hour of eight o'clock. Guise did not fail to be present, and according to appointment the guards, clamorous for their pay, obsequiously conducted him to the Hall. No sooner had he entered the castle than every issue was occupied and strictly guarded by formidable detachments of soldiery.

The Duke's Secretary Péricard, on observing the unusual movement of the Guards, sent a Page with a handkerchief inclosing a few lines of warning; but he was not permitted to enter, though

* When the Prince of Condé was warned not to proceed to the assembly of the States-General at Orleans, in 1560, he answered in nearly similar words—"They will not dare," and yet the sudden illness of Francis II. alone saved his life. The Duke of Guise was also warned of the danger he incurred, by Madame de Noirmontiers, with whom he passed his last night on earth. This lady had previously been the mistress of the Duke of Alençon and of the King of Navarre: at which time she was known as Madame de Sauve.

the handkerchief was taken from him. In the anti-chamber the Duke found some of his friends and relatives already assembled, and feeling faint and chilly he sat down near the fire and asked for some grapes. Soon afterwards his nose began to bleed, which some of the more superstitious regarded as an unfavorable omen. But in a few minutes the King's Secretary Rivol came to inform him that his Majesty desired to see him in his private cabinet. He immediately rose and followed the messenger. At an early hour that morning, Henry III. had presented long sharp poniards, fabricated for the purpose, to the nine villains selected by Logniac, and encouraged them to fulfil their odious task, as on their conduct that day depended not only the fate of Guise but of himself. By virtue of the power entrusted to him, he authorized them to violate the laws of God and man, and to destroy a rival he dared not openly attack. But the possession of the weapons spoke more forcibly than the choicest harangues. They were then posted in the Council Hall, which the Duke would have to traverse. As he entered, they advanced towards him and saluted him with respect. Holding his hat in one hand, and with the other the end of his mantle which he had gathered up under his left arm, he slowly passed on to the anti-chamber, or passage, leading to the royal cabinet. The gentlemen conducted him to the door. Drawing aside the tapestry, he partially stooped to enter, and as he did so received a wound in his throat. The blood suffocated him, and prevented him from raising a cry for help. At the same instant

he was stabbed in other parts of the body, but he shook off his assailants, and staggered towards the door of the King's cabinet. Logniac was seated on a coffer beside the door, calmly observing him without deigning to uncover his head. The Duke had drawn his sword, but his faintness blinded him. He made a thrust at Logniac who, without moving, parried it with his sheathed rapier, and Guise fell prostrate on the floor. Inarticulately gasping a few words, he immediately expired. The King, being assured that he was really dead, came forth and surveyed for an instant in silence the lifeless remains of his dreaded rival. Touching him in the face with his foot, as Guise himself had formerly done to Coligny, he repeated his own words: "Venomous beast, thou shalt spit no more poison!" He then glanced at his imposing stature and exclaimed: "How tall he is! He looks bigger now than when he was alive!" With these words the royal murderer returned to his own apartment.

Though Guise himself had been unable to speak, his assassins had not ceased to encourage themselves by loud outcries, and their frantic shrieks of *Kill! Kill!* reached the outer chamber. The Cardinal of Guise and the Archbishop of Lyons instantly sprang up, the former to escape, the latter to succour and defend his friend, but Marshals D'Aumont and De Retz informed them that they were prisoners. At the same time were arrested the Cardinal of Bourbon, the Duchess of Nemours, the Prince de Joinville, now Duke of Guise, the Dukes of Elbœuf and Nemours, Count Brissac, Bois-Dauphin, Guise's Secretary

Péricard, whose papers were also seized, Chapelle-Marteau, President Neully, and the Echevins Compan and Cotte-Blanche.

Henry III. exulting in his crime, hastened to the bedside of the Queen-mother, who was slowly recovering from the wasting effects of a low fever, and informed her that he was at last sole monarch, for the King of Paris was no more. Without upbraiding him with the enormity of his guilt, she asked if he had well thought of the consequences, for she much feared he would now find himself King of nothing: it was a light matter to have destroyed one subject, if he could not unite the others under his undisputed sway.

After murder comes falsehood. Even Cain strove to assert his innocence, for men dare not look guilt in the face, but to seek to cover it with a specious mask. The King accordingly commissioned Cardinal Gondy to wait upon the Legate Morasini to acquaint him with what had passed, and at the same time to justify the act as not only expedient but necessary. He was also instructed to announce the King's determination to prosecute the war against the Huguenots with redoubled

vigour, for that Guise, while he raved against heresy, had always raised difficulties and delay in the way of its extirpation.*

Nothing could exceed the fury of the Cardinal of Guise during the first day of his arrest, and it is probable that his violent conduct and threats of vengeance determined the King to put him also to death. But the men who had unscrupulously murdered the Duke, refused to imbue their hands in the blood of a Cardinal. The promise, however, of a reward of 400 crowns eventually induced Du Guast and three common soldiers to undertake the sacriligious office. When the first outburst of frenzy had passed away, the Cardinal joined in prayer with his fellow-prisoner the Archbishop of Lyons, and they mutually confessed and absolved each other. The following morning about ten o'clock Du Guast informed the Archbishop that his Majesty desired to speak with him. The Cardinal imagining that he was being led forth to execution, embraced him and said: "My lord, fix your thoughts on high." The other more rightly divining the object of their separation, replied: "My lord, fix your own there." He was

* Some writers, indeed, affirm that Henry III. and the Legate were seen walking together and conversing with much familiarity and mirth, and thence derive the natural inference that Morasini and perhaps the Pope were privy to the contemplated murder. But is this probable? Is it consistent with human nature. Without presuming to derogate in the slightest degree from the most transcendent turpitude of which man is capable, it may be asked was it ever known that men possessed of common feeling, or of common thought, laughed and jested on such an occasion. Henry III. with all his faults was possessed of no ordinary penetration, and it may be fairly granted that the representative of Sixtus V. was not deficient in ability or judgment. Is it then likely that such men would have indulged in maniac, or idiotic, hilarity, at a moment when the most grave interests were at stake, when the supremacy of the King or that of papal interference was quivering in the balance? What motive could actuate Sixtus V. in desiring the death of Guise? He disliked him personally, it is true, because he was in opposition to the established authority, and Sixtus had been a low man suddenly elevated and therefore doubly tenacious of the prestige of power. But Guise was to him invaluable, and he was not of a character to sacrifice his interests to his mere fancies and predilections. The old Roman touchstone, *Cui bono?* will usually be found the safest guide in all such matters.

then conducted to another room, and in a few minutes the Cardinal of Guise had ceased to breathe. By the King's orders the bodies of the two brothers were covered with a quantity of quick lime, and the flesh completely consumed. The bones were then reduced to ashes, which were scattered to the four quarters of the heavens, that no particle might be preserved as a relic, or exhibited to rouse the vengeful passions of the multitude.

On the afternoon of the same day, December 25th, Henry III. wrote a brief note to the Legate, stating that he was now really the King of France, and that he was determined for the future not to allow any one, of whatsoever rank or condition he might be, to brave his power with impunity, but that he should imitate the example of the Holy Pontiff in chastising those who insulted him. Next day the Legate was admitted to a private audience, when the King assured him that for many days he had combated his own resolution, fearing, lest it should be displeasing to the Almighty, but at last considering that it was his duty as a sovereign to enforce obedience and to punish the guilty, he had acted accordingly. Passing over the murder of the Duke, Morasini replied that, granting the correctness of this statement, his Majesty, as well as the persons employed by him, had incurred the censures contained in the Bull *In Cœna Domini*, by putting an

ecclesiastic to death without even the form of a trial. For so heinous an offence the Pope alone could accord absolution, and in the meantime it was his duty to forbid his Majesty to enter any Church or to participate in the offices of religion. With an expression of astonishment, Henry observed that every monarch had power of life and death over his ecclesiastical subjects, when they became guilty of treason, and conspired against the life of their prince. He could not therefore allow that he had incurred any censures, the more so because the Kings of France were particularly exempted from excommunication.*

Indeed the Churchmen proved the most impracticable of all the King's enemies. Soon after the assassination of the Cardinal, he sent two counsellors and a clerk to interrogate the Archbishop of Lyons as to what he knew of the designs of the murdered princes. The haughty prelate, however, refused to acknowledge the civil jurisdiction, and made no reply to the questions proposed to him. Cardinal Gondy met with no better success, and the Archbishop declared that as Primate of all Gaul, he was amenable to no authority but that of the Pope, or his Legate. The Bishop of Beauvais, a Peer of France, was afterwards commissioned to exhort him to reply, were it only to evince his gratitude that his life had been spared. But the unbending Churchman insisted on his

* When Gregory IV., at the solicitation of Pepin and Lothaire, excommunicated their father Louis-le-Debonnaire, the French Clergy threatened to excommunicate the Pope himself, and denied that the Canons of the Church invested him with any such power. Alexander IV. formally declared the kingdom of France to be exempt from interdict. Many other Popes confirmed this privilege, and the Gallican prelates always maintained that they were subject to the King alone.

supremacy over all the Gallican Church, and at the same time protested against the attempted usurpation of the lay power. In consequence of his obstinacy, Henry III. refused to release him, but allowed him to enjoy the society of some ecclesiastics, and the privilege of having the Mass celebrated in his own apartment.

Immediately after Guise had entered the castle on the morning of the 23rd, the gates of the town were closed and no one permitted to pass through them. A few persons however made their escape over the wall, and spread abroad the fearful tidings. It was well for the Duke of Mayenne that they did so, for he was thus enabled to leave Lyons by one gate as Ornano entered it by another, with orders to arrest him. The King indeed did not fear his ambition, but he justly suspected that he would attempt to avenge his brothers' murder. Mayenne was very dissimilar to his deceased brother, the Duke of Guise. He was naturally cautious, slow in council, of a heavy sullen disposition, and much addicted to the pleasures of the table. Men of this character are never formidable until roused to action by fear or revenge, or, as more usually happens, by these two causes combined. In such a case they are not easily pacified, for not being subject to the impulse of passion or caprice, they seldom desist until they have attained their end, or become thoroughly convinced of its impracticability.

The Duke of Nemours effected his escape four days after his arrest, and Henry III. ordered the Duchess, his mother, to be set at liberty, because she was the granddaughter of Louis XII. The

Deputies Chappelle-Marteau, Comman, and Cotte-Blanche were also enlarged, while the four remaining prisoners, the Dukes of Guise and Elboeuf, the Cardinal of Bourbon, and the Archbishop of Lyons, were confined in separate apartments in the castle of Amboise under the custody of Du Guast.

It has been already stated that on the dispersion of the German auxiliaries at the close of 1587, the King of Navarre had retired to La Rochelle. His affairs appeared at this time to be so utterly past all remedy or hope, that he seems to have become reckless of consequences; and it is said that, obeying the suggestions of an unworthy passion, he meditated a divorce from his Queen, in order to unite himself in marriage to the Countess of Grammont, of whom he had long been passionately enamoured. His friends however succeeded in prevailing upon him to postpone this design for the present, and shortly afterwards he transferred his affections with equal ardour and constancy to the Marchioness of Giùèrcheville.

Early in the spring Laverdin, the Commander of the Catholic forces in Poitou, made himself master of the oft-disputed town of Marans near La Rochelle, but his garrison was dislodged in the course of the summer by Navarre. Before commencing the attack, the Huguenots kneeled down to pray, on which the others exclaimed: "They pray to Heaven! They will beat us as at Contras." Thus disheartened at the outset, they soon verified their own prediction. A few operations of no importance occupied the remainder of the summer and the

autumn, until the Duke of Nevers assumed the command of the army intended to crush the Huguenots in Poitou. His progress was marked by the devastation of the open country and the conflagration of villages. Mauleon capitulated almost on the first summons, but was nevertheless given up to be pillaged, and its inhabitants cruelly outraged. Montagu also opened its gates through the treachery of the commandant, but Ganache opposed a long and honorable resistance. The King of Navarre had in the meantime surprised Niort, and was marching to the relief of this place, when he was attacked with pleurisy, and the most serious apprehensions were for some time entertained.

The Protestants every where offered up public prayers for his recovery, and when the news of his illness reached La Rochelle, though it was only seven o'clock, the bells instantly rang for service, and the inhabitants of all ages and of all ranks hastened to supplicate the Deity to spare a life so valuable to the cause of true religion. The siege of Ganache continued, when tidings arrived of the death of Guise. Navarre, on being informed of

it, frankly acknowledged that it would be hypocrisy on his part to affect any grief, but that he himself had invariably refused the offers repeatedly made to do away with his most formidable and implacable enemy. The royalist army now gradually melted away, and Nevers, being anxious to assist Marshal D'Aumont at Orleans, offered the garrison of Ganache the most advantageous terms, which were accepted on the 14th of January 1589. He arrived however too late to save the citadel of Orleans. D'Entragues, who commanded it, had very recently abandoned the cause of the League, and while he belonged to that faction, had laboured only too successfully to inspire the citizens with contempt and hatred of the royal authority. His lessons were now turned against himself, and in spite of a gallant defence, the Citadel of France—as it was called—fell into the hands of the Leaguers, whose assaults had been furious, being latterly directed by the ferocious Chevalier D'Aumale. The city of Chartres also revolted from the King, and the spirit of disaffection rapidly pervaded the greater part of the kingdom.

CHAPTER IX.

Death of Catherine de Medicis—State of Paris—Reconciliation of the Kings of France and Navarre—Battle of Senlis—Murder of Henry III. by James Clement—Joy of the Parisians.

1589.—ON New Year's Day, 1589, the King proceeded in state to the Cathedral, accompanied by the Knights of the Holy Ghost, and even publicly communicated. The Legate deemed it his duty

in consequence to remonstrate with him on such open defiance of the papal power. But Henry showed him a Brief, dated July 20th of the preceding year, which permitted him to choose his own

Confessor, who was at the same time empowered to absolve him from crimes of the deepest dye, even from those especially reserved in the Bull *in Cœni Domini*.*

The Secretary Rivol likewise observed, that even without this Brief his Majesty was at liberty to receive the Sacrament, seeing that he had been already absolved, and as King of France could not be subjected to excommunication. The Legate on this desisted, but Sixtus was indignant at what he termed his cowardice, and said that he ought to have launched the interdict, if it cost him a hundred lives. When the Pope was first informed of the death of Guise, he expressed neither surprise nor anger, but merely remarked that it was the usual fate of subjects, who outraged their sovereigns without de-throning them entirely. But when four days afterwards he learned that the Cardinal also had been assassinated, he evinced both grief and anger, and affirmed that the Duke ought to have had the benefit of a trial, but that the Cardinal should have been sent to Rome, when, if really culpable, he would have been duly punished. On this Cardinal Joyeuse reminded him that he himself had said, that Guise deserved death for so rashly venturing into the Louvre, contrary to his sovereign's express command. Upon which Sixtus replied that he ought then to have been thrown out of the window, but it was afterwards

too late to visit a misdeed that had been allowed to pass almost unnoticed at the time. He then added that if Henry III. desired absolution, he must write to him for it. The Cardinal answered that his Majesty had already made an application, through his representative the Marquis of Pisany: but the Pontiff refused to recognize any functions of the Ambassador except in civil and political matters, for in those of the Church there could be no proxy. Two days afterwards the Sacred College was assembled in full consistory, when the Pope rehearsed the late events and dwelt on the sorrow and anger they had caused him. Cardinal Ste. Croix then observed that he had searched the writings of the most celebrated Doctors, and found that they unanimously maintained the right of a Monarch in self-defence to put any subject, even a Cardinal, to death, and that he required no absolution for such an act, because it was in no way criminal.†

Sixtus, however, still insisted that Henry III. should formally solicit absolution, and declared that he would confirm no more appointments to Church livings until this was done. Joyeuse replied that many of the most devout Catholics in France denied the Pope's supremacy except in what pertained to the doctrines and traditions of the Church, and that the most fervent believers were convinced that neither the King,

* Is it uncharitable to suspect that, in obtaining this Brief, Henry III. already contemplated the murder of the Duke of Guise?

† Cardinal Joyeuse in writing to the King to acquaint him with the state of public opinion in Rome, quaintly observes that Cardinals seem to think that *they* may do with impunity what would be deemed highly culpable in others, and yet "if a Cardinal," or even the Pope himself, were to take a mouse by the tail, the animal would turn against the hand that held it, and would as soon bite the hand of a Cardinal, or even of a Pope, as of any other person.

nor the meanest of his subjects could incur any ecclesiastical censures by doing what their personal safety required : and with respect to his Majesty, the Papal Briefly absolved him from every crime he could possibly commit. To this Sixtus angrily rejoined, that he must be the best interpreter of his own Briefs, and that it referred only to the past. A Prelate then boldly answered, that as it was couched in general terms, it must apply to the future quite as well as to the past. But the conduct of the Pontiff was throughout very changeable. One day he would view the matter in the most favourable light, and would say that he had all along predicted such would eventually be the case. While another day he would persist in refusing his sanction to Church nominations, though Joyeuse wisely reminded him that he thus only injured himself, for the livings would be equally accepted, but held directly of the King, and the See of Rome would lose a vast amount of patronage, as well as the fees and presents incidental to such occasions. The envoys despatched by the Leaguers no doubt contributed greatly to warp his judgment, but the King's inactivity was the real cause of his reluctance to absolve him. Joyeuse indeed sagaciously warned his Majesty that his own good or evil fortune would decide the matter, and that he had nothing to hope or fear, except as he prospered or declined. Henry III. on his part was only desirous to obtain absolution on terms that in no way derogated from the dignity and independence of the Crown of France, while the Pontiff sought to avail himself of this opportunity to exalt the power

and influence of the See of Rome.

The unhappy Monarch soon discovered that in vain he had added a double and indelible crime to his already overcharged catalogue of sins, for his authority was even less regarded than before, and the execrations of his people overwhelmed the murderer on his blood-stained throne. Instead of adopting prompt and energetic measures to crush his adversaries, while yet paralysed with fear, he contented himself with issuing a feeble manifesto, ratifying the Edict of Union, and according a free pardon to all who had hitherto contravened it. He also wrote to Mayenne, when he learned that he had escaped, to assure him of his kindly feelings towards himself personally, and offering a justification of the assassination of his brothers. But the Duke distrusted him too much to be cajoled by specious professions, and accordingly prepared to seek safety and revenge in open hostility.

On the fifth of January a severe loss befel the King in the death of the Queen-mother. Though she had attained her seventieth year, her end was hastened by the vehement reproaches of the Cardinal of Bourbon, who accused her of being privy to the murder of the two Lorraine Princes. Few names have descended to posterity with a greater load of obloquy. Her talents were of the highest order, but totally unrestrained by principle. Expediency was her only measure of rectitude, and duplicity had become so much a habit with her, that no one ever looked for truth or sincerity at her hands. Her darling passion was ambition, to gratify which she scrupled not to

commit the most atrocious crimes. At the same time the many tales that have been told of poisoned fruits, gloves, flowers, and similar presents, must be received with some reserve ; but unhappily it is unnecessary to dwell upon these minor details, when the massacre of the St. Bartholomew is so clearly traceable to her suggestions and machinations. The disorders and troubles of the kingdom were throughout greatly fomented by her, in order to preserve in her own hands the balance of power between the contending factions. To attain the supreme direction of affairs she sacrificed her duty and her feelings as a mother, and with the same object in view systematically embued her sons in their early youth with an insatiable love of licentious pleasures. Though her own character was free from the taint of immorality—for ambition stifled lust—she ever kept about her person a numerous train of ladies, who sought rather the meed of beauty than of virtue, and these were her usual agents to decoy her enemies, and to extract from them their most momentous secrets. She possessed a ready eloquence, a dauntless resolution, and an unbounded fertility in expedients. Though religion was in her eyes rather an instrument to be employed than an end to be attained, she could not equally free her otherwise strong mind from the shackles of a gross and vulgar superstition, but frequently consulted astrologers and other empirics. It is said that she had

been warned to beware of St. Germain. She therefore always avoided St. Germain-en-Laye, and as the Louvre was situated in the parish of St. Germain l'Anerrois, she built for herself a stately mansion in the adjoining parish of St. Eustache. In the hour of death her own Confessor happened to be absent, and a Norman priest afforded her the last consolations of religion. His name proved to be Julian St. Germain. Catholics and Protestants hated her with equal cordiality, and the people of Paris declared that, if her corpse were carried through the capital to its place of interment at St. Denis, they would throw it into the Seine. It was therefore deposited for many years in the Cathedral Church of Blois. Her debts were enormous, and her house and property by no means sufficed for their discharge. Her death was little heeded at the time, owing to the pre-occupation of men's minds, but to Henry III. the loss of her counsels was irreparable. It is reported that her last advice to him was to unite with the Bourbon Princes, and particularly to conciliate the King of Navarre.*

The States still continued to sit at Blois, but as no deference was paid to their decisions by the nation, the King dismissed them on the 16th of January. On their last day of meeting the Archbishop of Bourges bitterly complained of the frequent alienation of Church lands, which he attributed to the insidious advice of concealed Huguenots. On the part of the nobility, Count

* The fanatic Guincestre in reviewing her past life, in the course of a funeral sermon, said that she had done much both of good and of evil, but he thought that the evil predominated. However, if out of charity they chose to give her at hazard the benefit of a *Pater* or an *Ave*, it could at least do her no harm.

Brissac remonstrated against the admission into that privileged class of persons of new family whose only recommendation was their wealth. While Bernard, the orator of the Commons, drew a melancholy picture of the desolation of the kingdom, and of the total demoralization of society. All united in expressing the most obsequious gratitude and devotion to his Majesty, and nearly all, as soon as they had fairly escaped from Blois, openly opposed him.

But Paris, as at all times, was the focus of sedition and revolt. The tidings of the murder of the Duke of Guise reached the Council of Sixteen in the evening of December the 21th. The gates of the city were instantly ordered to be closed, strong guards were posted in the most commanding points, and messengers were despatched to request the presence of the Duke of Aumale, at that time residing at the Chartreux. He was not indeed very popular, having been suspected of favoring the King through jealousy of his all-powerful relative, but it was deemed needful to have a prince at their head. He delayed not to obey their summons, and next day a meeting was held at the Hotel de Ville, at which Presidents Harlay and De Thou—the historian—were forced to attend. The former heroically discharged his duty, and protested against the appointment of the Duke of Aumale to the government of the city, unless it emanated from the King. The first use the new Governor made of his authority was to shield his two opponents from the fury of the mob. When their champions' death became generally known, all hearts were paralyzed. The

Mass was performed without music. Groups collected into crowds, and as gradually and silently dispersed, as if men were afraid of themselves. But the inaction was momentary. The preachers soon aroused the ardour of their hearers, and inflamed them with intense hatred against the sacrilegious tyrant who had butchered in cold blood not only a subject and a Duke, but even a Cardinal. So pathetically and with such moving eloquence did they describe the death of the two brothers that many shed tears, and still more pretended to do so. Great commotions then broke out, and much violence was exercised against all persons suspected of being favorable to the King. After hearing an inflammatory sermon from Guineestre, the populace tore down the royal arms over the door of the Church, and broke them to pieces. On the first of January the same preacher called upon his congregation to unite in avenging the two-fold murder that had been so basely perpetrated, and required them to hold up their hands in token of assent. Seeing the President Harlay in the body of the Church he insolently addressed him. "Hold up your hand also, Mr. Chief President, hold it up high, that all may see you are pledged like themselves." Francis Pigenat, the priest of St. Nicolas in-the-Fields, demanded in his funeral oration if there were no one present who would undertake to retaliate on the tyrant, and then exclaimed—slightly paraphrasing the well-known lines of Virgil :

Exoriare aliquis nostris ex ossibus ultor,
Qui face Valesios ferroque sequare tyrannos.

The Duchess of Guise, dissolving in tears, was unable to take any very active part in these treasonous proceedings, but the Duchess of Montpensier was indefatigable, and after exerting herself to the utmost, to excite the Parisians to open rebellion, she set out to join her brother the Duke of Mayenne, to rouse his sluggish nature and to hasten his movements. Circular letters called Letters of Union were also addressed to all the principal cities of the kingdom in the name of the survivors of the family of Guise, which firmly and positively repelled the allegation that the deceased Duke had conspired against his sovereign. They denounced the King's sacrilege and hypocrisy in receiving the Sacrament in company with his victim so shortly before he murdered him: and they invited all good Catholics to unite in carrying out the objects of the League with more heartiness and perseverance than heretofore. A circular was likewise issued by the League Princes, though signed only by the Duke of Mayenne, enjoining all men not to pay any taxes that had been imposed since 1576, but to deliver the amount of their previous annual taxation to persons accredited by the League. The municipal authorities of Paris even ventured to submit the following questions to the Doctors of the Sorbonne: 1st. Whether the people of France can be released from the oath of allegiance they formerly took to Henry III.; and 2ndly, whether it be lawful to take up arms, to levy troops, and to raise money, in defence of the Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman religion in France, in opposition to the de-

testable designs of the King and his adherents, who had violated public faith, wrought great prejudice to true religion, and infringed the liberty of the States-General. On the 17th of January seventy Doctors assembled, and after going in procession to hear High Mass as if to obtain the guidance of the Holy Spirit, unanimously answered both questions in the affirmative. They also recommended that their decision should be sent to Rome for the Pope's ratification, and that his Holiness should be entreated to commiserate and succour the distressed Church of France. The King submitted this decree to twenty Bishops and twelve Doctors of the Sorbonne who happened to be at Blois, and they at once declared it to be execrable, and evidently the result of violence or of fear—forgetting that a similar objection might be urged against their own more reasonable conclusions. But the influence of the Sorbonne and the pre-disposition of the people caused an universal and open rebellion not only in Paris, but throughout the kingdom. The Franciscan Friars cut out the King's head from a painting that graced their chief altar, and another portrait that hung against the wall behind the altar in the Church of the Augustin Monastery was taken down and dragged through the streets. At Toulouse the children carried prints of his likeness about the town, crying aloud: "Our tyrant of a King to be sold for five sols to buy him a halter." A woman in Paris pretended that it had been revealed to her that the murdered Princes had gone direct to heaven, their sins having been

washed clean in their own blood. The Petit-Feuillant improved upon this idea, and exclaimed in the midst of a sermon: "O Holy and Glorious Martyr of God! Blessed is the womb that bare thee, and the paps which thou hast sucked!"* This indeed was said in presence of the Duchess of Nemours, the mother of the victims, who had repaired to the capital, in the hope of effecting a reconciliation between the King and her surviving sons, in which, however, she entirely failed. The Duchess of Guise was actuated by a very different spirit. A memorial was presented to the Parliament in her name and in that of the heirs of the deceased Duke, praying that Henry of Valois, formerly King of France and Poland, otherwise called the Thessalonian,† should be put upon his trial for the murder of the Duke and of the Cardinal of Guise.

After giving a long account of the exploits and virtues of the deceased, and their zeal for religion, and adducing many examples from history to prove the sanctity that has ever been attached to an oath, the petitioners demanded that the accused should be condemned to confess his crime before the assembled States, kneeling on both knees, and holding in his hand a wax torch of thirty pounds weight, his head and feet bare, and otherwise clothed in a long loose shirt, a rope round his neck, and the public executioner by his side. He

was further to be declared unworthy of the throne, and to be confined in the Convent of the Hieronymites at Vincennes, with a daily allowance of bread and water until the day of his death. Some objections were at first made to entertaining such an insolent and extravagant memorial, but after the Parliament had been purged of its refractory members, the proceedings were allowed to be instituted in the usual form. The leaves of the register however that referred to them were torn out and destroyed, when Henry IV. entered Paris, and the whole affair lapsed into oblivion. As it appeared that the Parliament as then constituted was not disposed to go the extreme lengths required by the democratic faction, it was resolved to remodel that body. Accordingly, Bussy-le-Clerc, and an armed force proceeded to the Court-house, and presented a petition purporting to emanate from the good Catholics of Paris, and inviting the Parliament to unite with them in defence of their liberty and religion. It also demanded that the people should be formally released from their oath of allegiance, and the King's name thenceforth expunged from all public acts. The President replied that a matter of such grave importance could not be decided without mature deliberation: upon which Le Clerc invaded the hall, sword in hand, accompanied by five and twenty to thirty ruf-

* In a funeral oration on Francis Duke of Guise, killed in 1562, a Jacobin monk called him *Martyr*; adding that respect for the Holy See which had not yet had time to canonize him, alone prevented him from using the well-earned epithet of "*Blessed Martyr*." The Cardinal of Lorraine also spoke of him as the Holy Martyr in a public discourse delivered at Versailles, and in a letter of condolence addressed to their common mother.

† In allusion to Theodosius, who was excommunicated by St. Ambrose for his cruel massacre of the Thessalonians.

fians, armed with pistols and incased in cuirasses. He declared that there was neither time nor need for deliberation, but that there were traitors among them who kept up a secret intelligence with Henry of Valois, and finally desired those he should designate to follow him. When he read the names of Chief President Harlay, De Thou, Petier and others, eminent not more by their rank than by their integrity and wisdom, most of the counsellors rose and

said, that they also would follow their captains. They were then paraded through the streets in double file, and finally lodged in the Bastille to the number of sixty, who were soon afterwards joined by twenty-one others of their colleagues. A new Parliament was then formed under the presidency of Brisson, the members of which readily submitted to the capricious dictates of the populace.

(To be Continued.)

FROM CHATEAUBRIAND.

Slow sinks the Coffin crowned with spotless roses,
Placed by a Father tribute of his woes,
And the same Earth that bore them now encloses,
Maiden and Rose.

We do not ask thee to restore them hither,
Earth to thy troubles from their calm repose,
Earth whose fierce fervours parch and tempests wither,
Maiden and Rose.

Their early slumber is no theme for sadness ;
Spared from life's toilsome noon and weary close,
They have but known the bright fresh morning's gladness,
Maiden and Rose.

K.

CHAMPERNOWNE.

A TALE.

By Paul Benison.

‘ Our own weakness shews us what we are.’

BYRON.

Chapter VII.

DEATH ON THE HIGH SEAS.

“ Fear not now the fever’s fire,
 Fear not now the death-bed groan,
 Pangs that torture, pains that tire,
 Bed-rid age with feeble moan :
 These domestic terrors wait
 Hourly at Death’s palace gate.”

MASON.

THOSE who have witnessed only the calmer glory of a Northern sunset, will find it difficult to imagine the splendours of the same pageant, in the tropical parts of the Indian sea.

One night of utter stillness, when the waters were thick and smooth, and the track of our ship was like the folds in a satin robe ; the moon was just rising in the heavens as her brilliant brother was ending his career. Far in the west lay a solitary ridge of gloom, crowned with a cloud—model of the palace Beautiful : and passing behind this, the sun filled all the windows of its halls and corridors with a voluptuous gleam of rose and gold, as if some costly festival were there enacting, and velvet guests were forgetting, for a season, the destiny of the world in music and in wine. But even as He passed, (sad homily !) the palace fell to ruin, and ridge and ruin together being cleft asunder, the orb deepened in color, and, seeming to

rest for a moment on the horizontal wave, sank from sight in blood-red glory, like a warrior dying in battle. There were stains on the water where He vanished, as, of old, on Bœotian streamlets where the Bacchants had passed, with fawn-skins and ivy, with cymbal and tabour, and had spilt the purple cup. But the west turns suddenly sullen and colorless, and a faint pink spreads over the opposite quarter, suffusing the face of the moon, who like a maiden hearing the words of love for the first time, shows on her cheek a contest between crimson modesty and the pallor of passion. This—only for a time : for flashing to the zenith from the departed sun, now gilding gloriously, perhaps, some African forest, up streams, with radiant spire and orange streak, the second glow of the tropics. Turn to the east—behold the hues of platinum, the twilight of cypress trees,—a dim, sepulchral sheen ! In such light would a fanatic love to wan-

der through the aisles of some deserted Minster, peopling its galleries and window-niches with ghostly visitants and the spectres of its monumental dead.

There happened to be a young man on board the steamer which received us at Suez, who was a native of Ottery. I scarcely remembered him, as, I suppose, he had gone to sea quite a lad, but as soon as he learnt my name he lost no time in making himself known to me. His own name was Thomas Lane. "Yes," said I, "of course, a son of Susannah Lane," when first he spoke to me. "Susannah Lane," the sound seemed to ring familiarly in my ear. where had I seen that name lately? And then I remembered it was one of those written on the scrap of paper which Dame Pentecost had given me, but which I had since mislaid. Lane was a handsome, swarthy young fellow, and had made himself more acquainted with the passengers than any other of the crew had done, by becoming the proprietor of a cameleon, which he exhibited on deck in the evenings with great applause. He had more wit than Devonshire peasants generally have, and was occasionally very jocose in reply to scientific questions.

"If you please," said a young lady, one night, "why does not it change color?"

"It aint got much to change, Miss," answered Lane, "and besides, it don't like doing it before ladies."

"With regard to the popular fable," said an excellent Clergyman, "of the extreme abstinence of the cameleon, would you give us your experience, my good friend?"

"He can't abide the very name of wittols," said Lane, "and he aint smoked more than one cheroot since we left Aden."

In this pleasant manner he had formed many friends, and was very popular.

The night, on which the sunset took place, which I have tried to describe, every one was on deck. In one corner a lady was seated, playing on a guitar, and surrounded by a group of admirers. In another, Dagon was telling a story to a knot of auditors, whom he appeared to be amusing very much. Wiggins was playing at draughts with Trevor. A newly married couple were leaning over the side, watching the beautiful spectacle, and trying to see their future in the golden prospect.

I was standing forward by myself, smoking a cigar, thinking of Margaret, and rhyming inwardly with "west" and "rest," and "moon" and "lagoon," and so forth.

"I say Master Ned," said Lane coming up to me, "we can't come it quite so strong down our way, can we?" And he stood looking at the sky by my side, and as the orange light of the second glow rested on his fine tawny face, he looked the very model of health and manly beauty. There was a third person close to us then, though we did not know it till afterwards. "I'll sell that fellow a bargain, Master Ned, look here," cried Lane suddenly. One of the passengers had gone up the rigging of the fore-mast some little way, and was shouting to his friends below. Lane rushed up after him, in fun, to force him to pay his footing, and the passenger resisting, he made a pre-

tence of binding him hand and foot. But the third party, whom we had not seen, had gone up after Lane. And at this moment the boatswain piped to hammocks, and it was Lane's turn to sleep. I make no doubt that the spell lasted no longer than the first sound of the whistle: that then the scales fell from his eyes, and he perceived the dreadful stranger that was close upon him; that then the painted heavens seemed full of lightning and blue fires and meteors, and the whistle turned to a deadly shriek—his mother's—a wild and parting shriek! The yards had been lowered from the mast, and were lying across the bulwarks, and poor Lane obeying the boatswain's summons, came clumsily down a rope, cutting his hands all the way, and landing for a moment on the yard only to fall headlong into the sea the next. And why, as I witnessed close at hand, was that young face so ashily pale, so wanly haggard, if he had not seen Him who was mercifully hidden from our eyes. He had seen Him make no doubt.

So this was the end of Lane, for passing under the paddle wheel, which, I fear, struck him cruelly down, he appeared no more to the eyes of men. Some one indeed said he saw a hand

stretched, for a moment, out of the sea, but that was all. The steamer was stopt with laudable haste, and a boat lowered, but after rowing for a while out into the waters, now rapidly darkening after the brief twilight of the Tropics, the boat's crew returned to say there were no traces of the missing man. And then they shouted down into the Engine room: "Go on a-head, full speed," and so we went our way, and Lane was left far behind to yield his soul to God amidst the choking elements and the shapeless creatures of the deep.

And thus, oh voyager of life! one of the crew, or one of the passengers, (worker or dreamer,) on that strange ship, sailing always onward with sealed orders, not yet to be opened — thus, on some closing twilight, must thou fall away from thy comrades into the great sea, and the lessening vessel shall pass from thy sight, for its destiny is the unknown Port, and thine—the void and the silence. No boat can save thee, no hand can reach thee. Enough, perhaps, for poor human nature—(I speak not of its awful tenant) if one kind voice shall call from the side, 'Farewell:' more than enough to some, if that voice should be the voice of a woman.

Chapter VII.

THE CITY OF FORGIVENESS.

Tho' they may gang a kennin wrang
To step aside is human."

BURNS.

CITIES have different reputations: you may not whistle on Sundays in the streets of Edin-

burgh: whilst it is not thought outré to commit murder publicly in New Orleans, any day of the

week. Perhaps the chief characteristic of Calcutta is the long-suffering disposition of its society, their elastic forgiveness, the readiness with which they are willing to bury the past, to wash out every peccadillo with the water of oblivion : there is something really quite touching in the magnificence of their clemency : that old affair of Titus is a mere joke compared with it. The fatted calf is ready at a moment's notice for the prodigal, with the draft of the husks still hanging at his lip, and the perfume of the swine still permeating his rags. All this, surely, is very beautiful !

"Tom !" said an uncle to his extravagant nephew, "you've played ducks and drakes with my money at Oxford : what have you got to say for yourself ?"

"Nothing," replied the nephew, "let us bury the past ; let bye-gones be bye-gones."

"Exactly !" ried the uncle, "but who's to pay this wine bill of £800, and this horsekeeper's account —"

"Spare me !" interrupted the nephew, reproachfully : "it is scarcely fair to bring up old scores : turning our backs upon the past, let us woo the angel virtue in the future, etc. etc."

It is thought heavy to append a moral to our fables now.

I did not stay long in Calcutta, for going out one day shooting with a friend on the Salt Water Lake, I beheld that unmatched prospect of desolation, and from the same moment I conceived a desire for a more terrestrial scene during the hot weather. I have not mentioned yet that I was a writer ; I had all my life been fond of languages, and had taken to orientals at Haileybury, so that

I was enabled by studying hard to pass in those months at Calcutta.

It was pleasant weather, with the exception of mist, all the time I spent in Bengal ; and what with the races and balls, and so on, and plenty to do, day followed day agreeably enough. There were a great many nice people then in the capital, as there are in every place I have ever visited, and if I give an anecdote illustrative of the more general character of its society, I must not be thought ill-natured.

* My agents were Fox and Mac-Clutchly, and John Fox, as he was always called, was the head of the house. This gentleman was very polite to me : he was a thin man with pale hair, and a very mild voice, and exceedingly particular in his dress. One day I had been calling upon him, and as I was leaving the room, he said to me in a kind of caressing way he had : "Champernowne, boy, come and dine with me to-night, like a good fellow." This I was the more willing to do, as friend John had a particularly good tap of champagne open ; exactly the same wine do you know ? said some body, that John was drinking when he broke the last time ; so I gladly promised to come.

"You will not mind my giving you a hint ?" asked John.

"Certainly not," said I, "what is it ?"

"Why, the fact is, I am expecting an indigo planter, named Donellan, a devilish good lad, but a rum tempered chap ; and last year he sent out a party of his fellows, from his factory, against some fellows of Crumpton's, another planter, and they say Donellan was then dressed

like a native, and Crumpton coming down and being very violent, Donellan gave him a crack on the head and killed him on the spot. You know it was not proved: perhaps it was not true, but do not allude to any thing of the kind, as it riles him."

"Oh no!" said I, laughing, "I won't indeed," and taking out my pocket book, I made a little memo.—"War 6th Commandment." And I turned to leave the room.

"Yes, and by the bye," cried John Fox, "and Winter is coming, and Mrs. Winter, you know, was a Mrs. Jones, and Jones is alive."

I did not know; so I made another memo. in my little book—"War 7th Commandment." And I turned again to leave, when Fox once more arrested me, "You've met, have you not? Tommy Flaxman?"

"No," said I; "I have not had that pleasure."

"Oh then," said John, laughing, "you must make another memo. Tommy's the best fellow in the world, but he's been unfortunate in business; he was Secretary to the Burdwan Bank, and when they wound up the other day, there was an awkward little lac and a half wanting, and Tommy got into trouble."

So I entered in my book—"War 8th Commandment;" but as I went down stairs, I rubbed all former memos. out and substituted a more general one in their place,—“Any allusion, to-night, to the decalogue will be a *mauvaise plaisanterie*."

Well—dinner came off, and in excellent style: all kind of delicious and deadly viands were provided, mostly such as luxury imports under the fatal seal of Tris-

megistus, and wine flowed abundantly in cooling streams. The planter was of Herculean frame, with flaxen curly hair, light blue eyes, a bronze complexion and a great huge neck, which he exposed to view by wearing open collars. Conversation went on very safely till the cloth was removed, when Donellan roared out a story; "I say, John, do you remember Pitts and Pyecroft?"

"I should think I do," answered John.

"Dives and Lazarus, we used to call them," continued Mr. Donellan, "because poor Pyecroft was so troubled with boils, and old Pitts was always wanting a drop of something to cool his burning tongue. They had a factory down my way, and I remember once we got up a party to go down the river together. Well, so we started in the morning, and played at *quinze* all the day till dinner time. Pyecroft was generally moderate, but when he did break out, he did it in style, and I saw that day was going to be one of his days. Dinner was dispatched—and Pyecroft was getting as royal as a lord, and old Pitts taking a nap for five minutes, as he always did just after his meals, so I slipped away on deck to smoke. I had not been there five minutes when I heard these two quarrelling like pick-pockets: gad, thought I, I'm as well out of the way. A little after the row stopt a bit, and then all of a sudden—bang—went a pistol. I rushed down into the cabin, and there I found Pyecroft at one end of the table, leaning back in his chair roaring with laughter, with a pistol in one hand and pointing with the other

at Pitts, who was at the opposite end of the table. "I say, Donny," cried Pyecroft, as he saw me: "Have I hit the old swill-tub? Have I tapped some of his precious old claret for him? Have I ventilated his old carcase?"

"Now it's my turn," roared old Pitts, and producing a pistol from under the table, he then and there fired it into us two, fortunately with a not very steady aim, the ball going over my head into the panel.

This was getting warm work: so when old Pitts holloaed out to his servant to come and load the pistol for him again, I said I would do the needful, and getting the damned thing into my hand, I chucked it through the window into the river. As soon as Pyecroft saw this, he chucks his after it, and so the quarrel ended, only there was no getting Pyecroft to bed, for he sat on deck till two o'clock in the morning, with a bamboo and a bit of string, and an old iron hook, "angling," as he said, "for the pair of Pistols."

I have spoilt this story by omitting the swearing, but in the closet, if the reader likes to add after each comma, a "selah" of oaths, he will find the effect much heightened.

"Pyecroft was a good fellow," continued Donellan, thoughtfully, "but a slippery dog in money matters, he borrowed half a lac from the Burdwan Bank."

"Try some olives, Flaxman," interrupted John Fox.

"I remember Pyecroft, I think," said Flaxman, not heeding Fox, "a little skinny chap, was he not? with a red nose?"

"The same," said Donellan.

"Did he not get into some

row afterwards?" asked Flaxman, "ran away with some body's wife or something?"

"Winter, you are not smoking," said poor John, "try a chee-root."

"No, thank you. The whole concern," said Winter, "has gone to the bad. Old Pitts was obliged to cut that neighbourhood and settle in Assam. You know, they could not bring it home to him—but he—shot a nigger."

"Your glass is empty, Donellan, try some grog," interrupted poor John again.

So have I seen by mill-stream or village pond certain ducklings over-eager to rush into the dangerous element, whilst mother Hen, with much cackling and flapping of the wing, flies from each to each with earnest dissuasion. Only the element these ducklings were so anxious to rush into was hot water.

Unhappy John, I could see, was sitting on thorns, for, though a bon vivant, he never exceeded, and his clear head was distressed with the ticklish nature of the conversation. But most fortunately, the guests themselves were, to-night, not the least sensitive, but went blundering on, treading on each other's toes, and every man devoting himself to the mote in his neighbour's eye, with singular dexterity, wholly regardless of the predominant beam in his own. Mac Clutchly, who was present to-night, must not be omitted. He was a red-haired, bony Scotchman, hardly spoke a word at dinner, scarcely touched wine, but after the cloth was removed, applied himself so steadily to the spirits, that he desisted not till he fell quietly on the floor, upsetting his

chair. On this occurring, John Fox rang a little hand-bell, and four servants coming into the room carried out the lifeless remains of Mac Clutchly.

"He is the best man of business in Calcutta," said John, looking at me, "but this is his way, every night."

At length the guests went, except Donellan who was staying in the house. This gentleman became penitent at the close of the evening, moaned over his sins, lamented his short-comings, and told me in confidence that the last thing his mother had said to him before leaving home was, "Damn you, Sammy, you'll never come to any good."

I only hoped, for the credit of old Mrs. Donellan, that her actual phraseology had been a little misrepresented.

This dinner-party is episodic: and I perhaps should not have mentioned it, if it had not been connected in my mind with a very curious circumstance affecting my narration.

It was a nice cold night, and as John Fox's room had been somewhat enshrouded with smoke, I felt it would be agreeable to walk home to Spence's Hotel, where I was then staying. As I crossed the Meidawn, though the heavens were beautifully clear, yet there were thin and fleecy shapes of vapour hovering over the tanks and along the grass, like virgin miasmas, as yet innocent, but to darken, in more fatal months, into the hideous crones and belldames of Disease.

And the skulking forms of animals stole across distant patches of moonlight, and from far away, dismally rung the bark of jackals, who were sitting doubtless pite-

ously yawling for admittance at the grave-yard gate. Moving briskly along and pleasing my mind by indulging in wild fancies and associations of diablerie, I had nearly reached the garden in front of Government House, when I perceived ahead of me a man and a woman standing together. The man was talking very loudly, and as it seemed to me, in the thick inarticulate tones of drunkenness. I could not distinguish the words, but they were evidently those of anger, and in the midst of his talking he suddenly lifted up his arm, and struck the woman down to the ground. I ran as hard as I could towards the spot: the man was leaning over the woman, and I suspect was going to strike her again, but hearing my footsteps, he made off, as well as he could, towards Dhurmtollah.

Coming up to the fallen woman, who, I found, was dressed like a lady, I raised her up in my arms and untied the strings of her bonnet.

It was Mrs. Lurcher.

She was not hurt nor faint: the blow she had received was a side-blow of great force, but scarcely giving pain: only, of course, she was very startled and frightened.

"Good heavens!" I cried, "Lurcher has not been brute enough——"

"No, no," she said, positively laughing at the idea amidst her terror, "it was not he." Then before I could prevent it, she threw herself on her knees, and clasping me round with her arms, said in a voice of agony: "How much did you see? Mr. Champernowne; for God's sake tell me, what you did hear? Could you distinguish what he said? Should

you know him again if you saw him?"

She was much relieved by my assuring her that I had seen nothing except the blow, had heard nothing, and could not tell the man from Adam. Tears came to her aid, poor creature! and as I handed her into my buggy, which had come up, she sobbed like a child. She was staying at Spence's, Lurcher having got leave, on private affairs, to stay a while in Calcutta, which private affairs consisted chiefly in betting with sundry young gentlemen, who had abler books at their bankers, than on the races. So we drove home together, and I gave her my arm up to her own rooms.

"I know all you have seen to-night," she said, as I was going, "must seem wicked and bad, but it is more misfortune than anything else really. I cannot explain it to you now, but a time may come when it will all be known to you, and then I hope you'll forgive me—at least partly. I say, do me one favor, step down into the coffee-room and see if Lurcher is there, and enquire, on the sly, whether he's been out this evening."

There were not many people in the coffee-room: and Lurcher I found sitting at a remote table playing at *carté* with a handsome slip of a fellow, whom I had known at Haileybury, and who had come there with the prestige of having been a favorite at a public school. This young man, by way of training for living on a limited income in the country, had become the owner of nine saddle-horses, drove a mail phaeton, sported a dog-cart, lived with

a chum in a very pretty house at Garden Reach, gave iced champagne for dinner, and, on the whole, from a *dum vivimus vicamus* point of view, was rather "doing it." The slip was winning from Lurcher untold sums this evening, and I thought it still more favourable to Lurcher than anything I knew of him, that he bore his losses, I will not say with equanimity, but with a beautiful resignation.

The evangelist St. John, sitting out in his old arm-chair and blessing little children, could scarcely have worn a more sunny smile.

I saw at a glance that Lurcher had never left the room all night, but to be quite sure, I asked a person I knew who was sitting on one chair with his legs on the back of another, smoking like Hecla. Said I, "Lurcher has not been out to-night, has he?"

"Catch him," responded the volcano, so I returned to Mrs. Lurcher, and assured her of the fact. "I have only one favor then to ask of you," said she, "Mr. Champernowne, and I know you will grant it, because you are kind-hearted and generous; do not say anything about what you have seen to-night: at any rate now: perhaps it may all come to light, and then it will not matter: perhaps I may release you from the promise myself, some day: but give me your word, if things remain as they are, you will not peach upon me."

"Gladly," said I, "bye-gones shall be bye-gones. Oblivion is the genius of the place."

Chapter VIII.

THE AUTHOR OF "MY DISTRICT."

"With lips depress'd as he were meek,
Himself unto himself he sold :
Upon himself himself did feed :
Quiet, dispassionate, and cold,
And others than his form of creed,
With chisell'd features clear and sleek."

TENNYSON.

ONE little duty was not forgotten before leaving Calcutta, which was to write a letter to Susannah Lane, relating to her the circumstances of her son's death. I scarcely knew how to try and console the poor woman, but I put in, though the comfort was queer enough to be sure, that Tom was laughing and hearty within a few minutes of his end ; and Mary afterwards wrote me that the old lady was much gratified with this, and used to say with some pride : " You know, Miss, Tom did not lose any of his good looks, he weren't pulled down none, but died as he was,—nobody need have been ashamed of being his mother even when he was smothered up in the sea." Poor woman !

I left Calcutta in the beginning of March, and being attached to the North-West, travelled direct to Agra, and here, after a few days' sojourn, received orders to proceed to Muttra.*

It was one of the last days in March, and the mornings were still fresh and pleasant, as I deserted my palanquin, and, making a hasty toilette at a well by the side of the road, stepped into the Collector's dog-cart, which had

very kindly been sent out to meet me, about four miles on the Agra road. The groom was a very neat fellow, cleanly dressed in white, with a turban trimmed with black and red cloth, and decorated with a little silver crest of a sledge-hammer. This sledge-hammer re-appeared again in all available places on the harness, and I observed that the pad under the gig-saddle was a piece of black cloth edged with red. The horse's clothing too, which was put under our feet, had too great letters on it, " A " and " S," one in black and the other in red. The groom and myself tried to converse, but with somewhat ill success from my want of practice in the vernacular. He appeared to be speaking with great enthusiasm about the horse behind which we were sitting, describing it as a great eater, and an animal in no way to be discouraged by fatigue. It was a tall, handsome white horse, and I understood my companion to mention that on occasions of its absence from home, the stable became suddenly dark, which was a flight of fancy, I could not help thinking, would never have occurred to poor William, who used to look af-

* I have selected this locality from a desire to describe a very interesting part of the country. It is hardly necessary to say that the society portrayed and the incidents recorded are wholly fictitious.

ter Kathleen. I tried to indicate that I had some horses on the road, which I thought would rather astonish the public, to which the groom replied that he considered it not unlikely, and that it was a curious circumstance, connected with the subject, that he had two brothers who had been sitting without employment for the last year, in anticipation of my arrival, and that he should take an early opportunity of attaching them to my skirt.

We were thus amicably, tho' not very intelligibly, conversing when the thatched roofs of houses amongst trees announced our approach to Muttra. We crossed a bridge, and came upon an open space, surrounded with drives: these again were plentifully planted, and the aspect of the place was rather pleasing. A faint sweet smell hung in the air from the *Mimosa seris*, and the green of the avenues was prettily diversified by the lilac hues of a tree then flowering, which the peasantry call *Kuchnar*, but which botany, I believe, has named, after a favorite son, *Bauhinia Variegata*. The Collector's house was not far distant; and on arriving I was immediately shown into a bedroom, by a servant trimmed with red and black, and glorified with a sledge-hammer, who was provided with a message from his master, that press of engagements prevented the Collector waiting upon me immediately, but we should meet at breakfast.

I knew nothing of my Collector, except that his name was Aurelian Smith; that he had written to me at Agra, politely asking me to stay with him, till I could get a house, and that the

said invitation was penned in a very neat small hand, on paper embossed with a sledge-hammer and a large A. S. Entering on a new scene is always with me, an occasion of half mournful excitement, and I was not sorry to be alone for an hour or two. All changes are to my mind solemn, because you cannot tell, till afterwards, whether they are trivial or important. How often it happens that we part with our old College friend in England most mournfully,—to meet him again six months afterwards in Calcutta, and then part lightly from him in Calcutta, to meet no more for long, long years—to meet no more in short at all,—for these two old men with gray hair and crows-feet under their eyes—fond of money and petulant about their habits, are not the laughing youths that parted, but quite different parties altogether.

I was thinking over these matters, having dressed and washed, and was sitting on the sofa dreamily looking over a large volume called "*Moralistes Francais*," from which, every now and then, some pointed thought of La Rochefaucauld fell into my mind like a needle, when a Mohammedan sledge-hammer announced that "prayers" were ready.

"Breakfast perhaps," said I.

"No," said he, "prayers."

I was glad to think a good old custom of our own land was kept up in this house, and stepped briskly into the dining room.

Aurelian Smith was a little pale man, with rather a large head; his fore head was very high, and his fore-lip very long, and his eyes, which were encased in gold spectacles, were of a dead

gray color. He was very carefully and cleanly dressed, though in clothes, the design of which it was a little difficult to follow, further than that they were intended to be useful and comfortable. I expect he planned them himself.

His wife was a pretty woman with bright brown hair, shining hazel eyes, and very white teeth.

He received me kindly, introduced me to Mrs. Smith, and then immediately opening a large bible, commenced reading a psalm, a very short one, and to my utter astonishment on ending this, followed it up with a long commentary of his own on the scripture which had been read. He had no command of language, but went on in a calm cold sort of hesitation, with a string of lame sentences, and as his views of exegesis were of the most washy D'Oyly and Mant description, I was sincerely glad when the exhibition was over, and we were fairly on our knees. But the praying part was speedily concluded, with one collect. Well, thought I, this is the most wonderful phase of family prayers between these people, that I ever heard of. I did not know Aurelian Smith yet.

The Collector made tea himself, and sat at the head of the table, while Mrs. Smith sat on one side. The tea things were pretty white China, bordered with red and black, and adorned in the middle with A. S. and sledge-hammers. From a casual remark, I gathered that the Collector kept house himself, as he asked the servants in an authoritative way, whether they had salted that breast of beef yet or not, which a sledge-hammer replied to by saying that it was

quite ready, but being desired to bring it, qualified his remark by observing, that as long as the wind remained in the quarter in which it was at present, he was afraid salting meat would be a difficult task. So I undertook him. Whilst I was peaceably engaged in muffins and grilled mutton, the Collector suddenly turned upon me, and said in a slow voice, "I trust, Mr. Champernowne, you take an interest in the great cause."

I really thought he meant some pending trial, so I replied—

"No, I am ashamed to say that I have so recently arrived from Calcutta, that I have not even heard of it."

He smiled faintly—"The millions around us!" said he, sweeping gently in a semicircle with his arm.

"Oh, the common people," I cried. "I am quite struck with their appearance, so handsome, and such fine made men many of them; I had somehow associated the idea of an Indian in my mind with the lythe and slender inhabitant of the Tropics, and the broad shoulders and sturdy limbs of these up-country people quite astonished me."

"I have ascertained from a little table which I have drawn up," said the Collector, "that in my district one and two-fifths out an hundred alone can read and write."

"Indeed," said I, "a very small proportion!"

"There then," said he, pointing forward and looking into vacancy over the epergne of flowers in the middle of the table, "there lies the goal of my ambition: I wish for no advancement, thus let my lot remain, suffice it for me that reducing my views to

complete accordance with those of the eminent statesmen, to whose policy I have attached my exertions, I shall be amply repaid if, when I fall at my post, I shall be found not to have labored in vain; if instead of this miserable one and two-fifths who after all can scarcely write or read at all, three-fourths of the whole population of this district shall be able to spell words of two syllables, perform a rule of three sum, and accurately define the distance of the dog-star Sirius from the earth.

"This then is the object of my career, and my reward will be sufficient, if with regard to this little kingdom committed to my charge," here he waved his arm round again slowly, "it might be said on my tomb, in an intellectual sense of course, '*provinciam excoluit adeo, ut jure sit gloriat, marmoream se relinquere quam lateritiam accepisset.*'"

In perfect innocence I asked my friend who the eminent statesman was, to whom he referred, for I supposed it to be some German Baron with a curious system.

I found with some astonishment that the person intended was the Lieut.-Governor of the provinces.

"Well, but," said I, "excuse me if I speak with the freedom of a young man, if I question whether your plan is quite in accordance with that of the Government, because I met a gentleman coming up the country, who told me a good deal about the educational movement, and all, I understand, they aim at is to give the impulse to self-education, nor would they recognise for a single instant, as you appear to do, a certain amount of information as a landing-

place. Education can be only a *means*, the *end* is moral culture, and nothing can be more important than to impress this upon the people, for if they mistake the two, I fear that they will find in the day of trouble or in that last dreadful hour when we shall all want to grasp at something, that the rule of three will stand them in little stead."

"Are we not a little mistaking things that differ?" said the Collector, employing a favorite form of oratory of his. "Are we not a little, in pardonable enthusiasm appropriate to our age, commingling things that have no connexion with each other? Can we not elevate our peasantry to a fitness for taking a respectable position in the ordinary sphere of life, for writing their own letters, for keeping their own accounts, and for general independence in mercantile transactions? And cannot we do all this, without trenching upon the sacred subject of religion,"—here the gray eyes closed for a moment in the spectacles,—"without interfering in any way with a more sacred mission entrusted to a holier ministry."

"Well," I cried, I dare say in rather too self-opinionated a manner, "if that is the correct view of secular education, I would oppose it with the violence of a Calvinist. But my opinion is that the advocates of secular education consider that their plan is the best way of preparing the mind for religious enquiry: I cannot conceive why people should be educated at all, if they are not to become *better* men, and moral improvement can only come through religion."

"When we have been a little longer in the country," said the Collector, "we shall take calmer views of things."

You never said a truer word, Aurelian Smith: we do take calmer views of things, when we have been longer in the country; and nothing more do I regret than what appears to be a sad necessity, that the child of enthusiasm must wait for sober experience to guide it, but when that lingering Mentor has arrived, behold!—das Kind ist tot! The Collector soon after this very kindly proposed to take me a round of calls, and accordingly in his company I visited sundry married people in the 13th Cavalry, and the troops of Horse Artillery then stationed at Muttra, and sundry swash-bucklers of the younger sort, whom I found in their shirt-sleeves and the light drawers of the country, reading old magazines and smoking. These latter were exceedingly cordial, asked me to take beer, (at twelve o'clock) and inquired warmly after Lurcher, who I found was a Major of 13th Cavalry, supposing, as one of them said, 'he was making crips of money!' When we got back, I told the Collector I did not feel disposed to go to office that day, and he said he would give me something which would profitably engage me at home. So we passed into his study, where opening a glass book-case, he took therefrom a neat little volume bound in calf. "This," said he with a complacent smile, "is my *Opus Minus*, and I think you will find it a comprehensive compendium. I need scarcely tell you that it has met with the approval of higher authority. It is a faithful record

of my poor labors, and a perusal of it will at once put you in possession of the position of the Man and his sphere." I took the volume from his hand and was leaving the room, when he said, "one moment, Mr. Champernowne," and going to the drawer of a writing desk, he took out of it a little tiny book bound in black. "This," said he, "is for another occasion, and a solumner hour,"—here the eyes went out,—"keep this beside you in the secret closet, and may words written herein be not found without unction."

"Unction," thought I, "connected with 'ungere,' to grease, to oil." I have a great taste for philology.

So the Collector went to his office, and I went to converse with the Collector's lady. I hope it is not an ungallant thing to say, but she really was the worst company I ever knew. A pretty person can never be quite uninteresting, it is true, because there is always something to look at, but as far as is possible for a lady of good looks to be stupid, Mrs. Smith was so. And it was more provoking because in little passages of fun with her children, of whom she had great numbers, of sizes, a sprightly naïveté peeped out, the absence of which was painfully observable in her conversation. But as in a village community, there is often one young girl, who takes no heed of the sports of her compeers, but wanders over heath and common, tricked out in some frail garland of wild flowers, and singing to herself snatches of strange songs, and the peasants tell you 'she is plarret-stricken,' so I soon perceived that my incoherent com-

panion had lost all her natural vivacity, and all the elasticity of a cheerful disposition under the baleful influence of that pervading orb—her husband : that she was, in short, Smith-stricken.

I asked her about some of the latest novels, and she said Mr. Smith did not subscribe to the Book Club. I asked her if she was fond of a garden, and she said Mr. Smith was ; and I asked if she had ever seen the Taj at Agra, and she said, she had ; and when I further asked her what she thought of it, (such a question !) she said, it was very nice, and had I seen Mr. Smith's account of it ? I never knew anything at all like it, this poor lady's social landscape, the creation with which she was surrounded, was illuminated throughout with a *couleur de Smith*.

Of course it was not to be borne long, and I retired to my own room to spend the afternoon in looking over my two new books.

The larger one I found to be "My District," by Aurelian Smith, Esq., Magistrate and Collector of Muttra, and with "*Labor omnia vincit*" for its motto. The little one was "My Prayers," by Aurelian Smith, Magistrate and Collector of Muttra, and I nearly fell under the table at finding "*Labor omnia vincit*" on it too. "My Prayers !" thought I, and then that exquisite definition of James Montgomery's came into my mind—

"The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near."

"My Prayers !" thought I, as if a secret attitude of the soul before its Creator, could be acquired from directions, like the goose-step. "My District" was a very readable sort of book, divided into

two parts, the first of which contained a panegyric on the Company's administration, and more especially on the manner in which that administration had been locally carried out in the North Western Provinces. The second part gave, first of all, a brief historical sketch of Muttra, from the time of King Kuns to the time of King Smith, and then a more particular account of the public works, bridges, roads, and police stations, built by Smith, and lastly, a precis of the educational movements of Smith, with a glowing abstract of his views and the warm expression of his opinion that "*Labor omnia vincit*." There were copious appendices attached to the body of the work, and a very neat red ink picture of Smith's sluice, an invention of great merit, which I was afterwards told, succeeded to admiration in the hot weather, and was, to all appearances, going on very well, when it was carried away at the commencement of the rainy season. Some of the appendices were tabular statements, and you could find out by means of them, if you wished, some very recondite information. For instance, there was one table, on which, if you drew your finger down a certain column, you could find out how many Hindoo village watchmen there were above the age of thirty, and then if you drew your finger down another column, you could find out how many Musulman village watchmen there were above the age of thirty, and afterwards you could compare the products of the two columns and draw your conclusions, if you had any to draw. I myself discovered from another table the propor-

tion that Sheikhs bore to Pathans amongst the salt preventive men, which I found to be 33.04 per cent. and the proportion of Hindoos to the two, which was 18.29 per cent. and I should have been able to base my calculations upon these two facts, only. I had no sort of calculations, connected with the subject, which required basing, and I am not sure that any one else ever had.

The Collector came home from his office, about 5 o'clock, and shortly afterwards we all went out in the carriage, and drove in the direction of the city. This we soon entered, and on arriving at a very crowded corner of a street, we found a disreputable looking sort of man, very much pitted with the small-pox, with a little black book in his hands, arguing loudly with three old men.

Smith stopt the carriage. "Champernowne," said he, "this is my reader, Habakkuk. Well, Habakkuk, how is the work progressing?"

"Wait a small while, sir," said that gentleman, "I will give one poser just here."

So saying, he triumphantly asked a question from one of the old men, and then snapping his fingers, came up to the carriage. I enquired from him what the question was. "I ask that Brahmin, sir," said Habakkuk, "who take the Mahadeo home to bed, where he get beast-i-ly drunk. The Hindoos' god is very bad in this respect: he always is being drunk now. They not like my question."

"Is the spirit of inquiry increasing, Habakkuk?" asked the Collector.

"About where he was, sir," said Habakkuk, "the fakeer

who is down at my place is not a good man, sir: he is very avaricious. He say, you give me one rupee per month more, and if not, I will not make the inquiries any further?"

"We must bide our time," said the Collector, and directed the carriage to drive on. "Little success, little success!" continued Mr. Smith, sighing, and I believe sincerely, "but it is God's work, and he will prosper it in His own good time."

I could not help thinking, that supposing Smith's plan of preaching the gospel was a very bad plan, and that the Supreme Being chose to intimate to its mistaken promoters, that the plan *was* a bad one, whether they would expect such an intimation to be given by an angel, or in a dream, or by some disturbance of physical nature; or whether it was more probable that it would be simply indicated by the withholding of success from the operations of the disapproved enterprise. It is, surely, the height of presumption to suppose that our services must be accepted by God for the sake of the spirit which dictates them. The motive may, it is true, find remembrance in His merciful mind, but at the same time, it may seem fit to His wisdom to set aside our clumsy performances altogether. However I believe Smith was perfectly in earnest in his desire that the heathen should embrace Christianity, and though I do not think he had ever considered, that it was quite as urgent a duty of piety to seek after the right "*modus operandi*," as, to set about the work at all, still he was anxious that there should be a movement in

favor of missions, conducted under the symbol of the sledge-hammer, and marked with the dominical letters A. S., and accordingly he had started a Sunday school, entertained friend Habakkuk, and supported such inquirers as appeared to be sincere.

If I am thought to be scoffing at these and similar efforts, I am strangely misapprehended, as I shall afterwards show.

When we returned from our drive, we had dinner, and Mrs. Smith, soon after retiring under stress of children, Aurelian and I were left over our wine, I might almost say over my wine, for Smith hardly touched a drop. The conversation turned upon "My District," and I could conscientiously say, that I had found it very interesting, but the Collector was a little pressing, and insisted upon knowing whether I did not think the defence of the British administration was very able.

"Well, to be quite plain with you," said I, "I like that part of the book the least."

"It is a strange thing," replied Smith, "that our young men nowadays seem so deficient in that enthusiasm about their employers, and in that hearty bias in favor of their own profession which I delight to see. Something in modern education must be wrong. In my days, the young men were full of attachment to the King, to the Church, to the old institutions, and when they entered a service like ours, they entered it heartily with a determination to stand by it, right or wrong, and to fight John Company's battles for him like trusty vassals." Aurelian's drab complexion really glowed.

"Surely" said I, "to all intents and purposes, John Company is now quite as imaginary a person as the Mayor of Garrett. But I, for one, quite disown being at all ashamed of the British administration in India, only defences like yours, I dislike for two reasons."

"What are they?" said the Collector.

"No," I replied, "it is not becoming in me to tell you, because I am perhaps wrong."

"Open discussion," said Smith, "I am prepared to hear. I would rather you would tell me."

"Well," said I, "the defence in the first place, is to my mind, founded on sophistical reasoning, and in the second, such defences are bad altogether, in their tendency and effects. Your defence is founded upon a comparison of what we are *now* doing, we the later heirs of social Christianity, of Steam and Electricity with what the Moslem Kings did in their day. But you quite forget that when the last Moslem King, with a semblance of power, was seated on the Indian throne, we ourselves were scarcely civilized. England under George the Third was nearly a savage country. We rushed into bloody warfares like an Ojibbeway tribe: we utterly neglected the poor, leaving them to stink and starve in filthy dens, and when they crept out to steal, by way of teaching them better, we haled them to the shambles. We left unhappy debtors to rot in hopeless durance. We lashed and branded the insane. Holy men with religious scruples of conscience were fined and imprisoned. The peasantry were dragged from their ploughs before the Mast and after

the Drum, to engage in unjust conflicts. The representatives of the people were notoriously corrupt, most of them first buying their seat, and then selling their votes. Our gentlemen drank, and our ladies gambled, and with a considerable show of orthodoxy, God was really forgotten in the land."

"You have drawn a pretty picture!" said Smith.

"Is it not true?" said I, "where is the exaggeration? Civilization is now at length dawning, because Christianity is at length becoming politically practical, instead of remaining personal and theoretic.

"The poor Moslem Kings have got no principles of action to show against those of the modern system of Christian Socialism, but then I say, neither have our former selves.

"Then again, I cannot but think the tendency of eulogies on our own national doings, a very bad one. It deadens our perception of existing evils, it slackens our exertions to remove them. The great statesman is perhaps the last sort of genius, that can ever look back and say "*exegi monumentum*:" because he knows that what he was done after all, has been but to shirk some necessities altogether, to put off others skilfully for his successors: to do some good of course, but chiefly to have been successful in pulling matters through somehow, in his own day, and in leaving the unsolved problems for the future."

"I am glad you think, *Champernowne*," said Smith, "but I see your ideas have been sadly warped. Where did you get these new-fangled notions about modern Christianity, and what do

you call it, Socialism? What, Fourier's system, eh?"

"Not exactly," said I, with a smile; "my notions have been found from conviction. I dare say, I have spoken, as my years usually speak, warmly but not wisely. You must forgive me if I have."

"Oh no," said Smith, "I only hope you will re-consider these matters."

"My life," I said "will, I trust, be spent in re-considering them, but perhaps in aiming, also, at the same conclusions."

Smith had altered his manner a good deal to me this evening, and we parted very good friends.

But when I took out a chair in an open space, near my bedroom window, to smoke the last dreamy weed of evening, I could not help exclaiming—"Oh, for the gift of silence, till the time is ripe!" The English mind is always a little gloomily impressed in strangers and new scenes,—so that I felt rather lonely, but then over-head were the grand old golden Heroes—the old familiar shining faces,—Belted Orion and the rest, with homely Charles, who always appears to me, in this country, to have got his Wain into some difficulties, as it is not quite so straight as it used to be in Devonshire. These were the glorious creatures that I had peeped up at through the apple trees, in Ottery Orchard, a wondering child of six:—these were the glorious creatures, that overcome by sense and awe, the Chaldaic fathers fell down on the ancient plains and worshipped:—for they said, these silent, eternal, passionless forms must be the mystery that it is the instinct of our hearts to desire to know.

Chapter IX.

THE ASSAULT CASE.

‘THE Amtman, who had no particular taste for such extraordinary occurrences, being wont on these occasions to commit frequent errors, and with the best intentions to be often paid with sour admonitions from the higher powers, went with heavy steps into his office-room.’

WILHELM MEISTER.

THE second day of my arrival at Muttra, I went to office, where I was introduced to Mr. Phipps, the Joint Magistrate, and Mr. Lily, the Deputy Collector, upon both of whom I had, on the previous morning, left my card. Phipps was a very little man with snuff-colored hair, and bright eyes like beads: he seemed to have a very good disposition, but I could see after a few minutes' conversation that the independency of his mind had gone down in a storm of Smith. Lily was a long gaunt man, whom I afterwards discovered to be an excellent officer, though he quite invariably put me wrong, whenever I asked him the simplest question.

After a day or two's practice in hearing the papers of cases read out to me, one morning I came down to find, not without considerable embarrassment, that a petition had positively been made over to me for independent investigation. The gentleman who read my case out to me, was a very old Hindoo, with long teeth that really waved when he spoke, like flag-grass. He had on a large pair of spectacles with thick tortoise-shell rims, fastened to his ears by two pieces of old green ribbon. The lenses of these glasses were so formidable, that I quite trembled for the poor man's eyes in case of the light catching the focus, and I was

much relieved when I perceived that by perking his head up a little, he managed to read from underneath them, whereby the danger was avoided. All things being now ready, I sat down in my arm-chair, with rather a solemn feeling that it had become a bench, and ordered the plaintiff to be brought forward. Immediately a man appeared, limping a great deal and with several bruises, neatly executed in lamp-black, who commenced loud shouting, of an exceedingly appalling nature to the bench, but which was happily put an end to, by four or five employés of the Court rushing upon him, and shaking him till the shout suddenly subsided into a coaxing, supplicatory tone.

My old Hindoo with the goggles then commenced reading out a petition at a great pace, the teeth clattering away like the works inside an automaton. This document was chiefly in Arabic, and the petitioner kept up a running commentary on it in Bruj, which is the dialect of those parts: so that from total ignorance of both languages, from a burning desire to keep up my dignity, and a growing sense of utter imbecility, about five minutes sufficed to reduce me to the verge of insanity.

There was a pause—all eyes were fixed upon me, the petitioner put himself into a wistful

attitude, old Goggles stood silent without helping me a bit : not knowing what I was saying, nor indeed very clearly where I was, I mechanically pronounced in the vernacular, the two words—"very good."

To my utter astonishment this response gave complete satisfaction ; the petitioner thanked me and surrendered himself to a man with pen and ink, who drew him aside into a corner, the attendants moved away, old Goggles sat down to write, and I was left to myself for a few minutes to compose my mind and stave off approaching madness. But the relief was only temporary, for very shortly the plaintiff was again brought before me, and a process commenced upon him by Goggles, which I, in a short time, discovered to be administering to him the solemn declaration.

Any thing more ludicrous than the scene can hardly be imagined : the following may give some faint outline of it :—

Goggles.—"In the presence of the Supreme Being."

Plaintiff.—"Yes, of course."
(*Bowing very politely to me.*)

Attendants.—(*Shaking plaintiff dreadfully.*) "Speak after Goggles, will you?"

Goggles.—"In the presence of the Supreme Being."

Plaintiff.—"In the presence of the Supreme Being," (*in a very low voice, then suddenly in a very loud one*), "look here, look here, your honor," pointing to the lamp-black bruises, "great injustice has been done! sixteen men with sticks and stones—" (*Here the attendants shook the plaintiff to pieces.*)

Goggles.—"I make an agreement."

Plaintiff.—"I make a deprecement." (*A word occurred which the plaintiff did not understand, and which he mispronounced accordingly.*)

Goggles.—"That I will speak the truth."

Plaintiff.—"Of course I will ; what do I come here for except to speak the truth ; your honor, great injustice has been done ; sixteen men with sticks and stones."—(*Here shaken to pieces again on the spot.*)

In this manner he went on with his solemn declaration. The doing away of the old hocus-pocus of the Ganges water and the Koran, is a very great pity.

It is an inefficient argument to say it was dallying with superstition ; what on earth is making people kiss the New Testament but dallying with gross superstition ? The only question is, whether the common peasantry lie less, after putting their lips to a piece of calf-skin. It is still thought they do so in England, and out here there can be little doubt that witnesses are more scrupulous, after putting their hands on a little dirty river-water, or on the binding of a book in a language they do not understand. The subject surely does not admit of any allusion to principles, it purely turns upon facts. I am for the hocus-pocus.

Well, my unhappy plaintiff having got through his declaration with much buffeting and annoyance, Goggles proceeded to read out his deposition, which being in simpler language, I understood so far as to be impressed with a general idea of Battery. After this, Goggles took upon himself to direct the plaintiff to bring his witnesses, and so the

first hearing of the Assault case ended.

The next day came the witnesses, seven in number, and were seated one by one, in the corner with the pen-and-ink man, for the space of an hour or so, during the early part of which I amused myself with drawing heads on my blotting paper, but finding an attendant looking over, and remembering that I was hardly demeaning myself in a judicial manner, I tried to assume the attitude and bearing of the late Lord Abinger, whom I had seen at Exeter Assizes.

At last came the evidence, and may I never again pass such an afternoon as then ensued. I do not speak of the astonishing uproar which cuffing each of the witnesses through the solemn declaration occasioned, nor of the very frequent interruptions caused by the plaintiff, who insisted upon interpolating new facts into the testimony before us. The struggle was internal, the agony was personal: the fear of doing wrong conflicting with the utter incapacity of doing right: the wish to pierce the mystery frustrated by the inability to understand the language in which it was clothed: a feverish dream of night-mare sounds and intonations, such as the incubus should utter, with here and there a familiar word, flashing like Will-o'-the-Wisp in a Plutonian night, only to make it darker than ever, immediately afterwards. But as in all feverish dreams, one centre idea pervades the confusion, wearing on the brain and shattering the nerves, so throughout the horrible windings of these fell depositions was ever present the master subject—Battery. A man with

a bald head under Knaresborough Well, is a simile which may give some idea of the torture I suffered from the omnipresence of this one tangible idea amidst the fatal network of disorder into which all other ideas had fallen—Erebus and Chaos impregnated by Battery. They say that living near great Hammers and Steam levers, you get to hear a kind of tune in their continued disturbance, and that if the particular nature of their clatter was altered, you would perceive a deviation from the old strain. I think I might have perceived in this way, if the depositions had differed much, they seemed to me wonderfully alike. However they ended at last, and Goggles asked me if the defendants should be summoned. I said I thought it would be a very good plan. He asked if one would do. "No," said I, "summon the other." There were more than two, he informed me. "All," said I. About three days after this, a little before twelve one morning, sixteen men rushed in a wild and clamorous way into my presence: I thought it was a street row.

"What is this?" cried I.

"The defendants," said Goggles.

"The devil!" said I.

But Goggles was right: there were sixteen men to be taken into the corner, cuffed through the solemn declaration, and finally to be made to stand up before a man whom they were maddening, and who, in an uncharitable and irritated mood, was wishing them in even a warmer climate than that of their native country. One of the sixteen had a pimple on his nose, and my self-command was so entirely overcome by vexation,

that I found myself gesticulating privately at this man with a pen-knife, and plainly intimating in the language of signs, that under the contingency of suitable time and place, I would cut it off.

However the world-stamp of transiency was imprinted on the assault case, as on all other sub-lunary matters, and the time came at last for the judgment. I satisfied my conscience by the following reasoning. It is difficult to say whether an assault has been committed, or not, or if so, by whom. Much may be advanced on all sides. A little involuntary subscription to the revenues of the country can hardly be called a punishment, because you get your penny-worth for your penny, in the shape of protection

from the British army, and justice from the British administration. So I fined the sixteen, including pimple-nose, one rupee a-piece, which they immediately paid.

The next day a petition was made over to me, in which pimple-nose was plaintiff. The charge was assault, (save the mark!) and my old original plaintiff, with the lamp-black bruises, was one of sixteen defendants.

The same disastrous scenes occurred again—the same feverish dream—the same night-mare gibberish—the same masterly decision—one rupee fine per head. Both cases were appealed—both orders reversed. Thus like children's sand-castles on the sea-shore are the great achievements of men.

(To be Continued.)

EDUCATION IN THE N. W. P.*

No one can rise up from a perusal of these volumes without feeling a conviction that something is at last doing, and that in the right direction; that his Honor has at last "caught the right sow by the ear;" there is so much truthfulness in the reports, that one is tempted to believe, and the doubts of the sceptic may be removed by himself testing the progress of the measure, which is open to and appreciable by all.

The Report on Indigenous Education is the one which must interest most of those who have the good of the people at heart: it is all very well to knock European ideas into oriental brains, and to teach bombastic Baboos English, but the real duty of the Government is to establish the district and village school, teaching little beyond the rudiments, but teaching that soundly and well; but it will really never do to have all future reports drawn up after the fashion of this and its predecessor: the perusal of it has half-blinded and entirely confused us:—we seem as if we had been reading small print through wire spectacles; all the information which we have obtained, is stamped on our brains in horizontal and perpendicular lines:—we protest against being received in this way by facts wheeled up in columns, and figures thrown back into hollow squares; and we protest the more earnestly, as this statement,

and Nukshah-system is the crying sin of the age; it is the epidemic of the official bureau, and is positively creeping into private life. Why cannot we have information given without being hustled through an alphabet of Appendices, and our eyes tortured by having to look up and down, backwards and forwards, along a gallery of forms? We protest against the whole race from the venerable Monthly Return of the Sudder Judges, to the wretched "Chalan" of the Post Office. A great deal would be read in sentences, which is at once passed over in disgust, when in statements. How many would read the marriages, births and deaths, in the newspaper, if a red tape Editor were to throw the information into a twenty-columned statement? And does the compiler really suppose that there is one person, except the corrector of the proofs, who has waded through the mass of facts and figures, which he has rammed into his Procrustes-like Appendix? If there is such a person we call upon him to leave his name with the Editor of this *Magazine*, and we shall pronounce him to be the greatest, (we were going to use ban words, but we won't,) misspender of his valuable leisure in existence.

And we ask "Quorsum hæc tam putida," what advantage will it be to the future educationalist to know the proportion, which in 1851-52, the sons of butchers

* General Report on Public Instruction in the N. W. P., 1851—52.

Report on Indigenous Education and Vernacular Schools, 1851—52.

under tuition bore to the nephews of bakers, or how many barbers' lads on the school bench formed the equipoise to confectioners' urchins. We never heard of such statistics applied to our great English institutions, though it is generally reported that Bishops' sons are the greatest rips, and Judges' sons the greatest fools. But instead of classifying the boys according to their fathers' trades, and striking quotients and averages on their castes, why not let us know the details of the boy's personal appearance, the proportion of pot-bellied to the bandy-legged—the numerical relation between the snub-nosed and the hair-lipped; how many mealy-faced Mahomedans make one beef-faced Hindoo.

The author has artfully thrown away a rare opportunity for picturesque description: his few pregnant words at once bring up before us the little "Atishbaz" with blackened hands, and gunpowder-face conning his books, and the solitary "Ghareewan" reading the last vernacular publication on his creaking gharee. Only think of the little Dobeas refreshing themselves after a long wash, at the river side, with an hour at figures. But bless us! who is this class at page 23 described as "Tawaif Zadah," men without fathers? The son of the Hulwai is no doubt a popular boy in his class from home influences; and the young Nai acceptable to the master for nail-cutting and clean shaving propensities; but we rejoice above all things, at page 23, to see that in the matter of Bhungees and sweepers, the "trainers of the mind" at Agra are more liberal than the "minders of the train" at Bombay, that Minerva is more

Catholic-spirited than the goddess of steam.

Spite of ourselves, and exasperated by the Nukshahs, we have been highly amused and interested by the little insights of oriental life. The way of paying the masters is wonderful. Each man pays out of his abundance, and his bounty is adapted to his means. We met a Missionary once from Newfoundland, who assured us that he had built a church and school entirely of God's heads and shoulders, and he spoke of it proudly as an instance of what magnificent results a sincere man could produce from unpromising materials. We started at first, for we understood him literally until we were corrected. But really this report gives us instances of remuneration of tuition in kind, as startling as the cases of the son of the furniture-dealer, sent out in the Civil Service by the bounty of the newly-housed Director, or the "tutor of my son John," made a Prebend by the Bishop. In India teachers are fed like horses, and learning is weighed against leather. Imagine the feelings of the English Head Master, if the son of the Butcher tendered payment in joints, and the son of Snip in pantaloons. Another fact has surprised us, that in India, where everything runs in castes, how comes it that there is no caste of Pedagogues; that the desk is the refuge of the destitute; that the ferule is consigned only into hands too weak for the sword, or too unskilled for the shuttle. Alas for the trade of Dominie Sampson! that a Bheestie should be dispensing learning, and quenching the thirst for knowledge from his mussuck; and the cotton-cleaner striving to impart

ideas, and occasionally tapping woolly pates with his carding comb.

What a faint idea would the stranger have of the particular variety of the species "*Homo*," employed at the Educational Machine, if he had never looked into an Indian School, and had formed his only conception of the animal from his recollection of the school-master of the village, those lank and spectacled Dominies, who sweep miserable pittances off the posteriors of little English boys? Almost as characteristic and ridiculous are the Moulavi and Pundit of the provincial learning shop. We are ashamed to say so, but it really is the case, that all over the world there is a peculiar pomposity about the Pedagogues, something that makes us laugh, whether we see it strutting at the head of a jacketed column of two and two along the roads of Islington, or squatting on a little carpet in India with a scanty "*untoga*"-like cloth round the waist amidst a heap of tiny black urchins, whose only fig-leaf is the papyrus, on which they are writing. We suppose that it arises from constantly coming in contact with little intellects, and systematically domineering over small boys. The school after all is a little miniature world, with all the characters of the play complete—the flatterer and busy mocker, the great tyrant, the poor oppressed, a great deal of successful emptiness, and much more unrewarded merit. On one subject the report is silent, and yet still it was worth nothing; as chemical farming has been so largely applied to Agriculture, we do not see why it should not be extended to Literature. In these

days of minute investigation and development of unseen relations, we should like to know what particular diet is most favourable to mental vigour. Here the Inspector has manifestly failed in his duty, and we have still the curious speculation unsolved, as to what is the ratio of intellect borne by the gram-fed Hindoo to the pillau-stuffed Mahomedan. Do the ideas expand more on animal or vegetable supports? What impetus is given by opium, and what are the retarding and centrifugal powers of ghee? We call for these details at the risk of having our ears pinched between nodules of kunkur, being suspended from vernacular education-pulleys, or subjected to the warranted "not unhealthy" custom of alternate down-sitting and up-rising. The time is perhaps approaching when the Rod to which we are all so much indebted will be introduced into India by an act of the Legislature: no process so healthy, or effective, when properly applied. All principle of education and punishment must be fundamental to be of any use. We cannot approve of cats in bags and nettles in pyjama's.

It is indeed important at this early date to record accurately the present state of education: it will scarcely be credited hereafter that parties are mis-called "*fazil*" and learned, who can repeat the whole Koran by heart without understanding one word. But there is something quizzical in the fearful accuracy, with which we are told that every Pergunnah visitor has 594.6 of villages, and 239.638 of men and women: here are the Indians divided into a smaller fraction than the Tailors in England, for the latter is at least the ninth part of a man, but here we

have thousands, who are only decimals. Time may accustom us to the orthography of the Vernaculars, but the disguise is startling at first, and we fail at first glance to recognize familiar names: really once so, but so metamorphosed, that we fancied that by "Mughal" a new class of men were alluded to from Burnah instead of the last royal line of Dehlee.

The schools under notice appear to be of a frightfully mutatory character:—like the phantom of the dream: a breath has made them, and a puff of wind disperses them. We can imagine the dismay of the authorities at hearing by one post that some thirty mucktubs "kafur hogaya,"—like camphor had been absorbed into their elements. Of the 2015 schools existing in the report of '50-51, 1103, or more than half in the course of the next year were resolved into their elements, while the year '51-52 saw a mushroom-birth of 1485 new establishments. We like it not: such ephemeral institutions cannot do much.

It is a singular and encouraging fact how without a scruple the most orthodox Hindoo entrusts his child to a Mahomedan teacher in spite of experience and tradition of the converting tendency of the latter: it speaks, however, little for the general knowledge or enlightenment of the ideas knocked into a Hindoo by a Mahomedan teacher. Religion with both has become so entirely a matter of outward form, a question of pots and platters, of ghee, and "chiraghs," that it never enters into the Hindoo to suspect danger from the teacher: but such cannot be the case very long

under our system. The great object of education must always be the moral training of the boy, and the enlargement of his intellectual powers, and in spite of many arguments to the contrary, all parties in England, differing in many things, agree in this, that it were better not to educate at all than to exclude moral and religious culture: the sooner our rulers come to this conviction the better.

One of the great features of the measures under review is the care taken to supply good and proper school-books, and in this the Visitor General has eminently succeeded. The books generally used in native schools are bad in style, worse in subject, inflated, unintelligible, and indecent. One of the great difficulties to a European commencing oriental studies is the strange subjects in which he is compelled to dip. The scholar in Italian, German, or French commences on some book of general knowledge, the subject of which is familiar to him, but in India the ideas are paralyzed by the idle conceit of the Mahomedan, and the feelings are disgusted by the impurities of the Hindoo class books. This evil is now being removed. Books on all subjects in every language are passing through the press, the little boys will have their Indian "Ram the Rakhus-killer," to amuse them, and the "Chota Faiz Bux" to instil moral lessons: as they mount higher they will find the Visitor General will have a fresh nosegay for them to rub their little snubs against: tales of Zemindars, accounts of foreign countries, what Dhurum Singh would not do, and that scoundrel Panch Kouree Khan *did* do. As

they rise higher, they will begin to appreciate what Ram Chunder, Sheo Pershad, and others have been doing for them, till at length some few—very few—may be able to understand the lucubrations of Bussu Deo, or the little blue fascicules of the Principal of Benares.

If any of our readers doubt that anything is doing, let them stop, as they fly along the Trunk Road in Probett's Dawk, at any of the schools by the way-side, lay aside the "Buhadur" and, talking as grammatically and intelligibly as is possible for a Sahib, examine some of the boys in their studies: they will then see that the Visitor is a man of deeds, if not of words; that if he has not the art "*scribendi legenda*," he has the better power "*faciendi scribenda*." We wish however he would publish his account to the world earlier. Why let a twelve-months pass over our heads ere we can see what has been done? Instead of outstripping panting time, he lags wearily behind, as if he prudently wished to be sure that the predictions of one year were fulfilled in the next, ere he gave them to the public. We wish too he would not call his school books by such hard names, not always conveying a distinct meaning: it is too much the weakness of natives to do so: a man writes a treatise on prosody, and calls it "the flower of the garden," or a few remarks on land revenue, and entitles it "a basket of jewels." We cannot stand this.

The accounts of the Colleges of Agra and Delhee in the Report on Public Instruction for '51-52 seem to present no new features. We are glad to see that the students

are able to provide for themselves honourably and usefully, which is an argument that their education does not unfit them for the hard battle of life. We still however look with great jealousy on Shakespere and Milton. It is like teaching two languages instead of one, and a very creditable exertion of intellect it may be considered to translate a passage into modern English, but after all what has Kishen Lall to do with Shakespere? How will all this learning benefit Faiz Bux? They are an imaginative people, and will readily swallow in the marvellous, and it is a pity to give them false notions about History, or wild ideas about Angels and Devils, which it is difficult afterwards to convince them to be only the fancies of the poet. Why trouble them to comprehend the constitutional struggle in England? Why not make the History of India, so full of interesting details, the ground-work of their historical knowledge, and the geography of India of their geographical? But we find no questions about them. Plenty about Carthage and Rome, Lord Byron and Venice, the Thane of Glamis and Mary of Scotland, but nothing about Akbur, Beerbul, and Lord Clive. This is quite wrong; the system is wrong in England of teaching boys about Heathen gods and goddesses, and the geography of the Roman world; but this is simply ridiculous, and the remarks of one of the examiners at page 19 are but too true, that it cannot be expected that they will exercise much influence on their fellow-countrymen by reason of their English education, until they take the trouble to acquire simply the faculty of being able to record their

ideas in respectably written Hindostance. We cannot blame the natives for their attachment to their antiquated and peculiar authors, when we find our own teachers stick to their pedantry. A lad after passing an examination in Puck and Titania, and being able to quote the very words which "Moloch Sahib" used in Milton, is condemned to a desk in a Sugar Factory. If you put on in an unguarded moment the History stop, you will be overpowered with a *melée* about Julius Cæsar, Alexius Comnenus, and the House of Commons, and other matters crammed up by rote, and imperfectly comprehended: but you will get no distinct information as to who was Bonaparte, or Wellington; what Governor General abolished Sutteeism, what Governor designed and carried out the Ganges canal.

It is not to be wished, that education should be rendered subservient to Government employ; that the best "evidence writer," or "expertest thief-taker" should get the prize, but for the sake of the Government offices, it is to be wished, that the clever and enlightened youths should be secured to the service of their country; that the emoluments of these appointments should be within the grasp of those whose circumstances render it convenient to be thus employed: to secure this the curriculum must be more practical. In looking down the programme of studies we see for the same class, books of infantine facility, and difficult poetical selections, and the remarks of the Principal of Dehlee College, of the danger of attending to single and isolated studies are as important as true.

In fact the master-mind has not yet appeared who will succeed in blending oriental and occidental learning, who with patient wisdom will condescend to admit and avail himself of the vast stores of knowledge, which the eastern system unquestionably possesses, and be content to erect upon that a superstructure less showy, but more congenial to the habits and notions of the people. By beginning at the extreme and opposite corners of the lists, we have both in religion and education armed against ourselves the prejudices of the ignorant, and given some grounds to the objections of the learned, only setting aside and treating with contempt the stored wisdom of their sages we knock our heads against adamantine truth, and are led into the absurdities described by the Principal of the Benares College, of having two sets of highly educated youths of the same nature, and language, and under the same roof, but unable to exchange ideas. The same scheme which has been so admirably worked out at this College should be the general principle of our operations: to ground our edifice on the foundations laid for us: where there is truth, or harmless errors, why place ourselves in opposition? It is true, O Cauzee! that this world was divided by the learned into "Huft Akleem," but the increased facilities of navigation of the moderns have enabled us to add accounts of many countries unknown to the learned of Arabia. Examine our maps. Unquestionably, O Hu-keem, the noska of Jalenos, and Pocrat are true: we have them, as well as yourself, but their Pharmacy was not so well stored as our's; they were not such adepts at the scapel: come and experi-

mentalize. In philosophy we should approach the expounders of ancient dogmas with the respect conceded in our writings to the learned of Greece and Egypt: admit the gigantic and self-evident truths; draw them on into the meshes of the new philosophy; let them peep into the temple, the door of which Bacon and Newton threw open to us; let their children be encouraged to argue in defence of their time-honored principles, and bring them to the test of analysis, experiment, and thought; even by a master-mind there will be one or two—the most talented, the most intellectual, to whose cogitations a new impulse will be given: one positive physical error discovered and proved in broad day-light, will convince him of the possibility of others, and if there is truth in our system, it must prevail. The Hindoo sages committed one fatal error in blending things worldly with spiritual, in pretending to lay down a complete epitome of human knowledge, and as one after the other History, Geography, Astronomy, and Mechanics, are by the mere effect of quiet reason, and patient experiment, ranged against them; the divinity, which has hitherto hedged them in, must fall: twenty years hence the Pundits of Benares College will have been emasculated of their Brahminic powers; the learning of the Hindoos will be turned against their system; the Professor of the Nyaya and the Vedant will be inculcating truths, *ex cathedra*, incompatible with their religious tenets, and the Astronomers and Mathematicians will be proving by arguments incontrovertible, that the authors of the Purans *lied*.

To the Principal of the Bena-

res College, seated in his magnificent hall, unequalled in India, and unsurpassed in England, has been opened a wide field, scarcely appreciable by those who only glance at the operations in progress. By the same weapons, applied in the same way, he is sapping the outworks of Brahminical learning, while the Visitor General of Vernacular Schools is commencing his operations at the other end of the arena. Both have fair prospect of success, as they make use of indigenous material; even if their labours stop, they will have done something. The Colleges of Dehlee and Agra are handsome and fit appendages of a great Government; they may be useful, and no doubt are so, but their influence will never be felt by the mass. Sweep them away to-morrow, and it will be forgotten that they existed; but the operations in the Sanskrit Department are directed against the few learned, who influence public opinion, and the Visitor General speaks to the unlettered millions, offering them a boon within their grasp, and intelligible and immediate in its advantages.

There is one other institution for which we are indebted to the same provident, the same happy adaptation, (so seldom the characteristic of an Indian Governor) of the right thing, planned, urged, and carried into effect at the right moment. We allude to the Roorkee College of Civil Engineering, which is capable of unbounded expansion, and promises to be the centre of yearly increasing usefulness. This is professedly a Government institution to train up young men for employment on our Canals and Railroads, and

the numberless branches of the Executive Department. So rapid is its progress, that the report under review, although most satisfactory, gives but an inadequate idea of its capabilities, as since that report closed, it has been most extensively increased, and we shall look forward with interest to further accounts.

Nor would an account of the educational progress in the N. W. Provinces be complete without mention of the system which has been introduced into some, and, we trust, before long, will be extended to all the District Gaols. Commencing at Mynpoorie it has been brought to a degree of perfection at Agra, which must be seen to be appreciated. The hours, which hang so heavy on the prisoners, especially those employed without labour, are now usefully and profitably employed. There is an old Latin line, as old as the Latin Grammar, and one of the advantages of education is that it

"Emollit mores, nec sinit esse ferus."

And this is proved to be eminently the case. The Indian felon is not so much of a brute as his European brother, and employment of the mental powers has the undoubted effect of softening and rendering him tractable. The opponents of the system need not be afraid of every well-read man in the district proving to be a released Gaol Bird. Free labour will always carry the day, and the Visitor General will be operating on thousands, while the Inspector General, even if the system be heartily carried out, will only reach hundreds, and there are always foolish half-witted opponents of every wise and benevolent reform, though

they are generally put down at last.

Nor must we omit honorable mention of those good and devoted men of all denominations of the faith in Christ, who without hope of fame, or social and worldly advantage, consecrate themselves to the task of promoting the intellectual development, and religious instruction of the people of India. After all these are deserving of the highest praise, and their system is the only one founded on a certain basis, which is not capable of improvement. 'We rejoice to see their labours acknowledged by the Visitor General, as we hope they will be ere long by a more enlightened Home Government, who will consider it to their interest to place in these tried and faithful hands, the means of a wider and more comprehensive sphere of usefulness.

The department of education is one in which we can never expect to be satisfied. We still want many things. We want an extension of the Vernacular schools over the length and breadth of these provinces; we want to see the agricultural community encouraged, and assisted in starting schools in every cluster of villages; we want to see an increasing demand, giving birth to an increasing supply of light, yet good, Vernacular literature: tales and moral lessons for the young, made palatable by style and manner of treatment; treatises, and lectures for the more advanced; encyclopædias and standard works for the leisure of an educated community. We want Professors in our Colleges of Law, Civil and Criminal, and Revenue, and periodical examinations to secure fit

persons for Government employ : the story ;—we want ample grants
we want ;—but if we go in this of money, and liberal and judi-
way, we shall only tire our read- cious supervision.
ers, and never get to the end of PHILO-INDUS.

SONNETS.

AN me, is life—this precious vital air—
Given to man to waste in crowds and strife,
To tarnish in the midnight revel, where
The whisper'd scandal is for ever rife ;
To dazzle with the false unwholesome glare,
That mocks the flush'd cheek and the brow of care,
The listless husband, or the giddy wife !
Ah no, 'twas not for this that Heaven assigned
A feeling heart—a soul—a reasoning mind,
If thus man squanders all the precious store,
To seek for joys where but regrets he'll find :
This is indeed that spirit that before
To Eve the fruit of knowledge vain consigned,
Yet left untouched the tree of life behind.

I HEARD thy voice in silvery clearness ringing,
Where checquered shadows of old oak trees fell,
Its tones again twelve weary months were bringing
Back to that day when last we said farewell.
Ah ! lovely sound that on mine ear doth dwell,
Conjuring sweet mournful fancies of the past—
Thou mak'st me start !—my lab'ring breast doth swell
With those few words upon the cold air cast—
For here they live like feathered seeds that find
A fertile spot in some secluded dell ;
And lo ! I see thyself—thy green robe flying,
Where sadly moans, above the mountain wind—
Another moment—in mine arms thou'rt lying !
Blest recompense for one long year of sighing.

THE LATE MR. T. J. A. SCOTT.

(Note to the Tale "Sent out to India.")

[CHAPTER XVII. of this Tale was scarcely in type when the melancholy intelligence arrived of the death of the author, Mr. T. J. A. Scott. We take from the *Bombay Telegraph and Courier* the following short biographical notice of one, whose place as a contributor to these pages will not be easily supplied.]

IN our yesterday's notice of the late Mr. Scott's illness and death, we promised to give our readers a brief sketch of the career of one of the most estimable men in every relation of life, which it has been our lot to know in India. But the promise was made rashly, for we thought to have more data to go upon than we have. And particularly with reference to Mr. Scott's early career in Bombay, we have little or nothing save a mere outline to work upon, and are not sufficiently *au fait* at biographical work, to fill in the blanks which remain. The reader will therefore forgive what he may find amiss, or wrong, in the following short notice, and attribute our errors more to a want of correct data, than from any carelessness regarding the subject. Suffice it to say, that Mr. Scott came to India in the year 1840, and that he could not have been in affluent circumstances will be concluded from the fact that he was glad to accept the situation of Under-Secretary to the Chamber of Commerce, (an office now abolished) upon a salary of sixty rupees a month. It is to be hoped that no man will so far mistake our meaning, as to imagine that we mention this for any reason save in honour of Mr. Scott. If an epithet was wanted for a tombstone to that gentleman, it would be quite sufficient for every one

who has lived in India to understand his virtues, were it engraved on the marble that the deceased came to India without patronage, friends, or money, and had not the advantage of belonging to any service; but that by his industry, perseverance, and talents, he in a very few years raised himself from almost nothing, to a position second in respectability to none in the country. Higher praise than this no one could give his fellow man.

From the time Mr. Scott first came to India, we believe that he contributed more or less to the local newspapers. It was however only in 1844 that he—during the temporary absence of Dr. Buist in England—became responsible editor of a public journal—the *Bombay Times*. And here we may bear testimony to the manner the last named gentleman always spoke of the admirable manner in which the editorial duties of the *Times* were conducted under Mr. Scott. We might give our readers a long list of contributions to both local papers and English and Indian Magazines, which have proceeded from the pen of our late friend, but Literature, like an Indian Secretariate, has its "Secret Department," and we should be treading upon ground which our cotemporaries might deem forbidden. There is however no harm in our men-

tioning that for several months past there has hardly appeared a monthly number of *The Household Words* that did not contain one or more papers of Mr. Scott's, and we feel certain that the Proprietor of *Saunders' Magazine* will forgive us for mentioning that two of the best tales—if not the best—which have appeared in his pages—to wit "*My Uncle Ben's Courtships*" and "*Sent out to India*," were by the same author. The former story we copied into this journal as it appeared in *Saunders*, the latter we are now reprinting from the same excellent periodical. And yet, with all these—and other—literary occupations, Mr. Scott always performed his office duties in a manner, which his colleagues in the Railway, and the Directors of the Company say, cannot be surpassed.

At the end of 1846, Mr. Scott succeeded Mr. Crawford, the present 1st Judge of the Small Cause Court, as Editor and Proprietor of the *Bombay Courier*. Previous to this he had partly owned, and, we believe, conducted, a new daily paper called the *Telegraph*, which was first set going in the middle of 1846 by Mr. Jamieson, who is now the proprietor of the *London Mail*, and is a connexion of the gentleman who is just dead. In 1847 the two papers were united under the present name—*The Telegraph and Courier*—Mr. Scott becoming Editor and Proprietor, and remaining as such until the early part of 1850, from which time he devoted himself entirely to the duties of Secretary to the Railway. But we must here go back a little, and after having glanced briefly at Mr. Scott's career as

an editor, take up again the notice of his life from the time he became first connected with Railway enterprise. It may not however be out of place to mention, that it was during the six months Mr. Scott held the office of Editor of the *Bombay Times* and the three years he conducted the *Telegraph and Courier*, that he laid for himself the foundation of that name which has been of such good repute in Bombay.

Meanwhile circumstances had gradually conducted Mr. Scott to that career of practical usefulness, which has now terminated so prematurely. He was early connected with Railway enterprise in this Presidency, having been appointed Secretary to the Great Indian Peninsula Railway Company in January 1846. From the spring of 1847, when under the management of Mr. Chapman, the Surveys of Messrs. Clarke and Conybeare were completed, and for the ensuing two years, during which every effort to establish the Company under the auspices of Government failed, in consequence of the public apathy towards Railway speculation, Mr. Scott continued to discharge the duties of his office without salary until the year 1849, when our Railway Company first began to assume its present advantageous position, and he was permanently appointed Secretary with a suitable emolument. From that time ample opportunity was afforded him of developing his talent and usefulness in dealing with the many difficult questions that fell within the province of his department. His logical mind and clear and finished style of composition, which would have secured him a

reputation in any intellectual pursuit he might have chosen, were constantly employed with good effect in his new labours, while his power of mastering details, his thorough knowledge of the routine of an Indian Office, and his industrious business habits, eminently qualified him to succeed as Secretary to one of the first two Railway Companies, established in India.

Mr. Scott went to England in May 1852, for the purpose of acquiring by personal observation a knowledge of some of the various systems of management upon English Railways, and returned to Bombay in the following October. He was present at the opening of the Line on the 16th of April, and received from the Directors a public acknowledgment of his merits as a highly efficient and valuable officer to the Company, but it was decreed, that he should not survive to witness the successful completion of the Experimental Line, the triumph of those efforts, of which he has borne so important a share.

It may be that in course of time, as the system of Indian Railways upon a scale commensurate with its importance and worthy of this Empire advances towards completion, the varied

and numerous difficulties that attended its initiation will pass from the public mind ; but we are assured that so long as great ability and zealous application, evinced in the successful performance of arduous and anxious duties, command public respect, will Mr. Scott's name be honorably recorded in connection with this national undertaking.

But time and space fail us to say all that we would, and could, on this subject. Poor as our endeavours have been, we have done our utmost to pourtray the useful, but too short, career, of one whom we in common with all that knew him, held in the highest esteem. In after years, when India shall by her railways and other means have opened out a far larger field for European energy and enterprise, Mr. Scott's name will be remembered when many of those belonging to men now the magnates of the land, will have been entirely forgotten, and our grand-children will mention him as an instance of what industry, honesty and perseverance could do, even when our Eastern Empire was, comparatively speaking, *not* the country for those who did not eat the salt of the Honorable Company.

NOTES TO THE ARTICLE ON "THE DOON."

THE ROBBERS' CAVE.—The classical reader will be reminded of the descent of Alpheus in his fabled pursuit of the nymph Arethusa. We have been informed that at Eisenach in Thuringia, celebrated as having been the birth place of Martin Luther, is a similar specimen of natural tunnelling, though on a larger scale than ours.

*Statement shewing the amount of rain in the District of Dehra
Doon for six years.*

YEAR.	<i>Khurreef.</i>	<i>Rubbee.</i>	TOTAL.
44— 5	50·70	6·05	56·75
45— 6	61·13	2·31	63·44
46— 7	82·27	7·23	89·50
47— 8	47·63	2·09	49·72
48— 9	32·42	2·38	34·80
49—50	67·05	6·20	73·25

From the above Table, compiled from the Revenue Meteorological statements published by Government this year, it will be perceived that the total rain of the year in the Doon averaged 62.15 inches during a period of six years, and that the least that fell in that interval was nearly thirty-five inches. This result is larger than that yielded by any other district including even the Hill tract of Kumaon. In one plain zillah the arid region of Bhutteana, there fell in 1849 little more than seven inches.

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COMPLAINTS OF THE LIVER, THE LUNGS AND THE STOMACH REMOVED.

The *Liver* hitherto morbid in its action is freed from unhealthy secretions, acrimonious bile is carried off, and along with it distressing pain in the right side, and a burning sensation at the Stomach, the sallowness of the skin vanishes and is succeeded by a healthy liver. The *Lungs*, which had been held in thralldom by vitiated humours, causing a constant hacking cough, is set free by the use of these Pills, so that respiration becomes easy.

The *Stomach*, in which impurities had been allowed to accumulate, causes nausea, violent headache, indigestion, nervousness, burning sensation and acute pain, bowel complaints, sleepless nights, and a host of other evils, the stomach is completely cleaned of its misery-making occupants, by a few doses of this extraordinary medicine.

MALIGNANT CHOLERA ROBBED OF ITS VICTIMS.

This disease, which is so common in India, results from a redundancy and putrid acrimony of the bile. Now Holloway's Pills, by cleansing the intestines, and imparting vigour to the whole nervous system, are of admirable use as a *preventive*; but when this use of them has been overlooked, the actual attacks of Cholera may be mitigated by a *timely* and *persevering* use of them. The stomach and bowels will thus be effectually freed from all vitiated humours, and the various functions speedily restored to their proper tone.

RHEUMATISM AND GOUT PREVENTED AND CURED.

And what is Rheumatism? It is a painful disease, affecting the joints and limbs—caused by an accumulation of impurities. How common is the exclamation, “I have caught a cold, and it has brought on that tiresome excruciating pain on my shoulders or limbs!” Do you *wish* to know *why* this pain? We will tell you, and, which is still better, we will tell you how to get rid of it. By means of respiration and perspiration the human system is continually throwing off waste matter. LAVOISIER, the celebrated French Chemist, states that the skin alone during every four and twenty hours parts with 20 ounces of useless matter.

This supposes health and favourable circumstances. But should any of this matter be thrown back into the system, proportionate disease must necessarily ensue. You spend some time in a heated place, or drive out visiting during the hot months, and the pores of your body become open and sensitive; you go in this state under a punkah, or perhaps lie down on a couch right before the “tatties,” and fall asleep. The pores are suddenly closed—perspiration is obstructed, and the waste matter remaining in the system becomes a fruitful source of disease and pain. The next morning your eyes swim, your voice is husky, and you feel pain, and you exclaim, “What a beastly country! I have taken cold from just sitting near the tatties,” and then how do you act? You do not as you ought, at once seek to free the system from impure obstructions, but you content yourself with some mere palliative, you lose some of the first unpleasant sensations, but the impurities still lurk within you? Every now and then you feel twitching, torturing pains in your limbs; but those pains are sent in mercy, and their language is—“You

Advertisements.

have broken a physical law: your want of care has caused unhealthy obstructions; get rid of these, and you will be free from pain; allow these to remain, and pains still more fearful will be the result." This alone can be effectually done by resorting to a course of Holloway's Pills and Ointment, which will, in a few days, remove these obstructions, and restore health and vigour to the whole system.

DISEASES IN GENERAL.

The same may be said of the other, and almost numberless diseases rising from this fertile, this sole cause of all diseases—the impurities of the blood—and none who have used these invaluable Medicines "have been disappointed." The grateful aspirations of thousands in every part of the world furnish abundant demonstration that never was a Medicine employed, at once so safe and so salutary, so powerful to conquer disease, yet so harmless that an infant may take it with safety. Wherever these Pills and Ointment have been known they have been regarded as a blessing, and are held in the highest estimation as an invaluable Medicine; and every resident in India ought to have a box of the Pills and a Pot of the Ointment in his Bungalow, both for himself, his family, his servants, and his friends.

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
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SAUNDERS
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[Vol. III.

TALES OF INDIAN ROMANCE—BY ALIF.

Zulfi.

CHAPTER I.

IN the year of the Mahommedan era 969, answering to A. D. 1561, the world-enlightening standards, followed by the conquering hosts of Akbar, fearful as the day of judgment, numerous as the sands on the sea shore, pursued their destructive and triumphant march through the fertile territories of Marwar.

Alas, that the demon of war should carry devastation over the fairest regions of the earth!

The autumnal sun that was slowly sinking in the west, cast the last light of its lingering rays over a scene so beautiful, that one might have thought it the entrance into paradise. There lay a large lake, whose calm unruffled surface reflected the spreading branches and rich foliage of the trees that grew around its banks, and hung over the glassy water as if they were admiring their images there: ever and anon the short quick splash of the fish springing from the water and then sinking again, fell upon the

ear, while the descent of the setting sun was marked by a long red streak of light that stretched across the lake, but disappeared as soon as it reached the place where the summit of the western hills cast their dark shadows upon the water.

The horizon, as far as the eye could reach, was bounded on all sides by hills which, though not so elevated as the famous mountain ranges in India, formed with their rugged sides and barren summits a striking contrast to the rich green verdure of the fertile valley, whose cultivation extended some little way up the gentle slopes of the less elevated ranges. Here and there the scene was diversified by picturesque villages, a small cluster of huts, situated on the more elevated spots of the valley or on the sides of the hills; and surrounded by groves of large trees, between whose branches the brown roofs of the houses were faintly visible.

The beauty of the place seem-

ed to have struck the imagination of a solitary horseman, who might have been seen standing on the top of one of the hills above the lake, apparently entranced with the splendid panorama of nature that lay extended before him. Some little time before the sun set he had appeared, and there he was standing still as it sunk behind the hills. The view, however, was not destined to be wrapped in the gloom of night when day declined, for the bright silvery rays of the moon, now almost full, added, if possible, fresh charms to the enchanting spot. The shades of evening seemed to remind the spectator that night was approaching, for as soon as the last speck of light ceased to be visible above the hills, he began to descend the rugged path that led to the shore of the lake.

The appearance of the rider, no less than the steed, was such as to attract attention even among a crowd of warriors. The figure of the former was tall and muscular, his chest was broad, and its full proportions were shewn to advantage by his upright and soldier-like seat on horseback. His face was strikingly handsome, and the jet-black moustache and whiskers that are so often allowed to disfigure the faces of their owners, by growing to inconvenient size and length, were short and crisp, not from art but nature; and because the rider had as yet many years to live before he reached the prime of manhood; his fine open forehead, and the mild glance of his eye contrasted not unpleasingly with an expression of firmness that sat most unmistakeably upon his lip: in truth his appearance betokened him a lamb in peace—a lion in

war. He was mounted on a fine horse of the Tartar breed, that arched its neck proudly, and waved the plume that sat gracefully upon its head, as it bore its rider on. He himself was thoroughly armed, but his dress was plain and simple; a shield and scimitar and the never-failing dagger in his belt—the arms commonly worn in those days by every one when travelling—were all the weapons he bore. His dress was that of a Mogul nobleman of no very elevated rank; but whatever his race or parentage might be, his carriage and whole bearing was noble and soldier-like: indeed he seemed a second Rustam.

After descending the hill and reaching the margin of the lake, the horseman dismounted. He then tied his horse to a tree that grew close to the water's edge, and walking a few paces to the right hand, stooped, as he went underneath the spreading branches of a large banian tree, and then descending the bank, loosened a small rudely built boat that was there moored to the shore, stepped into it, and the next minute was urging it with all the speed he could over the still waters of the moonlit lake.

As soon as the boat reached the middle of the lake, the eyes of the Mogul noble were fixed upon a spot where the edges of a marble colonnade were just discernable between the boughs of the surrounding trees. Towards this spot he directed the boat's course, and as the distance from the shore grew every moment less, the object in view became each moment more apparent, till at length the stranger, laying by the single oar with which he had hitherto propelled the boat, and

leaving it to glide on by the impetus already given over the short distance that remained before it, reached the land and stood ready to leap on the shore.

Just as the boat which was coming in an oblique direction from the other side, approached the landing, the colonnade stood out in full view of the impatient traveller. It was a small summer house or alcove closed behind, and open to the lake, with a row of marble pillars in front supporting the roof, and entwined with jessamines and convolvuluses and creepers of various kinds. There was no furniture of any kind in it, or any thing to denote the presence of an occupant; but it was not empty, for the figure of a girl was faintly discernible in the pale moonlight, as she stood in the front of the alcove, leaning with her left arm in a graceful attitude against one of the pillars, while with the other hand she plucked the tendrils of the creepers that grew within her reach, one after the other from their stalks, and threw them away with an air of listless impatience; while her large gazelle-like eyes were fixed intently on the lake before her. The cool evening breeze, as it blew across the water, sported with the raven tresses that fell over her shoulders and down upon her breast, unconfined by the long robe or veil of the finest muslin which encircled the back part of her head, and fell in graceful folds over her back and shoulders to the ground—a plaything for the wanton wind.

Her figure was slender and elegant, while her beautiful and regular features spoke plainly of Rajpoot descent; which on the other hand could hardly be recon-

ciled with the fair complexion of her skin, that seemed to point to the north as the place of her birth or parentage.

She was dressed entirely in white, and standing as she did in the white alcove, under the moon's rays, her figure could not have been discerned at any distance. She was awaiting the arrival of the boat, and had long shown, by slight though expressive jestures, the impatience that she felt at its delay. It was thus the tendrils suffered, as one after another they fell into her delicate though fatal grasp, and were tossed away to die and wither on the ground.

"Why tarries he!" at length she said, though there was no one there to sympathize with or answer her. "Why tarries he? Surely he loves me not; Alla forbid, for if my heart has been deceived—and how cold the wind is," she added, shivering and drawing the light folds of her loose dress more closely round her, as if they could serve to keep out a single breath of air.

The night indeed was damp, but it could be hardly cold at that season of the year; and the wind, as it came laden with moisture from the lake, and the luxuriant vegetation around it, was dangerous to any one at such an hour and so lightly clad. But as she spoke, the motion of the water at her feet forewarned her of the boat's approach, the next moment it was in sight, and the next Kasim Beg was kneeling at her feet.

"Alla be praised: thou art come at last Kasim," said the lady in a tone of strangely mingled delight and displeasure. "I have been watching for thee here till the night air has chilled me, and I feel unwell, now shiver-

ing with cold and now burning with heat.

"Forgive thy slave's delay, sweet Zulfi," said Kasim, covering her hand with kisses. "I was enchanted with the beauty of the spot as I crossed the hills yonder, and lingered longer perhaps than I ought to gaze upon it; but, in truth, I thought I should have been too early rather than too late, as yester-eve I was chid for crossing the lake by day-light!"

"Thou art ever ready to excuse thyself," answered the lady, smiling. Well, I forgive thee, for thou art come at last, but our words must be brief to-night, even the light of thy eyes cannot warm my chilled heart; I am ill, and dare not remain much longer in the damp night air."

"I will shelter thee from the breeze," said Kasim Beg, rising and encircling her waist with his arm: "thus linked together, side by side, may we not defy the world? But tell me, Zulfi, is thy father here?"

"Ah, no; his presence can ill be spared now from the capital, where he and his brave countrymen are preparing to resist with all their strength the attack of the Moguls; and dost thou know Kasim, the Rajpoot blood thy Zulfi has in her veins often boils when she thinks of her country—her country—yes, it is my country—and it is not; but I love it dearly—if it be not my own; and here am I, traitress that I am, clasped in the embrace of one who has come to bear arms against the city of my birth. Oh, noble Kasim!" she added, all the warmth and feeling of a young and loving heart beaming in the bright glance she turned upon her lover! "Leave thy bold profession, de-

sert this troubled world, and fly with me to some sequestered spot, like that island yonder, where we may live and love, and enjoy a foretaste of paradise—of paradise indeed, to me far preferable, since I shall there be denied the happiness of being loved by thee."

"Nay, say not so, sweet Zulfi; I care not what Doctors preach or Moollas say. Look upon this beautiful world which is destined to be marred only by man's ambition; look up to the sky glowing with the gentle light of the moon, and tell me dost thou believe, Zulfi, that Alla, who has made all things so fair, and thee, sweet girl, the fairest of them all, intended thee and others like thee, the most beautiful portion of his works, to live in misery in the other world, while their lords are to revel in the charms of immortal beauty? Believe it not. I love thee, Zulfi, with my whole heart and soul, and full well I know I shall love thee as well hereafter—if there be an hereafter," he added, speaking thoughtfully. "But let us now speak of the present; my heart has been sorely troubled since last night, for I know not what will befall us. Akbar's camp is pitched but a few miles hence, and a few days more, nay, I know not how soon, the walls of Chitor will be surrounded by a most formidable host—a host that have swept every thing, and will, if Alla be pleased, sweep every thing before it, till the standard of the Moguls wave from every citadel in Hindustan; and should aught of ill befall thee in the danger of the siege, a war——" •

"I know but little, noble Kasim, of such matters," said Zulfi,

Tales of Indian Romance.

interrupting him. "Yet am I sure that if there was danger in my remaining here, my father would remove me to the fortress. We are, he said, to remain here till all the preparations were complete; he will try to bribe the ambitious Akbar to retire from the walls, for all is left to his management now. The Rana is useless—worse than useless—but my father speaks confidently that Akbar will retrace his steps."

"Ah, bid him then to dismiss such vain ideas from his mind; let him prepare for war, for Akbar," and here Kasim's cheeks grew flushed, and his voice rose as he spoke. "Akbar is the sword of Alla, and has a mission to root out infidels from the garden of creation."

"Alas then for our ill-fated and untimely love!" cried Zulfi, clasping her hands and speaking in a tone of despair; "but perhaps the fort is strong, the proud and mighty Akbar may have to lower his standard before Rajpoot valour, and then I shall live to be thine. But if," (and a trembling shudder passed over her frame as she spoke), "if the swords of the Rajpoots are blunted by destiny—I need not tell thee of their hellish customs—their bravest—their ——" she added after a pause, shuddering as the words passed her lips.

"Fear not, sweet Zulfi, I will deliver thee at the risk of my own life; and fear not, there are plenty who will save my life at the risk of their own. But believe me, there is no chance, no hope, the fortress must fall, and we must look the danger boldly in the face. The fortress must fall, and thou must be mine."

"But the sacrifice?" she asked

in a hollow tone, in which horror and despair were mingled. "The sacrifice, how wilt thou deliver me from that?"

"Alla will deliver thee, sweet child! thinkest thou he would suffer an angel, such as thou art, to perish amid a host of unbelievers?"

"Alas! noble Kasim, thou knowest but half the danger; and Alla be praised, my mother did not live to see such a dreadful fate. When the last hope of maintaining the fort is gone, it is then the dreadful, bloody, hellish sacrifice is made. O save me—save me from it," she cried, sinking back into his arms, and covering her face with her hands, as if she would shut out some horrid vision from her sight."

"Thou art indeed ill, my love; the fever is burning in thy veins; alas! this is the worst of all, for unless thou art able to exert thyself when the hour of danger comes——but fear not," he added, pressing his lips to her burning cheeks. "Canst thou look up and listen to what I have to tell thee, for this conference must not last; thou must hasten in and send for thy old friend the Hakim instantly."

Zulfi raised her eyes to him and said, "Speak, beloved Kasim; speak, I will hear and obey thee, and may Alla befriend me as thou sayest."

"Take this ring which I put upon thy finger," said Kasim Beg, suiting the action to the word, and placing a ring he had taken off his own hand gently on her finger. "This ring will be recognized by many in the camp, if ever thy fate lead thee there, and they will direct thee to the tent of Kasim Beg, the Mogul noble;

but unless some unforeseen accident, which fate may have in store, and which it is beyond our power to provide against, frustrate our plans, thou wilt have no need to use it, it will serve only as a memorial of my unchanging love. But when the fatal day arrives, for believe me, dearest, it will arrive, and the fortress is about to fall, these infidels will consummate their accursed sacrifice. But do thou on that day bind on thy arm a piece of black ribbon of such size as to be plainly visible, and trust me, Zulfi, as I swear before Alla, by the Prophet, by the tomb of my father, (may he rest in peace), I will save thee; and if I do not save thee, I will join thee in paradise by a death more speedy, though perhaps less painful than thine. Now we must part. I intended to speak to thee of instant flight, but thy illness prevents it, even wert thou willing, for I must reach the camp again to-night, and should lament to bear thee without a litter many miles over rough roads and toilsome paths under which thy strength would fail. Take courage from me, dearest love, and feel as confident as I am—thy deliverance from the land of infidels is near at hand, and we will wander thus hand in hand, and side by side, through the gardens and vallies of Cashmere—the land of thy angel mother—before fate and the will of Alla consigned her to the embrace of an unfidel, and a grave in a Kafir land.”

As he ceased speaking, Zulfi raised herself from his arms, and leaning against the pillar for support, she placed her hand in his and said, “I trust thee, noble Kasim—my heart was half

dead with terror as I thought of the horrors that might befall me, and indeed the fever has made me weak in mind and body. My maid Hooma is awaiting the close of our conference in the garden, bid her come hither; and recollect, dear Kasim, in the hour of battle, if thy hand is raised to strike, spare Jaimal, my noble, loving and beloved father; spare him, infidel as he is, for the sake of her who trusts her life and honour in thy hands.”

Exhausted by the effort of speaking no less than the fervency of her emotion, Zulfi again sank into her lover's arms. He pressed his lips against her burning cheek, and then led or half carried her from the alcove. A winding path, flanked on both sides by lofty trees and bushy underwood, led through the ground to a large house or palace that stood about 300 yards from the shore of the lake. It was a summer residence belonging to the Rana or King of Mewar, (or the Rana of Chitor as he was often styled), who had allowed his favorite chief Jaimal to send the ladies of his household there, while the preparations for the expected siege were being carried on—preparations which the weak-minded Rana was too careless to participate in, because he was too cowardly to head his brave countrymen in a contest against a stranger, for freedom and existence. Kasim Beg soon found Hooma waiting in no very patient mood for the end of their interview. He confided her mistress to her care, for he dared not venture any nearer the palace, and after taking a parting embrace, and whispering a few more words of comfort in her ear, he

charged the girl to take Zulfi back and send instantly for the Hakim. He then returned to the boat, and a short time after

might have been seen riding hurriedly along the mountain path in the direction he came.

CHAPTER II.

A FEW days afterwards the spies brought intelligence to Raja Jaimal that the advance troops of the Mogul Emperor were approaching the fortress. The gallant Rajpoot made no reply, but sending messengers to recall his family to Chitor, completed his final preparations, and awaited with confidence the approach of his foe. The following day his family arrived, and the anxious eye of the parent quickly discerned in his daughter's altered features, the ravages sickness had made.

The town of Chitor had been for several centuries the capital of a powerful Rajpoot principality. It was celebrated for its strength, and report might exaggerate the amount of wealth that was said to be concealed within its walls. Its great security consisted in the position, as it was situated on the top of a high rugged rock about 8 miles in circumference, that arose abruptly from the plains. Additional strength had been given to the place by artificial means, and proud of their much vaunted bravery, no less than the massive walls and formidable position of their renowned fortress, and trusting to the strength of their arms, and a determination to sacrifice their lives in the approaching struggle, the Rajpoots bid defiance to the foe, and beheld with anxiety indeed, but without fear, the approach of the Mogul host.

The cowardly Rana of Chitor,

unwilling to face the storm, left Raja Jaimal in command of the fortress and fled to the hill country north of Guzerat; but the man he had chosen to fill his place was worthy of the confidence reposed in him, both by his Prince and people, and so well was the place defended, that Akbar had the greatest difficulty in carrying on his approaches. His progress, however, was sure, and in spite of an accidental explosion of a mine that occasioned great and useless loss of life, the Mogul Emperor was rapidly gaining ground, and pressing his breaching batteries daily closer and closer to the fort.

The night after, the cannonade had been unusually severe during the day, and done more than the usual amount of injury to the fort, Raja Jaimal summoned his nephew Ajeet Bahadur, who attended upon him somewhat in the capacity of an aid-de-camp, occasionally carrying messages or orders to the other chiefs, occasionally himself taking the command of a party in a sally or skirmish, when his uncle thought fit to dispense with his services for a time, and hastened down to a part of the rampart which was in front of the enemy's camp, and had been considerably weakened by the indefatigable operations of the besiegers. That night was a fatal one for Chitor and its gallant garrison.

The Rajpoots had blind confidence in the skill and bravery of

their chief; as long as he was present to direct their efforts they felt secure, and confidence adding strength to courage, they bid fair to weary out the impetuous spirit of the Mogul Emperor with a protracted defence. The Raja, however, persisted in rashly exposing himself, and on the night in question ventured outside the ramparts, accompanied by torch-bearers, in spite of the entreaties of Shamsheer Jung, a brave chief, to whom the exposed bastion, the post of honour, had been entrusted.

The advanced battery of the Moguls had been pushed so close to the walls of the fort, that the besiegers were able to keep up a constant and destructive fire from it: it was a favourite resort of Akbar, who used frequently to go there and watch the operations of the enemy from under cover of the breast-work.

By a strange coincidence it so happened that the Mogul Emperor was in the battery at the same moment that Raja Jaimal was engaged in inspecting the fallen rampart.

That night, for the first time since the commencement of the siege, the Raja spoke despondingly; he shook his head sadly when he saw the breach that had been made in their strongest and most important bastion, and expressed to Shamsheer Jung a fear that they would soon be forced to retire upon the citadel. He was

engaged in speaking and pointing out to Shamsheer Jung and Ajeet Bahadur the repairs that he wished to have made, when the report of a matchlock was heard from the battery behind. The next instant a bullet whizzed past Ajeet Bahadur's ear, and Raja Jaimal fell, the torch bearers extinguished their torches, but not before Akbar had seen the effects of his own aim.

In a moment innumerable brazen drums beat the alarm in the Mogul camp; shrill trumpets and harsh bugle horns caught it up, and carried the thrilling sound from one side to the other; men shouted, horses neighed, elephants roared, the batteries opened their fire, and the darkness of the night was illumined, and the silence broken by the constant discharge of Artillery, and the roar of mingled voices and confused sounds that gave the garrison speedy notice, that the whole Mogul army was getting under arms.

Ajeet Bahadur raised the dying chief in his arms and gazed, till his eyes filled with tears, at the death pale features of the warrior: he lived but a few minutes, for the wound was mortal, but he had just sufficient time to bid Shamsheer Jung call the Rajpoot chiefs to a hasty council and do their best, and then, after breathing a few words in the ear of Ajeet Bahadur, among which the name of his beloved daughter was fondly whispered, he breathed his last.

CHAPTER III.

THE Rajpoots completely lost heart on the death of their chief; and the council of war that was hastily summoned by Shamsheer

Jung soon came to the determination that it was impossible any longer to defend their city walls, and that their only course now

was to save their honour and sacrifice their lives. But Rajpoot honour was saved at a fearful sacrifice. When every hope was gone, it was their custom to destroy their property, consume their families upon a funeral pyre, and then rush out and fall by the sword of the enemy.

Ajeet Bahadur soon made himself acquainted with the decision the chiefs had come to, and without further delay pushed through the crowd of soldiers that surrounded the gloomy conclave, and hurried with all speed towards the citadel. This was situated on the highest summit of the hill; it was small, and even its outer walls could not contain all the remaining inhabitants of Chitor. Thither, however, men, women, and children were rushing in a tumultuous crowd, pushing along the narrow streets and clambering up the steep hill in breathless haste. They were carrying with them whatever valuables or trinkets they could snatch up in the hurry of flight, and many men were dragging their helpless children behind them. Many knew not the fate that awaited them, or forgot that the love of fathers or husbands could be more cruel than the hatred of a victorious foe. There were those, however, who had presence of mind enough, even amid that dreadful scene, to pause and reflect upon the course the others were pursuing. They saw that the end must come sooner or later; that food for so large a multitude could not possibly be stored up within the citadel; that the Rajpoots would not allow the place to be carried, while there was one member of their families left alive, to fall into the hands of the enemy, and there was only

one alternative. Life in the se-raglio of a Mogul was preferable to a lingering death by fire.

While the trembling fugitives are forcing their way through the crowded streets, and the Mogul hosts, kept at bay by the swords of the Rajpoots, are yet gradually forcing back the gallant defenders towards the citadel, let us follow Ajeet Bahadur. Zulfi had been rapidly gaining strength since her return to the castle of Chitor. It was in a high and healthy situation, and the cool breezes from the hills were well calculated to invigorate a frame that had been weakened by an attack of fever. But whether it was that her disease was more deeply seated; or whether it was that some hidden sorrow weighed upon her spirits and affected her bodily health; or whether the horrors and dangers by which she was surrounded prevented or retarded her recovery, her anxious parent was unable to discern: he had had indeed but little time to attend to domestic matters, but amid the active operations of the defence, his thoughts had often wandered to the chamber where his beloved daughter reclined, a prey to doubts, anxieties, and fears, sufficient to weaken a stronger mind, and undermine a stronger constitution than hers.

It was still night when Ajeet reached the innermost building of the citadel. A solitary lamp was burning in an upper apartment, and thither he bent his steps.

Zulfi was reclining in a soft carpet woven in the land of her dreams and hopes—Cashmere. She was dressed, for night there was no time of rest to her, and engaged in her usual occupation

of-ruminating on her own sad thoughts ; her eyes were fixed upon the little bright gem her lover had placed upon her hand, and she was wondering whether he was near to save, when she was suddenly startled at the sounds of approaching footsteps. It was strange, indeed, that her sanctum should be invaded at such an hour ; surely no one would dare to intrude on the privacy of a Rajpoot princess. Vain thought ! The next instant the curtain at the doorway was pushed hastily and unceremoniously aside, and Ajeet stood before her panting, breathless and pale.

"Fly lady, fly sweet Zulfi," cried the intruder, as the young girl started to her feet : "fly, there is yet time to save thee."

"Fly, what ! what has brought thee here ? What new misfortune has befallen us ? Speak cousin, let me know the worst."

"Alas, lady, Chitor is doomed."

"And my father ?" said or rather shrieked the other, for she easily divined by the young man's looks and his boldness in venturing there, that some great tragedy had taken place.

"—Is no more ; he fell in the post of danger," replied Ajeet.

She uttered one wild piercing shriek that rang through the chamber, and reverberated from wall to wall, and then covering her face with her hands, sank down on the carpet behind her, weeping bitterly in silence.

Ajeet stood before her in silence too, but his eyes revealed the secret of his heart, for they glared with intensity of passion as he gazed upon her beautiful figure, and thought of the divinity he had so long worshipped at a distance, the being he had

so long adored, adored with a constancy worthy of a more generous heart.

"Zulfi," he said at length, leaning forward and taking her hand gently in his own. "Time is precious ; I hear the multitude flocking into the citadel, in another hour flight will be impossible ; nay, I know not but that we may not even now be lost. Thy dying father with his last breath commended thee to my care, and told me how we could effect our escape. Yes, he commanded thee, thee, my adored, my beloved Zulfi, thee whom I have loved and worshipped so long, so fervently ; even amid the scenes of horror that surround us, I can tell thee, lady, it sends a thrill of joy into my heart, to think that I can save thee."

While he was speaking, she had risen to her feet, and he sinking on his knees before her, pressed her hand to his lips, while he continued urging her to fly, and expressing his love in broken and incoherent sentences.

"I cannot fly, Ajeet," she replied calmly, and coldly, "and as for thy love—that cannot be : press me not at a time like this : let us prepare for death."

"And why not, sweet Zulfi ; why canst thou not have my love, and give me thine, thou art my betrothed ? And as for death, what were life without thee ? Fly we can escape death, but every moment that we linger here makes our flight more difficult."

"Press me not cousin. Beg not for what is not mine to give. I have sworn to be the bride of another ; his I am, and his only I can be ; fly, good cousin, thou wert ever kind to me, and I would not have thee endanger thyself on

my account ; fear not for me, I shall be saved."

"Yes, thou shalt be saved," cried the Rajpoot, starting to his feet, "thou shalt be saved, but thou wouldst not dishonour thy father's family and mine. Dost thou see the bracelet,* Zulfi, and dost thou recollect it? I have kept it next my heart ; I have worn it with kisses ; I have wept over it ; I have prayed that a time like this might come, when thou mightest want thy Ajeet's help ; it is come, and thou art the bride of another."

Disappointed love, fierce jealousy, and vanished pride sparkled in Ajeet's bright black eyes as he spoke, and throwing the bracelet he had held in his hand, while speaking, on the ground, he stamped his foot upon it, and broke it into a hundred fragments.

"Now hear me, lady," continued Ajeet, speaking slowly as if he weighed his words well before uttering them—"I heard the chiefs in council ; I heard their decision, it was this, that it was useless any longer attempting to hold out the fort ; the men were sinking ; there were not enough to man the walls ; food there was none, the Moguls press on, and nothing was to be done but to sacrifice their lives ; but the Moguls are to find no living prey within these walls. The sacrifice will be made this day !"

He paused for an instant as if to mark the effect his words had made, and then continued—"Thou thinkest Zulfi, that thy

lover, who doubtless put that shining gem upon thy finger, which thou gazest at so fondly, thou thinkest thy lover will preserve thee. Lady, I will not live disgraced, without thy love I do not wish to live. The funeral pyre shall be our nuptial couch, and with my own hands I will conduct thee there."

Zulfi watched every feature and expression in Ajeet's face as he spoke, with undisguised terror. She knew too well what Rajpoot jealousy was like, and that no crime is too great or too revolting to be committed by a Rajpoot under the influence of that demon feeling. The horror of her situation rushed in overwhelming force upon her agitated and distracted mind, and the thought of the ease with which such a determined and unscrupulous man, surrounded and assisted as he would be by countrymen and friends, could frustrate all the efforts her deliverer might make, caused her sinking heart to sink lower still : the vision of her fate was too much for her to support : she clasped her hands frantically in an attitude of entreaty, and shrieking "Oh save me, save me," sank senseless on the ground.

In an instant Ajeet saw the advantage he had gained : he lifted the slender form of his mistress in his arms, and bore her out. A few steps took him to the apartment formerly occupied by Raja Jaimal, it was now empty and dismantled. He stepped rapidly across the room : at

* The custom among the Rajpoots is peculiarly stamped with the refined and romantic gallantry of the middle ages. A young princess, who fears an impending danger, sends to any youth whom she esteems, the present of a bracelet, with some simple ornaments fastened to it : he becomes then her bracelet-bound brother, whose pride it is, at the peril of his life, to defend a maiden whom probably he never saw.
—His ; Ind ; Ed ; Lib : Vol. 2.

the further end of it there was a small recess, which had been used for keeping the deceased warriors' arms and equipments. Ajcet leaned forward, and feeling with one hand down the wall behind, (for the light emitted by a small oil lamp at the other end of the row was not enough to enable him to see distinctly,)

touched a spring, and with a good deal of force succeeded in pushing back a panel that formed the furthest wall of the recess. There was a flight of narrow stone steps before him; it was pitch dark, but he stepped boldly forward, and closing the panel behind him, began to descend cautiously.

CHAPTER IV.

THE shriek Zulfi had uttered had been heard by her maid Hooma, who was lying in another apartment, almost as much terror-stricken as her mistress: more from curiosity than from any hope or wish to render assistance, she arose and hastened to her mistress's room. It was vacant: and the disordered state in which every thing was left showed plainly that Zulfi's flight had been a hasty one. Unable to divine the fate of her mistress, or to frame any plan for her own escape, she moved almost unconsciously to a trellissed window that looked down the court-yard below: but she started suddenly, and then stood rooted to the spot as her eyes fell upon the crowd beneath, and she saw how they were employed.

The court-yard of the citadel was square, surrounded by a high wall: in the further corner stood a Hindoo temple, and a small tank of water; on the opposite side a large gateway led into the outer premises. But this court-yard was now full: in the centre was a large heap of faggots, brambles and stems of trees, some green, some dry, beams that had been torn from the roofs and walls of houses, and wood of all sorts and sizes piled up in an oblong

heap. Hundreds of Rajpoots were moving about, dragging property of every kind and description which they flung upon the wood: articles of furniture, beds, curtains, dresses, bags of gold and silver, jewels, bracelets, rings, hair-braids, shawls, scarfs, silks, and things of every sort and kind were hurled in a miscellaneous mass upon the fire: the torch had been applied to the bottom of it, and the damp wood was beginning to ignite: here and there was some more combustible material come in contact with the destructive element: it blazed fiercely for a moment, and then subsided again, but it was making progress, and spreading surely and not slowly.

The further corner of the court-yard, where the temple stood, was filled by a crowd of women, some lying, some standing, some sitting, weeping, tearing their hair, beating their breasts, and exhibiting all the signs of utter despair. Some with dishevelled locks, some with clothes torn and tattered, some clad in the richest silks and muslin; some virgins, who endeavoured to hide their charms even in their misery, and mothers clasping their infants to their breasts. These wretched victims of inhuman pride and demoniac supersti-

tion were doomed to a miserable fate ; they were destined to be thrown alive into the burning pyre by the hands of their own brothers, husbands, fathers, sons : many however had already died from terror or violence ; some had been trampled to death, and not a few had put an end to themselves ; but the survivors, too weak and timid to save themselves from a painful death by accomplishing their own destruction, stood beholding the frightful preparations, calling on their gods for help, and shrieking till the air rang with sounds of woe, enough to melt the sternest heart ; while their numbers were every moment increased, as the Rajpoots pressed into the court-yards dragging fresh victims for the sacrifice.

Hooma could behold no more ; her worst fears were realized. She grew giddy, sick and faint, and moved hastily from the window. The first thing that caught her eyes as she turned towards the carpet where her mistress had been reclining, was a black scarf she had often seen in Zulfi's hands. There was, though she knew not how, a chance of safety connected with that scarf ; for when conversing with her mistress, as she frequently had done, on the dangers that surrounded them, and the fate they both feared so much, Zulfi had spoken of escape ; she had often warned her when the hour of destruction came, to think only of herself, for the black scarf would be sufficient to secure her safety. Here it was, when most needed, neglected, and unused : her mistress must have already fallen into danger beyond hope of deliverance, or unaccountably neglected her only chance of escape.

She took it up, and without indulging in any sanguine hope that it would indeed secure her safety, she felt it was her only chance, and fastened it, as well as her trembling hands would let her, upon her arm. A few seconds after two Rajpoots rushed into the room, and dragged her down to be immolated with the rest.

Meantime the Moguls pressed on, and though the Rajpoots fought with the energy of despair, and contested every inch of ground, yet hundreds could not compete with thousands. The city walls were taken, and the defenders driven back upon their citadel. The noise of battle became louder and louder, missile weapons began to fall into the courtyard of the fortress, and the wail of war reached its walls. The Rajpoots retreated into the citadel, and still the Moguls pressed on.

"Rajpoots, save your honour and sacrifice your lives. The Mogul is here," shouted Shamsheer Jung in a voice of thunder, as he dashed into the crowded yard, sword in hand, covered with blood, and followed by thousands who vainly endeavoured to obtain an entrance. These words were the signal for the sacrifice.

At that moment Hooma, who had been lying on the ground with her hands pressed against her eyes, along with hundreds of others as distracted with terror as herself, felt herself raised from the earth and borne she knew not whither. The man who held her was however stopped. Angry words ensued and then a scuffle, when she was seized by another, and carried rapidly away into the castle, and a short time after placed gently down upon a car-

pet: then for the first time she ventured to withdraw her hands from her eyes and to look around. She found herself lying on the ground in one of the lower apartments of the castle; at a respectful distance from her a soldier in Rajpoot dress, but whose countenance belied his costume, stood with a drawn sword in his hand, watching the door, and just beyond were three more standing in the same attitude. Perceiving the motion of her hands, the stranger who stood nearest her turned and said, as she hastily drew her veil over her face—

“Fear not, lady, thou art safe.”

“By Alla, what demons these infidels are,” said another of the strangers, addressing his companion in a subdued tone—“look, Afzul, look—by the tomb of the Prophet I would they had all one throat, that I could cut it—look, look, is not that a sight to make the blackest devils of hell blush. Alla curse them.”

The events that took place outside, which called forth these remarks, are far too horrible to re-

late in detail. Suffice it to say that as the Moguls neared the citadel, the Rajpoots consummated their bloody sacrifice. They seized the women and female children, husbands their wives, lovers their mistresses, sons their mothers, fathers their daughters, and threw them helpless; though alive, upon the burning pile: no pen can describe the horror of the scene, no imagination conceive the agony of the victims, while the piercing shrieks, the crackling wood, the roar of the flames, the shouts of the soldiers as they rushed to meet death at the hands of the enemy, the cheers of the conquerors, the confused sounds of warlike instruments on all sides, made such a clamour, that the spectators in the room with Hooma absolutely quailed with fear, and thought that the gates of hell had been suddenly opened.

Wars were common in India in those days: and a Rajpoot fortress and garrison hardly ever fell into the hands of an enemy that such a scene as this was not enacted.

CHAPTER V.

THE subterranean passage by which Ajeet hoped to effect his escape led under the city to a small door in the rock, on the opposite side to that on which Akber's batteries were placed. The fresh air of morning, for the dawn had begun to break, restored Zulfi to consciousness; she gazed around her, looked up in Ajeet's eyes, and then drawing her veil over her face, resigned herself to silence and despair. Ajeet however was not destined to enjoy his bride. He had not gone

a hundred yards before a Mogul horseman, attended by two followers, met him. His dress, above all his lovely burden, immediately attracted attention and aroused suspicion. The contest was an unequal one, and Ajeet's frantic struggles soon ended in death. The horseman withdrew Zulfi's veil, but one glance was enough: he suffered her to re-adjust it, and then placing her on the saddle in front of him, galloped off in the direction of the Mogul camp.

The next morning the venerable grey-bearded Hakim, Habibullah, might have been seen wending his way on horseback to the tents of Ali Merda Khan, an Affghan nobleman, who held an independant command in the Emperor's army. He was received with the greatest respect, and ushered by Ali Merda Khan himself into the inner apartment of the pavilion. Here he remained some time, and the impatient nobleman strode hastily up and down his tent awaiting his return : at length the curtain was lifted and the Hakim entered.

"How fares she, good Habibullah?" asked the nobleman. "Has Azrael spread his wings, thinkest thou, or fixed the shaft that is to carry her to a tomb?"

"Alas, my lord," replied the Hakim, shaking his head gravely, "the danger is great, but we are in the hand of destiny ; the disease is not what I thought, or thou my lord either. The patient, if it please your highness, must be removed instantly : she has a contagious disease, that has already begun to disfigure her beautiful angelic countenance, and will soon so mar it, that her mother could not recognize her again, but the danger is not to her alone, for unless she is instantly removed, thy whole household will assuredly be affected by the same disease, and thou thyself wilt not escape."

"Alla forbid," cried Ali Merda Khan, frightened out of his wits, and his love at the same time. "Alla forbid ; take her with thee good Habibullah. I have a litter at hand ; take her with thee, and burn the litter when thou hast taken her off—and tell me some charm by which I may pre-

vent the contagion spreading. Bah! I feel the air close already. Alla forgive me, I will never love an infidel again."

The Hakim bowed partly to show his respect, and partly to hide a provoking smile that would twitch the corners of his mouth. "My lord shall be obeyed," he replied. "We Hakims are proof against such contagion, and I will do the best to preserve my noble lord and his illustrious family from the baneful effects of their pollution. I will bear the damsel to my tent, and when she is healed, will find some place where she may work to gain her bread ; for, poor girl, her beauty, her only dowry, is snatched from her by the will of fate."

With these words the Hakim left the tent and was soon afterwards making the best of his way towards the Emperor's pavilion, followed by a covered litter. It was no easy matter for an old man, and unattended, to force his way through the crowd of horses, elephants and servants, that thronged all the avenues leading to the royal tent ; by dint however of great patience and skill, and aided by the reverence which is alway paid in the east to hoary age, he at length succeeded in reaching the door of the anteroom. The litter was placed on the ground, and as the Emperor was in durbar, there was nothing to be done but to wait patiently till he came out. So down the Hakim sat, and whispering a few words in an under tone to the inmate of the litter, he compelled himself to wait patiently the course of events.

The durbar was at length broken up, and the lords and nobles, who had been in council,

came out one by one. They were followed by the Emperor himself, who was equipped for riding: all drew back to a respectful distance as he approached, but the Hakim heeding neither the kicks nor curses of the attendants that were plentifully bestowed upon him for his impertinence, pushed himself right in the Emperor's path. Akber stopped and knitted his brow, but the Hakim, instead of falling to the earth or sinking under it as the multitude half expected him to do, for his audacity in encumbering the footsteps of the king of kings, merely held up his hand and showed Akber a ring.

The effect was instantaneous; a beam of joy sparkled in the Emperor's eyes; he spoke graciously to Habibullah, gave him some directions which the now envious multitude strained their ear in vain to hear, dismissed the attendants who were ready to accompany him on his excursion, and returned to his pavilion.

The litter was again raised, and carried round in the direction Akber had pointed out, to another part of the royal tent; here it was taken inside the "*kanat*," and placed on the ground; the bearers retired and the curtain fell. On stepping out of the litter Zulfi pushed aside a curtain that hung before her, and entered a pavilion lined and carpeted with shawls of the most costly texture, and richest fabric; black velvet curtains embroidered with gold and gems hung down before the doors, while a gorgeous chandelier or lantern of barbaric splendour, filled with little lamps, each burning separately, and studded with what seemed to her enormous rubies and emeralds, that reflected back and

back again the rays of light, and threw them in a thousand bright hues and colours all round, flung a rich voluptuous glow over the whole pavilion: she fancied herself in a fairy palace, or an enchanted castle: but she had no time for pondering on her situation, for at that instant a handsome curtain before one of the doorways was lifted up, and Akber entered.

"Alia be praised," he said, as he clasped the blushing girl to his bosom, "my own sweet love, we have thus met after all."

"Kasim," she faltered.


"Nay love, call me not Kasim, thou must call me Akber; for know that the lover who sighed at thy feet is the Emperor of the Moguls, and thou art his Sultana: and see who comes here."

Zulfi, who was well nigh bewildered with joy, could not restrain a cry of surprize as she saw her maid Hooma enter the apartment: all was mystery. "It is a dream, surely it is a dream," she cried.

"Nay, wonder not sweet girl, the mystery is easily explained: thou wert fortunate enough to find some other means of escape than that I told thee of. Hooma put on the black scarf, and was saved instead of thee; but thou art pale, Zulfi, and weak; thou must rest and forget if thou canst the horrible scenes thou hast gone through. We will halt till thou hast regained thy strength, and then we will march towards Cashmere, the land of thy hopes and our dreams, thy earthly paradise—Cashmere.

No such earthly paradise awaited Zulfi. Their nuptials were celebrated with great pomp but in some haste, and Akber took his fairy bride to the palace garden,

when he had wooed and won her, to enjoy a few days' rest, and the pleasures of unrestrained intercourse together, amid the scenes they both loved so well. But the fair flower he had plucked drooped and died. Her illness had been serious, and the troubles she had gone through, the frightful agitation she had experienced, and the excitement she had been a prey to, were too much for so delicate a being to bear.

The Mogul army had marched from before the ruins of Chitor, but Akber lingered behind in the garden by the lake, to take one last look at his loved Zulfi. There she lay in all her loveliness, but Azrael had marked her as his own, her cheeks were pale and sunken, and her eyes closed: her overwarm heart had ceased to beat, her cold hands could no longer clasp his, nor the ruby lips that had smiled their last smile as she breathed her parting breath upon his bosom, meet and part again to return his kiss of love; her fingers still held a bunch of fresh flowers he had gathered for her, and her raven locks were still fragrant with the scent of the roses and jessamines he had playfully wreathed in them. It was more like sleep than death, yet it was death, for he had watched her the live long day, yet she moved not, nor opened eyes, nor breathed. Again the setting sun cast long shadows from the western hills over the peaceful bosom of the lake, and the nightingale began in plaintive melody to chaunt her requiem over the grave of the Rajpoot princess. — 

C.

PUBLIC WORKS IN THE MADRAS PRESIDENCY.

First Report of the Commissioners appointed to enquire into, and report on the system of superintending and executing Public Works in the Madras Presidency, submitted to the Right Hon'ble the Governor in Council of Fort St. George, on the 23rd December, 1852.

It is our firm and unalterable conviction that there never was, upon the face of this earth, one schoolboy who did really, and without reservation or protest, subscribe to the dictum of his master, that the castigations which he received were "all for his own good." There is a recalcitrating tendency inherent in human nature, and we never expect to see the man who shall cheerfully acknowledge error, and submit to be blamed with a good grace, more especially when the error happens to be glaring and the blame well deserved.

We ask pardon of our readers for these little truisms which have been, as it were, forced from us by the indignation recently manifested by the Honorable Mr. Thomas of Madras, and his coadjutor the Right Honorable the Governor, against the Commissioners for Inquiry into the state of the Department of Public Works, for the cruel imputations they have cast upon that immaculate abstraction the "Government."

The said Commissioners, whose Report we have perused with both pleasure and profit, while giving due credit to the authorities for such improvements as have actually been made, have been unable honestly to ignore the fact that the said improvements bear but a very small proportion to what *might* have been done, one

principal reason of which deficiency they believe to have been, a certain short-sighted and illiberal policy which appears to have characterized the government of this Presidency, since it first existed. The cap must have proved a most admirable fit, for that grown gentlemen with beards upon their chins should have been betrayed into such very injudicious publications as are contained in page 409 of the book now before us, is only to be accounted for on the supposition that the sting was so sharp that the involuntary start could not be repressed.

The Honorable Mr. Thomas' minute is as follows :—

"It is, I think, very desirable that this draft should point out distinctly the misrepresentation of the views of this government into which the Commissioners have been led by their ignorance of the records. In various passages of their report they ascribe to this government a practical indifference to, and even an unwillingness to sanction any expenditure on works for the improvement of the country: and the government is represented throughout the Report as opposed for a series of years to such outlay. Such appears to me the general tone and character of its statements. It will be seen from the following extract from a letter to the Government of India, in 1848, how entirely this representation

is at variance with fact. It was there observed and proposed to the Government of India that 'whilst this Government would counsel a wise economy in all branches, it is of opinion that a considerable outlay of its revenues at this time on internal improvements, even if there were no surplus, would prove in the end a more sound policy, and more beneficial to the country.' (See also para. 21 of the same letter to Government of India, Financial Department, 3rd January 1848.)

"Like misconception and misrepresentation of the views of Government exist in the statements of the Commissioners on the Road Department; and as the Commissioners brought this subject under the notice of Government in their letter of the 21st November, 1851, that letter, and the views of Government with the minutes pointing out their errors, should be adverted to in this review of their proceedings."

(Signed) J. F. THOMAS.

12th April, 1853.

The Governor thus follows suit:—"I have not had time," says he, "to devote to a complete and careful perusal of the First Report of the Commissioners on the system of public works, and therefore I pass the draft of the letter above noted without comment. But as the Hon'ble Mr. Thomas has since briefly recorded his sentiments, and as they have just come back to me, and my silence might be interpreted into dissenting from his views, I beg most distinctly to state that I entirely coincide in them, and shall endeavour at some future period, to show my reasons for the opinion I have formed, that

the first report of the Commissioners is one-sided, that it misrepresents the actuating motive and real feelings of Government with regard to its measures for the amelioration and improvement of the country, and therefore that it is not entitled to that confidence, though some facts set forth in it may be well supported, which such a document should command to render it of any general practical use."

(Signed) HENRY POTTINGER.

13th April, 1853.

The opinion in this second minute formed without "a complete and careful perusal" of its subject, is so clearly a mere reflection of that in the former one, that it would be an unfeeling separation of parent and child to keep them apart. We have therefore submitted them to the judgment of our readers at one view. The gist of both is to complain of "misrepresentation of motives and feelings," whereas the imputation really cast upon the Government refers to its *practice*, and only alludes to motives as far as they appear to be indicated by acts.

Feelings may be intensely philanthropic even where deeds are wanting or efforts misdirected, but a Government whose only boast is of good intentions may do little more than supply paving materials for a locality warmer even than Madras. We feeble mortals can judge of actions only, and how far the Commissioners' accusations with respect to these are well founded, we shall proceed to examine.

It appears from records, of whose correctness there can be no doubt, that the irrigation of the

country, the most important because the most immediately remunerative of all classes of public works, has been hitherto inefficiently carried on. Much has certainly been done, much is still in progress; highly efficient establishments are employed upon the larger works, but for want of sufficient liberality in the estimates and plans, not half the benefit is produced which is feasible. "In many rivers the waters of the low freshes are already turned to use to some extent, but as respects the high floods, scarcely an attempt has been made to preserve them for use. The Caveri is more largely turned to irrigation than any other river of southern India, and nearly the whole water of the low freshes is so used, but scarcely any part of the high floods, almost the whole of it flows to waste in the sea, and it is the same with other rivers, the Godavery, the Kistna, the Palar, the Penar, and others of inferior magnitude; here then is a vast field of improvement open, the water which now annually falls into the sea is sufficient to water many times the extent of land now irrigated. Many years ago, the able Engineer, Colonel De Havilland, expressed the opinion that our efforts should not cease till the whole of the waters of the rivers in the Peninsula were turned to this use."

Here then stands the simple fact that many times the extent of land now irrigated might have been rendered productive by a proportionally trifling increase of expenditure in the construction of the works.

The condition of the works with few exceptions may be said to be below par; the channels of which—

there are many thousand in the country—are described as being generally in a state of impaired efficiency for want of superintendence. The Tadapully and Calingaroyen channels in Coimbatore, the latter of which is 52 miles in length, are given as instances. The condition of the tanks is similar; the Ponnair tank in the Trichinopoly district, an ancient work on a gigantic scale, has now been in ruins for many years; the whole of the country, once fertilized by this stupendous work, is now waste; similar instances, though not on so gigantic a scale, might be brought forward from all parts of the country, even the great works recently constructed at the mouth of the Godavery and elsewhere have been less effective than they might have been from the paucity of officers available for employ. The petty peddling system, upon which works are usually carried on, also requires notice. Instead of granting at once the means of completing the operations, the sums expended have been disbursed by dribblets under the name of annual expenditure, a plan not only the very reverse of economical, even as a simple matter of outlay, but also causing a heavy loss in the delayed improvement of the revenue; works that by a spirited liberality might have been completed in three years, have been allowed to dawdle on for nine, at a cost actually greater than would have sufficed to do the business effectually at once, and at a sacrifice of so many years' advantage of those profits which the works have produced.

In the item of roads the same want of energy is visible, the actual state of the roads in the Madras Presidency is only too noto-

rious, those near the coast are tracks of alternate puddles and sand, those in the interior are of black mud, hard and rugged in the dry season, the edges of the clods cutting the feet like flints, and in the wet weather a perfect swamp, varied with uneven rocks, and intersected with nullahs and rivers without an attempt at a bridge. A hint as to the why and wherefore of all this may be obtained from the following extract from Minutes of Consultation, 2nd February, 1831 :—

“A full consideration of the difficulties opposed to the maintenance of good roads in other places than the immediate vicinity of large towns, has satisfied the Government that the attempt should not be persisted in.” Upon these principles the proceeds of the Ferry Fund, of which the Court of Directors had authorized the application to purposes of road-making, were withheld. The Government of the day may perhaps have possessed the noblest *intentions*, the most amiable *feelings* for the “improvement and amelioration” (slightly tautologous) of the country, but they must have been of but feeble constitution to have been so easily blighted by the breath of a difficulty.

We will give an instance of a refusal on the part of Government to sanction a road, where the reason alleged affords an instance of self-stultification almost unique. The most wealthy and influential native merchants and others in the towns of Cocanada, Samulcottah, Peddapoor, &c., had earnestly petitioned for a road from Samulcottah to Cocanada to complete the connexion between the grain growing parts of the Delta of the Godavery and the shipping

port. The Collector pointed out the urgent necessity for the road, and the Civil Engineer's Department estimated the cost at less than 10,000 rupees. Government withheld its sanction for two reasons; one was—“The absolute necessity for limiting expenditure, especially in Rajahmundry, with advertence to the works of the Godavery Anicut;” the other—“Disapproval of Capt. Orr's attention being occupied by any other duty than the Anicut;” the policy was preposterously short-sighted and inconsistent, for increased facilities of production must greatly depend for success on the means of carrying produce to market; to refuse to improve the roads therefore is powerfully to check the benefit to be obtained from the outlay on irrigation works.

To show how far the Government of the present day has adhered to the principles of its predecessors, we may notice the new rules recently proposed for the guidance or rather restriction of the Department of Public Works. The purport of the rules is as follows :—

“The first directs: that no new work or renewal of an old one, exceeding an outlay of Rs. 2,000, shall be submitted to Government till the Collector or Sub-Collector has made enquiry on the spot in person, and satisfied himself of the correctness of the data on which the expected return has been calculated, and that it shall be reported whether the Ryots have means to extend their cultivation if water is provided, and whether such extension will be effected by withdrawing labour and stock from other lands already cultivated.

“The second directs: that be-

fore estimates for new works of irrigation are laid before Government, it shall be ascertained that the increase of revenue from the works is *sure* to be such as fully to repay the outlay *under all circumstances* !! That the supply of water is certain and to be depended on, and that the Ryots are able to take advantage of the improvements.

"The third directs: that a Civil Engineer shall confine himself chiefly in alternate years to each one of the two districts of his division, and that the execution of important works in each district shall be mainly limited to those years when the Civil Engineer is within it.

"The fourth is: that neither the Civil Engineer nor any of his department shall attend to, or interfere in any work, new or old, of which the cost is less than Rs. 1,000, the whole responsibility for such works as respects recommendation and execution, being left with the Collector.

"The fifth directs: that periodical reports of the progress of all important works shall be made to the Board, and that all such works, while in progress, shall be visited once a fortnight, or oftener, if necessary, by an Assistant Collector."

Now with respect to the first of these rules there can be no doubt but that a Collector has plenty to do without travelling about expressly to make enquiries "on the spot," which might be just as well made in his Cutcherry. The points to be enquired are simple enough: the Tehsildars acting under responsibility are fully competent to make them: the only practical result of the

rule, if ever carried out, would be to cause unnecessary delay.

The second rule, if observed literally, would effectually prevent the undertaking of all new works whatever, for to ascertain that the remunerative return will be *sure* under *all* circumstances, is a mere impossibility.

The third rule appears to regard the Civil Engineer as an Executive Officer, which he is not, and cannot be except to a very trifling extent; his chief duties are to project work, to aid the Executive Officers with professional advice while it is in progress, and to inspect and test it afterwards. The Commissioners add with reference to this rule: "We cannot but remark that a more emphatic acknowledgment of the inadequacy of the professional department could hardly be given by Government, for it is here declared that such is the insufficiency of that department as to make it nec- ' to stop the progress of all such works as are under their control in ten districts out of twenty every year."

The Commissioners deprecate the fourth rule on the ground of the opportunities offered thereby, for jobbery among the petty native authorities, and of the withdrawal from the influence of the checking department of a large proportion of the expenditure.

The objection to the fifth rule is nearly the same as to the first. The Commissioners observe, lastly, "that the whole tendency of the proposed rules is to stop improvement, and for this reason, if for no other, we would earnestly deprecate their adoption. The country is destitute of the means of transport, and vast sources of wealth flow to waste in our rivers:

hence commerce languishes, and industry is repressed. This then is not a time to contract still more the too limited scale of our expenditure on such works, to restrict the utility even of the means of control already existing by requiring increased minuteness of previous detail. The proper course recommended by policy, and fully justified by past experience, is to employ those means over the widest possible field, and to increase them as rapidly as possible."

If the fairest way of judging either of men or Governments be from their own words and actions, the charges brought by the Commissioners against the Madras authorities must be considered as proved.

It must at the same time be allowed that the burden of blame does not rest wholly with the local Government; the difficulties with which it has had to contend are great, and are prominently brought forward by the Commissioners. The first is the dependence of all improvements in this Presidency upon the Supreme Government for final sanction.

"Nothing," says Colonel Cotton, "can be more paralyzing than this subjection of one Presidency to the inhabitants of another. If each carried on its own improvements independently of the others, but directly under the Honorable Court, instead of efforts to keep back the progress of the others, each would be stimulated by a wholesome rivalry to activity in the race of improvement; * * * the disheartening effect of this subjection of our local questions to the judgment of men of another Presidency is

felt continually, and is productive of nothing but mischief; * * * we have never heard of an important public improvement in Madras suggested or even urged by Bengal: the very mention of such a thing sounds absurd. On the other hand, the certainty which the Government here feel, that if any reason or excuse can be found for stopping one that is proposed, it will be rejected, has of course the most powerful tendency to prevent the Government from running the risk of incurring a refusal."

One instance out of many of such refusals may be quoted. On the 25th of October 1842, the Madras Government sent to Calcutta a draft of an Act for preventing and punishing the throwing over of ballast in the inner harbour of Mangalore; the Government of India objected to such partial legislation, and ultimately it was resolved to extend the act to other ports, and on the 31st May 1843 a list of those to which it ought to be extended was sent up to Calcutta. In November 1848, the attention of Government was recalled to the subject, by a letter from the Marine Board, bringing to notice the dangerous and injurious practice of throwing over stone ballast in the harbour of Tuticorin; the Government forwarded the papers to Calcutta, and requested that the proposed act might be passed as speedily as possible. In November 1849, the same evil was again pressingly brought before Government, and on the 4th of December, the Government of Bengal was again requested to hasten the enactment. On the 4th of April 1851, the request was again urged a third

time ; and lastly, on the 10th of February 1852, and all without any effect !

A more recent case is the refusal of sanction to the Godavery expedition strongly recommended by Colonel Cotton ! Contrast with these, and such as these, the liberal expenditure sanctioned for the territory more immediately under the eye of the Governor General : fifty lacs allotted by a stroke of the pen for the improvement of the Punjaub. The words of Col. Cotton express the simple truth : " It cannot be expected, it is impossible, that others can take the interest in our own Presidency that we do ourselves ; local and personal knowledge will necessarily rouse men to exertion as nothing else will."

Another heavy difficulty has been the paucity of Engineers : " We fully believe," say the Commissioners, " that this neglect by Government of undertakings so remunerative is to be accounted for in a great measure by the extreme paucity of Engineers."

Upon comparison of the Engineering Department of Madras with those of the other Presidencies, we find that the proportion of Battalions of Engineers to Battalions of other branches is—

Bombay 1 to 20½

Bengal 1 to 25

Madras 1 to 35½

Yet both the work to be done and the advantages to be derived from doing it, are positively greater in the Southern Presidency than in either of the others. With the exception of the Western coast the cultivation of the Madras territory depends mainly on artificial irrigation. Moreover, in the greater part of the Presiden-

cy the Ryotwar field settlement system prevails, under which every acre of land bears a certain assessment, which is paid in the years when the land is cultivated, but not when it is not cultivated, and of which a part is even remitted in the case of irrigated land cultivated when the water is insufficient to mature the crop. A large increase to the Establishment, larger even than what the Commissioners propose, we consider imperatively necessary ; the *people* cannot make roads or construct works of irrigation ; they could not provide funds ; their habits and ideas, their degree of enlightenment preclude, for the present, at any rate, their being able to undertake such works on the joint stock principle with any prospect of success. They however fully appreciate the value of such works ; they consider it the duty of Government to provide them, and they are quite willing to pay for the accommodation. Works on an extensive scale, and which have to resist the forces of Nature in their mightiest manifestations, require a degree of science for their construction, which native joint stockeries could hardly appreciate or be willing to pay for. The vast works of the ancient Princes of India, constructed upon unscientific plans, may have practically sufficed to ensure some portion of the benefits expected from them ; but it was at the cost of an exorbitant expenditure of labour and material, and the object was only half attained after all. Not only the construction, but the preservation of public works calls for an increase in the number of Engineers. All over the country are tanks and channels going to ruin

for want of superintendence; roads becoming impassable; and harbours getting choked up; the town of Madras itself had in 1836 a narrow escape from inundation; the bund of the tank at Cauvery-pauk being nearly broken through, and only saved by a providential change of wind; an Engineer had to be sent up from Fort St. George to superintend the repair of the bund, the district officer being *too far off*.

It might appear superfluous to a degree of absurdity, to enlarge upon the advantages of roads and works of irrigation; to say that improved means of production will always attract producers; that increase of agricultural produce gives birth to trade; that good roads facilitate transit, that commerce and its concomitant civilization improve the comforts, happiness, and manners of a people;

Emollit mores nix sinit esse ferus.

To repeat these truisms, the very A B C of political economy, would seem a reflection on the common sense of the world, did it not unhappily appear that, however admitted in theory, they are too often practically negatived by those most bound to respect them.

It is the highest moral duty of a Government to improve to the utmost the condition of its subjects, and woe to that Government that neglects its mission. This axiom also, as abstract theory, is never denied; what then interferes to prevent its leading to its logical conclusion? A short-sighted pettifogging policy, which confines its notions of economy to the narrow rule of curtailing expenditure, irrespective of duty, object or ultimate result. It is

to the removal of this error that argument must be addressed; it must be shown that even in the most cautious point of view, looking only to *immediate* advantage, the most liberal outlay upon public works is the wisest policy.

On a general average throughout the Madras Presidency, the ratio of the returns of wet cultivation to dry is as 5 to 1, and this wet cultivation depends, with few exceptions, upon artificial works of irrigation, to the construction of which imperative necessity has compelled from time immemorial. The works of the ancient Princes still exist to shame us, some fallen into decay through neglect, some still the only means of fertilizing the districts: constructed with small science and extravagant waste, they are still monuments of energy and enterprise, which, until quite recently, we have made no attempts to parallel.

When man employs his faculties to aid nature, he serves no ungrateful Mistress; the wages she pays are very high: this general rule meets with no exceptions in southern India. In the Tabular Statement, (Appendix R.) we find that the average annual gain to the revenue, in South Arcot and Tanjore, consequent on the construction of the lower Coleroon Anicut is Rupees 1,28,592, while the average annual cost of the works has been only Rs. 30,445.

In the Tinnevely district, from a Tabular Statement (Appendix Q.) embracing a period of 29 years, from 1821 to 1850, it appears that the average annual Maramut expenditure for the first ten years was Rs. 32,293, and average annual income Rs. 10,50,633.

The average annual expenditure of the last fifteen years was Rs. 53,855, and average income Rs. 11,82,258.

Captain A. Cotton, in a report dated 12th August 1844, thus alludes to the results of irrigation in Tanjore:—"If we take the increase of revenue in Tanjore at 16 lacs, and consider it to have been progressive, as it has been on the whole, the total additional revenue in 40 years was 320 lacs, and the total irrigation expenditure 32 lacs."

The average annual land revenue of the Rajahmundry Collectorate for the eleven years preceding the commencement of the works on the Godavery was Rs. 19,08,129. In 1847 the Anicut was begun; in that first year the collections were larger than in any of the preceding eleven, and each of the succeeding years has shown an advance above the preceding one, with the exception of one season, in which there was a destructive flood.

Up to the close of the revenue year 1850-51, the total increase of revenue over the previous average had been Rs. 19,54,802, the total expenditure on the works had been Rs. 12,65,361, leaving a net surplus of Rs. 6,89,391.

The Tabular Statement, (Appendix Z.) gives a general view of the results obtained from expenditure for extending irrigation in the districts under the Madras Presidency from 1836 to 1849. The aggregate net profit by the works is given as Rs. 41,55,294; showing an annual percentage on the first cost, after deducting the amount of repairs, of 69½ per cent.!! Can a doubt still remain as to the good policy of borrow-

ing capital to extend our operations?

In 1832, the failure of the north-east monsoon produced a famine in the Guntoor district, in which the number of people who perished by starvation, and by the sickness which followed the famine was not less than 200,000! The loss to the revenue, and of private property was immense. To prevent the recurrence of such a calamity, Government recommended, and the Hon'ble Court sanctioned, the construction of an Anicut across the Kistna at Beizwarrah. This work, not only imperatively demanded by humanity, but highly desirable also as a profitable investment, ensuring a return of at least 30 per cent. on the outlay by Government's own showing, after having been postponed for years for want of Engineers, has recently been commenced, Officers having been withdrawn from the Godavery works for the purpose.

The necessity of improvement to the roads is obvious; without it the resources of the interior will be thrown away. Sugar and Cotton could be raised to an unlimited extent, and marvellously cheap as respects cost of production; what is it then that prevents these articles of Indian produce from being able to compete with those of America? It is simply the want of facilities for carriage; this paralyzes production and deteriorates quality by offering no premium for improvement: let this incubus be removed from the capabilities of India; let good roads, navigable canals, railroads be given, each where it is most applicable, and the prosperity and revenue of the country will improve beyond the

most sanguine expectation; let men see a reasonable chance of reward for their exertions, and their energy awakes; the Hindoo has only subsided into apathy, because his rulers and his religion denied him such a chance; arouse him even by self-interest to action, awaken his energy, and it will re-act against the superstition that had crushed it, for thought and action once set free, will flow into every channel.

With a view to the furtherance of the objects which they advocate, the Commissioners have put forward a number of proposals, the greater part of which appear to us admirably adapted to their end. They suggest the establishment of a new Board to have control over public works of all kinds, instead of the present unwise and wasteful system of several controlling offices, each ignorant of the operations and experience of the others. By the proposed arrangement all the local agents would be brought under one head. All branches of public works are mutually dependent and auxiliary: roads, harbours and water works serve to one end, and are indispensable to each other. The controlling authority should therefore be enabled to include the whole in one view. The reasons for preferring a Board to an individual officer are, first, the permanency of system and experience in a Board; secondly, the impossibility of any one officer adequately attending to the whole of the work for which he would be responsible; and, thirdly, the advantage of having more heads than one to consult upon subjects of such magnitude and importance. Under this head the Commis-

sioners take occasion respectively to protest against the mania for "assimilation" with Bengal, irrespective of considerations of local fitness, in which protest we heartily coincide.

It is proposed that the Board shall consist of one member from the Civil Service, not to be likewise a Member of the Board of Revenue, but free to devote his entire attention to the department of works, the Chief Engineer and two stipendiary members, also selected from the Corps of Engineers, with a Secretary. It is suggested that one or other of the professional members shall be available for occasional tours of inspection. That in the event of any important project being under discussion, the Board shall enjoy the privilege of personal communication with Government, thereby to expedite the despatch of business, and to avoid much tedious correspondence. The duties of the Board to be simply those of Control, and it should not be burdened with detail, which must be left to the discretion of the subordinate authorities, whose proceedings should be brought annually under review in detailed reports. It is proposed that all repairs to existing works shall be undertaken by the local officers without the previous sanction of higher authority. It is practically upon the reports and opinions of these officers that the sanction is even now granted, and the only result of the present system of waiting till it has been obtained, is to increase the expense of the repair. Every officer's experience must furnish him with cases, in which trifling injuries, that might have been repaired on the spot for a few

rupees, have trebled in extent during the time consumed in correspondence to procure leave to repair them.

Bills for repairs, and for new works which have been sanctioned by Government (unless they exceed the estimate by a certain percentage) should be passed by the Board. We are fully convinced that an annual detailed report from the Board would be a far more real and effective check on wasteful outlay than the present plan of submitting all bills in detail for sanction.

The Commissioners also recommend that power should be entrusted to the local officers and Board of works, to authorize improvements within certain limits, and that the Control of Government over the ordinary proceedings of the department, should be exercised as in other departments rather by means of periodical reports, general and detailed, than by the investigation of particular cases. Such reports should be made annually by Collectors and Inspecting Engineers to the Board, and by the Board to Government, together with an account current of the works under its control. The interest of the capital and cost of repairs and superintendence appearing as debits, and the receipts in the form of increased revenue being on the credit side. It would be highly desirable that these returns should be published for general information.

We have heard a rumour that a counter scheme is in preparation by Government, the main points of which are said to be—The abolition of the Board, and the breaking up of the department into separate jurisdictions

under several officers, corresponding with Government direct, and of course entirely under the thumb: a more ruinous system to efficiency could hardly be contrived.

The narrow and suspicious spirit of centralization, which seems to regard all its employees as knaves or fools, or both, which accumulates check upon check, and saves present half pence by the sacrifice of future pounds, appears to rule with positive fascination over minds of a peculiar calibre, but such minds are scarcely the type of eminent statesmen. The historian Mill observes of Lord Monington: "The Governor General, amid the talents for command which he possessed in a very unusual degree, displayed two qualities of primary importance. He has seldom been surpassed in the skill with which he made choice of his instruments, and having made choice of his instruments, he communicated to them with full and unsparing hand the powers which were necessary for the ends they were employed to accomplish."

The centralization system tends to lessen the interest of men in their work, offers excuses for laziness and delay, affords opportunities for shifting off responsibility, and does not effectually provide even for the fulfilment of its great boasts, combined action and economy of expenditure. With regard to the first, where works extend over 140,000 square miles of country, the central authority must be virtually dependent on the opinion of the local authorities. It is still upon that opinion that the final sanction is granted, and the

real tendency of the said sanction is only to render the said opinion less careful and trustworthy, by relieving its propounders of the principal onus of the responsibility of action. Government having been once or twice *bit* in this manner, become suspicious, and will sanction nothing. With regard to the economizing expenditure, the increased expense incurred by delaying repairs is a grave set off against any possible saving in honesty, a saving only theoretical after all, for if a man *will* cheat, no checks can prevent him, they may *detect* him after the mischief is done, and the culprit can then be punished, just as he might be punished had he been a defaulter under the system we advocate; our plan of returns and reports would be at least as effectual a detective check, and a preventive one is a mere dream. Select the best men, give them adequate power, place a little confidence in their integrity, and hold them most strictly responsible, every one for his own duties, and the result will be a thoroughly efficient executive. Place the control in the hands of a Board distinct from and responsible to Government; certain of the members to be available for tours of inspection, and all the real advantages of centralization will be secured without its defects, but with the promptitude and energy of independent action. We hope that no false pride, no wounded self-importance, no weak fear of seeming weak by too great concessions will induce the rejection of the plan brought forward by the Commissioners.

Another most important recommendation is the establish-

ment of a scientific College at Madras, on the model of Roorkee: that admirable institution has already proved the wisdom of the policy that founded it, and its beneficial results hitherto are but a faint foreshadowing of the advantages it will produce hereafter. We regret however to observe that the Commissioners propose to dispense with a native First Department on the rather illogical plea that there is no educational institution in this presidency capable of qualifying young men for admission; surely there is no reason why there never should be? We believe that a preparatory school might be established, in connection with, though not a part of, the College, the education in which should not be gratuitous, and that the scholarships in the first department of the College might be made prizes for efficiency in the school. We believe there are many natives in this Presidency fully able to appreciate the value of such an education, and willing to pay for it; and considering the science of engineering as one in which Hindoos are well qualified to excel, we should deprecate any omissions from the scheme of any thing that might tend to improve their education and prospects.

We regret that our limits preclude our pursuing this subject of deep interest through the whole of its ramifications. We trust that what we have said may assist in calling attention to what has been done, and what still remains to do. The Commissioners have brought to their arduous and important task an amount of knowledge, experience and industry that cannot but render their conclusions in the highest degree respectable.

Their character and position

also give them an additional claim upon our confidence. They were no Utopian theorists, or popularity-hunting quacks; they were no grievance-mongers seeking for a little notoriety or profit; or one-sided partizans committed to the interests of any particular class: but men selected by Government itself from the civil and scientific services, as the best qualified for the investigations to be made. If such men have found defects in the system of Government, it could only be because they could not conscientiously ignore them, their opinions can only be regarded as the deliberate convictions of impartiality, founded upon truth and truth alone.

Let us hope that all this labour may not have been for nothing; that the interest now awakened in the welfare of India may not be permitted to again subside

into a trance; but that an energetic and well directed course of improvement may for ever remove from the British Government of India the stigma now too justly conveyed in the following remark:—

“The ancient Rulers of this country, with resources of science and skill immeasurably inferior to what we can command, raised those numerous, magnificent and valuable works, to the possession and advantages of which our Government has succeeded. It is too evident that had the present powers always ruled, the country would never have possessed these additions to its wealth, or the Government that large accession of revenue, both of which are due to the enlightened intelligence of Princes whom we are accustomed to style Barbarian.”

K.

PICTURES OF NATIVE LIFE.

THE NATIONAL FESTIVAL—PICTURE—NO. II.

It was in the evening in the month of October, that season of the year when nature puts on her most beauteous dress, tricked out in the deepest verdure, the gift of the departed rains, the slanting rays of the sun illumed the landscape, shedding a wondrous brightness over each tower and each pinnacle, when I found myself standing the solitary European amidst a crowd of our subjects, celebrating in pomp and joyousness the national festival of India.

The whole of the great city had poured itself out in numbers numberless: the streets were thronged with gaily clad thousands, the houses and walls were lined with expectants of the coming procession. Bright drapery hung in festoons from the rooftops, or was stretched across from balcony to balcony; streamers floated in the breeze, and the cheerful hum of busy voices, blended with strains of barbaric music sounded gratefully in my ears.

Seated under an ancient tree, whose branches had witnessed many such a festival, on a rural throne sat the Heroes of the Pageant, the representatives of those whom the crowds had assembled to honour. In the centre the royal youth, who gladly sacrificed a throne to meet the wishes of a parent, and on each side of him the brother, and the wife, the faithful companions of his exile. Dressed was He in that fanciful costume, to which antiquity has given its sanction: in

his hand, like the Deity of the Belvidere, was the unerring bow, and on his shoulders was bound a play thing quiver of now-useless arrows. Flowers, the gay offerings of nature, were heaped on the steps of the throne, garlands hung round the necks of him and his companions. Each subject, as he approached to do homage to the mimic monarch, brought tribute of flowers and fruits. Each felt pleased and rewarded by a garland from the royal hand, even that young sick child smiles as its anxious parent holds it up aloft, to receive as a charm some token of the Hero.

I sauntered down the crowd, which opened of itself to let me pass, and closed behind on my steps. What heart does not gladden at beholding the signs of cheerfulness and rejoicing around, the smiling face, the glistening eye, the open salutation, the shout of victory, coupled with the name of the Hero, which was the watchword of the day? All classes and all ranks were there. Sober merchants and money changers had this day closed the thumbled ledger, and relaxed the griping hand, had wound on their heads a bright new turban, and stepped forth for once free from care; the wealthy nobleman passes by, borne by his servants, or mounted on high on the turreted elephant. Struts by with firm and martial tread the erect sepoy, with beads round his neck, and staff in his hand; after him follow a band of young men in the pride of their opening years, with

girdles wound proudly, and all the coxcombs of their age ; there too are the draped figures, and half-veiled faces of women, the smiles and laughter of unimprisoned women—for this one day released from their tall jealous walls, and from the thralldom of their still more jealous customs, wondering, gentle creatures, on this their day of liberty, how beauteous the outward world could appear, perhaps murmuring at the hard fate which had shut them up in houses, or insensibly contrasting the happiness of being the chosen companion of some one of the graceful and slender passers-by, to being the slave of the obese Lord, at whose altar they had been too early sacrificed.

Ranged on one side in places of honour and repose are the old men chanting aloud the melodious rhythms of the great Ballad, their broken notes accompanied by the stringed instruments and the pipe : loud sound their voices, and cheerily the passers-by join in the chorus : thus once sounded the psalms of David, when sung with Tabret and Pipe on the hill of Sion ! and, as the interest of the story varies, their excited feelings overpower them, and the sound of weeping is blended with that of laughter, the laugh of triumph at the great heroic glory, of which the drama is enacting before them, the weeping at the recollection of the so-called good old days. So imaginary are the evils for which poor mortals weep, so uncertain the joys for which they triumph ! Some toothless grey beards sit looking on, silent, or mumbling to each other tales of ancient shows, which bring back to them the

features of long-forgotten friends, or boasting of feats of agility, and splendour of spectacles, to which this degenerate age cannot approach.

But the procession is now advancing amidst the shouting and clapping crowds :—uncouth and gigantic figures of Rackshahs and Demons, such as we have heard of in fairy tale, but never seen in broad daylight till now, waving swords in mimic defiance, and threatening the royal youth, who from his rural throne sits gazing on unmoved. After them follow groups disguised as monkeys and savages, the denizens of untrodden forests, and then a long and gorgeous procession of fantastic figures borne upon thrones, and overshadowed by canopies, equalling in strange and barbaric splendour the pomp of an Asiatic Rœconsul, as he swept down the sacred way in his triumphal car to the capital, bringing home plunder and victory from the far east to imperial Rome. Among them were many of the chief citizens, some reclining in state, smoking their pipes in Asiatic repose, with that calm and dignified want of thought depicted on their countenances, which is unknown in the busy cities of Europe : others with strange masks and antique dresses, girt with sword and shield, seated upon thrones, bowing to the applauding by-standers : behind them on a moving platform, embowered with the broad leaves of the plantain, a group of ash-coloured Faqueers, half-clad according to the old traditional manner, and yellow Munees, playing on shapeless harps and chaunting unintelligible songs : they are part and parcel of the

drama which is enacting, and without them all would be incomplete, but they give but a faint idea of those wondrous Residents of the Wilderness in bygone days, whose profound sayings, chronicled in their god-like language, still astound, as they anticipated the discoveries of the moderns : whose thoughts, disentangled from their ascetic bodies, darted upwards to the stars, and brought back the wildest tissue of fable resembling truth, the skein of which Modern Philosophy still struggles in vain to unravel, showing, alas ! how near the greatest wisdom, unassisted by revelation, is to folly !

But the combatants having arrived, the hero descends from his throne to wage war against these Demons, and to re-enact before eager eyes the oft-repeated triumph. In the regular profile of his face, in his long flowing tresses, bound by the chaplet, in the stiff motion of his limbs, as he discharges his arrows, and presses on the discomfited foe, we recognize a dignity indescribable, a classic grace, such as speaks to us from the deserted tombs of Egypt, such as Assyrian Kings wrote with enduring pencils on the rocks of Syria ; but the deepest and most absorbing interest is reserved for the last scene, when, his exile over, the labour entrusted to him having been performed, the self-devoted redeemer returns to his home and his kingdom, and surrounded by his brethren seats himself on the throne, which is raised from the ground, and borne along the streets amidst the shouts of the applauding citizens, who in the phrensy of the moment believe that it is Rama *indeed* whom they are welcom-

ing, and that *they* are the people of Ayodya.

Who is this Rama ? In what bygone ages did he live ? What great achievements did he perform. that the whole of this vast Peninsular of India, from Cashmere to Cape Comorin, should with one mind thus render to him annual homage, and at the same season of the year carry out to his glory this natural pageant ? A man, he was of royal blood, and blameless character, who, at a period enveloped in the mist of tradition, sat upon the throne of the Rajpoot dynasty of Ayodya, and thence led a force across the Vyndya range, over mountain, river, and arm of the sea, against the capital of Ceylon, which he conquered, and returned in triumph to continue a line, which still boasts of its antiquity. Thus speaks history, and the path of the Conqueror can be traced by many a stately fane, many a sacred shrine, with unerring fidelity for hundreds of miles, religiously preserved by the oral legends of many tribes, and a far-divided people. But tradition has woven a brighter garland round her favourite's head, and, aided by the inspiration of the Poet, and the daring invention of the Priest, has in this blameless mortal brought into existence the first dim shadowy idea of a Redeemer, an incarnation of the Creator, sent down from on high to be born of woman, to redeem mankind from the evils that surrounded them. But the gross ideas of unassisted mortals could but clothe their incarnate God in the transitory dignity of human sovereignty, could make him to triumph only over earthly enemies, the giants and the demons

of the forest. After ages saw what they dreamt not of, other nations have learnt to worship what is still beyond *their* comprehension, a sovereign greater than him, clothed in the purple, a Saviour, who has redeemed from greater evils than earthly, a conqueror who has triumphed over more potent adversaries. Still the name of Rama has woven itself into the inmost recesses of every heart, his name is entwined with what a native values most, the early history of their country, the legends of their hills and valleys, for in this country no mountain raises its head unsung, every river flows in verse, religion and fiction have lent their aid, and so charm-working is the spell, so vividly do the annual festivals bring back every event of the life of the hero before the gaping crowd, that nought is taught earlier in infancy, nought is remembered so faithfully in age, as the story of Rama. Mark that old withered crone, who has so little of enjoyable in this life, who in her hard struggle of widowed existence, has little time for romance or for poetry, yet so strong is the spirit of nationality and religion within her, so wondrous the power of oral tradition, that she too has relaxed her grim features this day, and as she points her lank arm towards the hero, is giving that little black-eyed boy beside her the first ideas of the wondrous tale of the Ramayuna.

Read, those who care for the fresh annals of a great people, read the grandest epic in the loftiest and most god-like strains that the world ever knew. Happy hero who has escaped the Lethe of the Forgetfulness by the influence of sacred Bard!

Happy Poet, who has selected for his strain so pure and blameless a character! We dare not believe that he was a redeemer incarnate, we can see through the dim mist of early history the origin of the legends, connected with the wild armies which he commanded, and the wilder foes which he conquered. All nations have fallen into the same errors, have peopled the forests with giants, and placed hill and valley under the protection of fairies. The annals of all nations commence in the same mythic strains, until civilization clears away the forest which encumbered the soil, and the strange crude notions which perplexed the brains of the early inhabitants, and we wonder then whither are departed the giants of our nation's childhood, until, thoughtfully contemplating the Cyclopean ruins, which are found in every clime, the vast works which still speak of strength surpassing that of moderns, or gazing with awe at the disinterred fossils of the geologist, we turn with deference to the earliest record of Inspired Revelation, and feel convinced that it is true that giants may have existed, and that universal tradition is not so far wrong.

Still the Poet, while he tells of wild tales, and perpetuates charming fictions, is true to himself and his country. Though thirty centuries have elapsed since he pricked on his reed-tablets the stately lines and measured couplets, still the people are before us now as the Poet described them: and well deserved He that his tale should live in the memory of posterity, for purer morality was never written of, no men were more self-controul-

led, no women more virtuous than those painted by him; vice of all kinds never appeared more revolting, and the virtues, the gentler virtues of forgiveness, of humility, chastity and filial obedience, never appeared so charming as when standing forth from the magic canvass of Valmiki.

And what history so enduring, as that graven on the living tablets of a nation's fancy? What homage to virtue and greatness so exalted, as that conceded by the applause of untutored millions? Ask those weary-footsore Pilgrims, what took them on "their long and painful journey to Lanka and the Southern Ocean? What leads the countless hundreds to the solitary hermitage at Chitrakote? There is nought to admire in the hill but its wild verdure, but to them it teems with strange interest. With us in our lofty cathedrals we have storied urns and marble tombs to recall the memory of the good and wise, whose bones are laid in the cemetery; but here the ashes of each, as he shakes off his mortal coil, are scattered to the four winds, or committed to the sacred waters; but the mountain, the stream, preserve the name of the mighty dead. Nature has carved out the lofty Mausoleum of the departed—the ballads of the country, transmitted from mouth to mouth, have worked more effectively than the sculptured Epitaph.

In what place now can we rank, when compared to those ancient and widely spread legends, still living in the feelings, still openly acted in the streets before the eyes of millions, the puny tale of beleaguered and plundered Troy? The rape of Helen aroused a few rude chieftains,

the lords of petty though romantic islands, and carried across the narrow seas, that intervened betwixt them and the heights of Ida, a fleet of light vessels to besiege an insignificant town: and the story of the Ten Years' siege, the quarrels of the bandit warriors, would have perished, as has been the fate of many such a foray, had not the genius of the blind Ionian possessed itself of the tale, and just as the intellect of the Greek people was dawning, sent it forth clothed in such marvellous diction, and depicted in all the simple majesty of an undebased dialect, that future ages can never cease to admire, or hope to imitate without falling short of the all but divine original. Thence from the charm of the verse, from the genius of the Poet, came it that the story became vested with such strange interest for the Athenian people: thus centuries afterwards listening thousands hung on the honied words of Euripedes, refashioning the old Homeric ballads, and, as seated in the theatre of Bacchus beneath their own Parthenic Temple, they looked out on the island of Salamis, the scene of dearer victories, as the breezes of the Ægean fanned their flushed cheeks, and swept back their long hair; if in the excitement of the moment they shouted, it was but that the sympathy with the triumphs of their kindred in former days was blended with exultation, arising from the contemplation of their own.

But this is the great triumph of a whole nation, the inhabitants of a vast Peninsular, not the denizens of one petty province, the few thousands uttering the same dialect, and clinging round one

Acropolis, but of millions, separated by every obstacle of nature ; by vast mountain ranges ; by conquering rivers, cut off from each other by distinct languages, and dissociating habits, ruled over by hostile sovereigns, partitioned into separate principalities, but all look back to a dim era of traditional history, since which many, many thousands of years have flown by, when certain events took place, which they gladly unite, forgetful of the present, to communicate and perpetuate, and knowing how much nearer the eye speaks to the senses than the ear, in every town, in every hamlet lead forth, and play out a festive drama. Who talks of the short-lived triumphs of the victor in the Olympic arena ? Of what esteem is the parsley wreath of the panting hero, when compared with this undying laurel ? All has passed away ; the Greek nation exists, but they have no longer a thought for the Palæstrum ; the balled of Troy is to them but an old woman's tale ; but the Indian, generation after generation, sees enacted before him the same historic pageant, which his forefathers saw, ere Alexander penetrated to the banks of the Hydaspes, while Achilles in his spleen was still pacing up and down on the shores of the sounding Hellespont. More wondrous is it, when we consider that it is a people who have nought of real nationality ; that know not even the name of patriotism ; that have bowed for centuries abjectly to conquerors, any one whom chance might place over them ; that are incapable of unity for their own advantage ; yet on this one occasion they raise the cry of victory though slaves,

display unity of action though hopelessly dissevered, and might pass for patriots, did we not know that they were serfs. We search history in vain for a parallel, and we find it not, save on that one day, when the many nations and tribes of disunited Christendom kneel in humble recollection of the sufferings of a crucified Saviour.

But the procession and crowds have now departed ; the place where I stand is now empty ; the noise of the shouting is still resounding, when a new sight displays itself, and, accompanied by strains of plaintive music and lamentation, a long train of men and women pass by, urged by similar feelings of religion, supported by similar instinct of duty, yet between them and those who stood here a few moments before, sojourners of the same city, clothed in the same habiliments, is a vast chasm of ideas, a boundless dissociation of sympathies and traditions. They celebrate this day, the anniversary of the slaughter of the grandson of their Prophet ; with drawn swords, and tears they convey to the place of interment a fanciful burden, and fondly deem, that they, the residents of India, mourn in sincerity for the untimely end of these two youths of Arabia. But in their acting there is no deep pathos, in their annual celebration there is no unity of action, and it is not even all the followers of Mahommed that join in the Mohurram ; even those that do so, scarcely know why, for the sons of Fatima fell not in their quarrel, their blood stained not the sand of India, and so their grief is but an empty show, and their mourning but illusory.

Amidst all the din, and all the clamour, din of the triumphant Hindu, glorying in triumphs, the extent and nature of which are forgotten; clamour of the Faithful, mourning they know not why, over two murdered strangers; the sound of bells (for it was the Sabbath eve) fell on my ears from the church of the Mission, whose solemn tower looked mournfully down on these sad vagaries of poor human intellect, these wild fantasies of erring mortals. From within came the voices of children, and men born again even as a little child, who at this hour of evening were pouring forth prayers of sorrow and repentance for sins, which they had but lately discovered, and simple-

minded devout Ministers chaunting songs of triumph over the enemy whom their arms had defeated, the cause of their mourning and the reason of their rejoicing being well known.

Play on gentle people! Do not forget your national festivals; transmit from mouth to mouth your ancient and time-honoured ballads, and year by year carry out beyond the city walls your gay pageant, and in due season may a brighter ray dawn on your now obscured intellects! May my eye never weary in contemplating your peaceful sports. May my pen never flag in defending your immemorial customs!

C. N. R.

Benares, 1852.



HISTORY OF THE LEAGUE.

CHAPTER VIII.

(Continued.)

The States of Blois—The Murder of the Duke of Guise, and of his brother the Cardinal.

On the 30th of January, the new Court of Judicature, together with the Princes and prelates of the League, solemnly swore on the Crucifix to live and die in defence of the Catholic, Apostolic and Roman Church ; to sacrifice life and property in behalf of liberty and religion ; to avenge the murder of the Guises ; and to punish all who had violated the Edict of Reunion. This act being sent into all the large towns, supported by the decree of the Sorbonne, excited the people to frenzy. The most odious epithets were heaped upon the King. He was daily styled from the pulpits a tyrant, a hypocrite, a faithless wretch.*

The lives and portraits of the Martyrs were in every body's hands. Their full length effigies, bloody and expiring, were placed in the Churches, and their images on the sacred shrines. Prayer and

praise were addressed to the new idols, and processions of children carrying lighted tapers went from the Cemetery of the Innocents to the Church of Ste. Geneviève, the patron Saint of Paris. Suddenly they extinguished their torches on the ground, and uttered a frightful imprecation, that the line of Valois might in like manner perish and be shrouded in eternal darkness. At a later period, young women, including ladies of the highest rank, joined in similar processions by torch light at night, but the scantiness of their garments, and their pious abstraction of mind, together with the gross licentiousness of the Chevalier D'Aumale and his companions, who never failed to escort these holy and enthusiastic virgins, led to scenes of such unseemly riot and immorality, that they were obliged to be forbidden.†

* Præcipue concionatorum intemperies fuit, qui omissâ verbi Dominici interpretatione, bacchantibus similes conviciorum plaustra in Regem evomebant, dicenda, facienda blatterantes, tyrannum, hypocritam, perfidum, crudelem vocitantes, ad raucedinem usque clamosi ; quorum exemplo pædagogi et hujusmodi raucida scholastici pulveris purgamenta, miseros ac ridiculos versus seu rythmos balbutiebant, sive in Regis opprobrium, sive in defunctorum laudes.—*Thuanus, in loco.*

† The grave De Thou thus speaks of these fair devotees. *Ac pleræque inter eas erant quæ quo formosiores, ut pietatem suam circumspicerent, magis approbarent, lineis tantum tunicis tenuibus quasi multitiis velabantur, ita ut corporis pelluceret et ad curiosos nobilium adolescentum dum incidentes officiose adjuvant oculos interdum et improbas manus pateret.* See also the journal of Henri III. and the Satyre Ménippée. Another writer, who accuses Aumale of intriguing with these damsels, adds : "Témoins les dragées musquées qu'il jettoit au travers d'une sarbacanne aux demoiselles qui avoient des gands ou des Heures à la main, des chapelets à la ceinture, ou quelque ruban de couleur à leurs souliers, pour être par lui reconnues en passant, et quelquefois rechauffées et refectionnées des collations magnifiques qu'il leur appretoit tantôt sur le Pont au change, autrefois sur le Pont Notre Dame, en la rue St. Jacques, et partout ailleurs.

The priests refused absolution to those who questioned the propriety of dethroning their sovereign, and Guincestre expressed his astonishment, that any one could doubt if it were lawful to slay Henry of Valois, for that he would not hesitate to do so even at the altar, while he held in his hand the precious body of his Saviour.

Such was the state of public feeling when Mayenne entered Paris on the 15th of February. After escaping from Lyons, he had fled with precipitation to Dajou, the capital of his government, and then collecting a few troops, he advanced in one continued triumph towards the capital. Troyes, Sens, Orleans, and Chartres, received him with loud acclamations, and his entry into Paris was attended with every manifestation of extravagant joy. His portrait was exhibited encircled with the closed crown, and a royal throne had been prepared for him, but which he prudently forbore to use. He was also invested with the supreme power, until the States-General, to be convened in July, should decide the question of sovereignty, and in the mean time he was honored with the novel title of Lieutenant General of the Crown and State of France. He commenced the exercise of his authority by controlling the Council of Sixteen, and with this view he added to that body several persons of calm judgment, whom he knew to be attached to himself and to the cause of order. He thus augmented their number to fifty-four, and designated them the Council General of the Union. He also

drew up twenty-one articles to serve as instructions to the different towns of the League faction, which now comprised the greater part of Burgundy, Champagne, Picardy, the Isle of France, Normandy, Mayne, Brittany, Anjou, Auvergne, Dauphiny, Provence, and indeed all the best and fairest provinces of France, with their cities and strongholds. The royal seals even were broken, and new ones formed in their place.

In the mean time Henry III. had remained at Blois, uncertain how to act and ill advised by his counsellors.*

The Duke of Epernon indeed urged him to make peace with the King of Navarre, and with the aid of the Huguenots, march upon Paris before the Leaguers had recovered from their affright. But Henry was too sincere in his bigotry to afford any favor to the Protestants unless it were extorted from him by necessity. He therefore despatched a herald to enjoin the Duke of Aumale to quit the capital, and to annul the jurisdiction of the newly constituted Courts. The message was received with contempt, and the herald thrown into prison. Being released a few days afterwards, he was dismissed with a warning that if he ever again returned, he would assuredly be hanged. When Mayenne had taken the direction of affairs into his own hands, the King published a long and feeble declaration, expressive of his astonishment at the conduct of these two Dukes, seeing that they had been the first to put him on his guard against the machinations of Guise. He therefore deposed them from all autho-

* It is said that Henry III. suffered from a very depressing complaint, which in cold weather rendered him almost ferocious.

rity, and pronounced them rebels and traitors, unless they submitted themselves before the first day of March. He also issued a declaration touching Paris, Orleans, Amiens, Abbeville, and the other great cities that had turned against him, because he had ever been too indulgent and beneficent.*

But his anger was now aroused, and he deprived them of all their privileges and immunities, forbade any causes to be tried within their walls, and commanded all officers and magistrates to retire from them, and to administer justice in the place he should shortly appoint. Soon afterwards, finding that his proclamations produced no effect, he summoned the Parliament to meet at Tours, and ordered the Chamber of Accounts to remove thither without delay. About the same time it came to his knowledge that large sums of money had been offered Du Guest for the release of the state prisoners. He therefore presented that villain with 30,000 crowns, and while he still left the Archbishop of Lyons in his custody, removed the Cardinal of Bourbon and the Dukes of Guise and Elbœuf to Blois.

During these disorders and dissensions among the Catholics, the King of Navarre had made himself master of Loudun, L'Isle, Bouchard, Mirabeau, Argenton, Vivonne, and Chatellerault. At the latter place he issued a circular letter, on the 4th of March, to the Three Estates, deploring the evils of their common country, of which, however, he and his co-religionists were perfectly

innocent. Idle calumnies had indeed been spread abroad, and he had been accused of conspiring against the Church of Rome in France, as if a handful of Protestants could dictate to the entire nation. But he had never molested the Catholics even in his own principality. He and all his brethren of the reformed faith would willingly be guided by the decisions of a General Council. As for the charge of aspiring to the crown, what great prospect was there of his surviving his Majesty? But he had no such designs. His intention was to oppose the league and to stake all in defence of his sovereign, and he trusted that all true Frenchmen, forgetting their past differences, would unite with him in this just enterprise.

Hearing from Epemon that the King was disposed to treat with him, he discontinued further operations and dispatched the faithful Rosney—afterwards Duke of Sully—to arrange the terms of peace. The whole Kingdom was convulsed. The Duke of Mercœur, though the King's brother-in-law, pretended to the independent sovereignty of Brittany by right of his wife Mary of Luxembourg, heiress of Penthievre, who was descended from Charles of Blois, Duke of Brittany, killed at the battle of Annay in 1364. The claim indeed was absurd, for the States of Brittany had solicited to be united to France in the reign of Francis I., and the Kings of France became in consequence sovereign dukes of that province—but the opportunity appeared favorable, and many partisans

* The royal words are more expressive than dignified: "Comme le cheval engraisi par le soin et dépense que son maître a employés à le faire bien panser, donne un coup de pied à son bien faicteur, pour cette seule raison qu'il est trop gras, et qu'il l'a trop bien traité, et ne veut plus que son maître monte sur lui."

espoused the cause of the unscrupulous pretender. He had already assumed the title of Protector of the Church of Rome in Brittany, and with the exception of Rennes nearly all the chief towns had opened their gates to his followers. The only opposition he encountered on the part of the King was a proclamation depriving him of the Government, but which failed to produce any effect. An attempt made by Count Brissac to corrupt Pichery, the Governor of the Castle of Angers, was rendered abortive by the honorable feelings of the latter, though he was offered one hundred thousand crowns in money and the command of 4,000 foot soldiers during the continuance of the war. The townspeople, however, declared for the League, and constructed barricades up to the very edge of the moat. Fortunately Marshal D'Aumont arrived at the opportune moment, and forced the enemy to raise the siege, besides taking prisoners—according to the computation of a cotemporary—to the value of 100,000 crowns to the profit of the King.

At Bordeaux the Jesuits likewise failed in an attempt to seize Marshal Matignon, dead or alive, but the firmness of the gallant old officer disconcerted them, and a few lives were uselessly thrown away. Fearing to throw too much scandal on the clerical order, Matignon declined to investigate the affair very minutely, and contented himself with banishing the Jesuits from the city. At Toulouse the Leaguers were more successful. Some Divinity Students excited the people to demand the ratification of the decree of the Sorbonne, and the

Parliament complacently assented, notwithstanding the strenuous opposition of the President Durante and the Advocate-General Daphis, men of ability and justly respected for their virtue and good sense. The enraged populace cruelly murdered them both, and Durante's dead body, after being dragged through the streets, was hanged on a gibbet opposite an effigy of the King. A statue of Henry III. was also thrown down from its pedestal, and, after being subjected to the most senseless insults, was put up to auction. The decree of the Sorbonne was then confirmed both by the Faculty of Theology and the Parliament of Toulouse, and yet within three short years public honours were paid to the memory of the murdered President!

In Paris, the preachers and the people still continued to pour forth their venom. Satires and lampoons of the grossest description were daily published. Anagrams were formed of the King's name, and *Henri de Valois* was declared synonymous with *Vilain Herodes*. Small waxen images resembling the King were placed upon the altars, and pricked at each of the forty masses that were celebrated during forty continuous hours to give greater force to the incantation, and at the conclusion of the fortieth they were pricked in the region of the heart, certain magical sounds being pronounced at every stab. This absurd and impious ceremony, it was hoped, would hasten the King's death. In the Park at Vincennes, Henry III. had erected several large buildings round the church of the Minims, in which he placed a quantity of valuable paintings, church orna-

ments, relics, crosses, images of saints, chalices, gold chandeliers, and other gewgaws of the Roman Catholic Idolatry. There were also large coffers filled with robes of scarlet, red, and violet colour, intended for a new fraternity of monks, as he was already weary of the order of St. Jerome,—besides breviaries, books of the Hours, &c. &c.; for in these matters he was very curious, and had printed and variously bound several handsome editions of Hours, Missals, and Psalms. These buildings were ransacked by the mob, and on Ash-Wednesday, the unscrupulous Guineestre displayed from the pulpit two small silver images of exquisite workmanship, representing Satyrs, each leaning upon a club and supporting in the other hand a crystal bowl filled with perfumes. These had stood on either side of a gold crucifix containing a piece of the true cross, and on this slight hint the Minister of Peace and Charity did not scruple to declare that these were the familiar demons that had instigated Henry of Valois to murder the Guises. A pamphlet on the same subject was also published, entitled “*Les sorcelleries de Henri de Valois et les oblations qu’il faisoit au Diable dans le bois de Vincennes*,” but which possesses no other merit than brevity, a circumstance of rare occurrence in writings of that period. For in general they are extremely prolix and pedantic, abounding with references to sacred or classical history, and every point is illustrated by some ancient tale or apophthegm. The League writers were particularly violent and paradoxical, and laboured to prove that Henry III. might

lawfully be put to death by any means, because he was a murderer and an abettor of heresy. The Protestants on the other hand, stood more on the defensive, and insisted on the duty of implicit obedience to the sovereign, even were he a pagan, in all things not contrary to the express commandments of the Deity. In style and manner of handling the subject, the writings of the latter not a little resemble the Homily of our church, entitled “*An exhortation concerning good order and obedience to Rulers and Magistrates*,” employing the same line of argument, although they make a far greater display of erudition.

The Rector of the University about this time presented a memorial to the Duke of Mayenne, encouraging him in his rebellion, and treating the King with the most marked contempt. On the 5th of April the College of the Sorbonne also decreed that the words *et pro rege nostro Henrico* should be expunged from the Canon of the Mass. It was at once agreed to drop the *Henrico*, but some were desirous that the remainder of the clause should stand, as it might be applied to the existing government, whatever that might happen to be. It was suggested too that they might be pronounced so low as not to be heard by the congregation. But it was at last resolved to withdraw the whole sentence, as the officiating priest might sometimes accidentally read it aloud or even inadvertently add the objectionable *Henrico*, and thus the consciences of the weaker brethren might be uselessly harassed.

The greatest drawback to the progress of the League arms was the want of funds, but this was removed by the discovery of an immense sum—estimated by De Thou at 360,000 crowns—in the house of Peter Molan, Chancellor of the Exchequer, then at Tours, who had amassed enormous wealth by malversation. A short time previously he had refused to lend the King a comparatively small amount, which so enraged Henry, now that he became acquainted with the existence of the miser's ill-gotten hoards, that he placed him under arrest, until he had paid 30,000 crowns as the price of his liberty. Mayenne also took care to despatch envoys to Rome to implore the Pope not to accord absolution to the King. Henry III. had already sent Cardinal Gondy to smooth the way to a reconciliation with the Holy See. But Sixtus, seeing the prosperity of the League, was inexorable, and threatened him with excommunication, unless he released the Cardinal of Bourbon and the Archbishop of Lyons, and, like Henry II. of England, made humble atonement for the murder he had instigated. On this Cardinal Joyeuse, who had hitherto faithfully represented the Gallican Church, left Rome and returned to France by way of Venice. That friendly republic united with the Dukes of Mantua and Tuscany, in advising the Pontiff to relax from his severity, and at the same time they warned him that if the French monarch entered the Papal dominions at the head of an army to demand abso-

lution, he must look for no aid from them. They also intimated to Henry III. that his suit at Rome depended on the success of his arms in France. If he triumphed over the Leaguers, he would easily be reconciled with the head of the Christian Church, but if his enemies prevailed, excommunication certainly awaited him.

Despairing of coming to any terms with the Lorraine princes, Henry III. prosecuted his negotiations with the King of Navarre, and it was agreed that a truce should be proclaimed for twelve months, during which the Huguenots should aid the King against their mutual enemies. The town of Saumur was to be given up to Navarre as a passage across the Loire, and some other places of less importance were to be assigned to him as security for the payment of his troops. Though the negotiation had been conducted with much secrecy, a rumour of it nevertheless got abroad and greatly scandalized the bigotted Catholics. But the king's insincerity is proved by a letter he wrote some time previously to Cardinal Joyeuse, in which he expressed his regret that he could not continue the war against the Huguenots, though he hoped to do so more effectually hereafter. He also excused himself to the Legate on the plea that the Lorraine princes would not treat with him on any terms. Morosini therefore obtained from him an interval of ten days before carrying the treaty into execution, and undertook to mediate with Mayenne and the League.* The

* Henry III. was frequently heard to repeat to himself *De inimicis meis vindicabo inimicus meos.*

It was Diana, Duchess of Angoulême, Henry's half-sister, who opened the way for the negotiations between the King and Navarre. She was greatly esteemed by both

terms offered by Henry III. were most extravagant. He tendered Mayenne the government of Burgundy, with power to nominate the municipal authorities, and to fill up all vacant posts, together with an annual pension of 40,000 crowns. To his nephew, the young Duke of Guise, the government of Champagne and a pension of 20,000 crowns, with 30,000 livres a year for his younger brother. To the Duke of Nemours, the government of Lyons and 10,000 crowns a year. To the Duke of Aumale, the government of Picardy and two towns in Provence. To the Duke of Elbœuf, a government, and an annual pension of 25,000 livres. And to the Marquis Du Pont, eldest son of the Duke of Lorraine, the governments of Toul Metz and Verdun, with the assurance that, if his Majesty died without male issue, the three bishoprics should be for ever united to the principality of Lorraine. Any differences that might arise, should be submitted to the arbitration of the Pope, the Venetian Republic, the Grand-duke of Tuscany, and the Dukes of Ferrara and Lorraine. Charged with these advantageous terms, the Legate hastened from Tours to Chateaudrou, whither Mayenne had advanced with his army. But his labour was fruitless. While he testified the utmost respect for the Pontiff and his Legate, Mayenne never ceased to speak of the King in the most contemptuous terms, styling him "*ce miserable*," and declaring that it was impossible to have peace with a perfidious wretch who had

neither faith nor honour, and that he could never trust to the promises of a man who had so basely murdered his brothers after vowing eternal friendship at the altar. Finding it impossible to effect his object, the Legate wrote to the King to that effect, and then withdrew into the Bourbonnois, until the Pope summoned him to Rome to give an account of his legation. The Spanish Ambassador also retired from Court, and fixed his residence in Paris, where he was better able to promote the interests of his royal master, Philip II.

Henry III. then executed the treaty with Navarre, and Saumur was committed to the government of Duplessis-Mornay. Declarations were immediately published by both princes, setting forth the advantages that must accrue to the nation from their reconciliation, and labouring to dispel the fears of the zealous Catholics. Many of Navarre's oldest and truest friends strove to dissuade him from trusting himself in the power of the King, who was quite capable of purchasing his own absolution by delivering up the leader of the Huguenots to the tender mercies of the Holy Sec. But Navarre well knew that Henry III. could not at that moment dispense with his services, and that he should thus strengthen his claim to the succession of the throne of France. Besides, to a loyal and chivalrous disposition it is natural to love danger for its own sake, and nothing is so galling to a man of a generous and magnanimous mind as suspicion

parties. She married Horatio Farnese, Duke of Castro, brother of Alexander, the great Prince of Parma. Nothing more is known of her mother than that she was a Piedmontese lady named Philippa Duc, who took the veil after the birth of this child. Diana of Poitiers had no children by Henry II.

and distrust. On the 30th of April, therefore, the two Kings met in the park of Plessis-lez-Tours, the favorite residence of Louis XI., and the scene of his death. The crowd was so dense that some time elapsed before Navarre could approach the King. When he did so, he bent his knee and exclaimed that this was the most joyful day of his life. Henry III. hastened to raise him up, and calling him his dear brother, embraced him with every appearance of cordiality. A shout of *Vivent les rois!* then burst from the assembled thousands as from one man.

Next morning at a very early hour, being May-day, Navarre left his quarters in the suburb St. Symphorien, and crossed the river, accompanied by a single page, to pay his respects to the King. Henry III. was delighted with this frank truthfulness, for he could rarely have met with it, and perhaps he esteemed it the more, that he himself was unable to practice it. Two days were passed in deliberation, and Navarre's advice was adopted to raise as large an army as possible, and march direct upon Paris. He then left with the King the troops he had brought with him, while he himself proceeded to Chenow and Lundun to collect as many more as could be persuaded to unite with the royalists. Many of the nobles, touched by the King's distress, and the generous conduct of the Huguenot prince, agreed to lay aside their mutual jealousies and disputes, and to be rivals only in the service they rendered their sovereign. Among these may be especially noticed the Duke of Epernon and Marshal D'Aumont.

Henry III. was also urged to display greater activity, and La Cliella received a mission to solicit the loan of 200,000 crowns from the Grand Duke of Tuscany, who had lately espoused Christina of Lorraine. Schomberg and De Thou were at the same time commissioned to announce to the Emperor the death of the Queen-mother, though their real object was to obtain his consent to the levies of men they were instructed to raise in the German States. Harlay de Sancy had already passed into Switzerland for the same purpose, and De Fresne was now sent to Madrid to endeavour to prevail upon Philip II. to withdraw his protection from the League, in consideration of the city of Cambray, all his claims to which Henry III. offered to renounce for ever. But the Spanish monarch deemed it more politic to watch the progress of events and returned only evasive answers.

The comparatively defenceless position of the King at Tours, induced the Duke of Mayenne to tempt the fortune of a sudden attack. Taking Melun and a few other places that intercepted the arrival of supplies into Paris, he advanced to Châteaudrou, while Rosne surprised all the members of the Royal Council at Vendôme, and compelled them to pay a heavy ransom. The League forces then effected a junction and cut to pieces a detachment of six hundred royalists at St. Ouen near Amboise, and made prisoner their leader the Count de Brienne. Mayenne then advanced with unusual rapidity, and early on the morning of the 8th of May appeared on the heights above the suburb of St. Symphorien. The King had a

very narrow escape, for he had ridden out to Marmontier, and with difficulty avoided the enemy's scouts. It had been arranged that the Leaguers in the town should ring the tocsin, and, as the people ran to arms, should lead them against the royalists who could thus be placed between two fires and easily routed. But the imminence of the danger restored to Henry the promptitude and energy of his youth. Placing guards to prevent the bells being rung, he took up a commanding position within the town, and then hastened in person to the scene of action to encourage his men, who were slowly yielding to superior numbers. The moment was indeed critical, for the League forces hourly increased, and notwithstanding the desperate resistance of the royalists, the suburb was at length carried and above three hundred of its gallant defenders slain, while the loss of the assailants did not exceed one-fourth of that number. Fortunately Châtillon now came up with a body of five hundred veteran soldiers, whom Navarre had sent forward to guard against any attempt of this kind. Their appearance arrested the progress of the enemy, who in vain cried aloud, "Retire, white scarfs! retire, Châtillon! We have no quarrel with you, but with the murderers of your father." Châtillon nobly replied that they were traitors and rebels, and that his duty required him to combat for his sovereign rather than for private interests. Mayenne therefore prudently ceased the fight,* and taking Alençon on

his march, returned to Paris, after committing the most frightful ravages in the suburb of Tours.

Houses were plundered and set on fire; women and even children violated; men shamefully ill-used; the churches rifled, and the consecrated vessels carried off. The Chevalier D'Aumale was particularly conspicuous in these scenes of outrage, and regarded nothing as sacred, or deserving of veneration or pity. Indeed the soldiers of the church appear to have been its worst enemies. It is reported that they would compel the royalist clergy to baptize pigs, calves, hares, fish, and game, while they indulged in the most profane ribaldry. The robes that adorned the images of the Virgin were given to their mistresses. The churches were disgustingly and obscenely polluted. The vessels, if of value, were declared heretical, and were seized; if of common metal, they were pronounced sacred, and left uninjured. Sometimes they would even attire one of their number in priests' robes, and receive from his sacrilegious hands the consecrated wafer.

Meanwhile Montmorency-Thore had succeeded in making himself master of Senlis, and was thus enabled to cut off all communication between the capital and Picardy. The citizens were naturally ill-pleased to behold the most productive quarter for their supplies thus forbidden, and by their repeated remonstrances constrained the Duke of Aumale and Mayneville to undertake its recovery. Being joined by Balagny, with nearly four thousand men

* The King of Navarre arrived soon afterwards, and was anxious to renew the fight, but Henry III. restrained his ardour, jocosely remarking that it was hardly fair to risk a double-Henry against a Caroles:—coins of the time.

and seven pieces of artillery, they laid siege to Senlis with above 8000 men all well armed, but unused to war. The town promised to surrender on the 17th of May, if not previously succoured. On that very day appeared in sight a force of 3000 foot and 1200 horse under the nominal command of the Duke of Longueville, but actually directed by the brave and experienced LaNoue. It was supposed, however, that they had no artillery, for, in order to mislead the enemy's spies, their guns did not leave Compeigne until the troops were already on their march. Aumale resolved therefore to advance at the head of his cavalry, and cut them to pieces. Forming three heavy squadrons he dashed forward, unsupported by either infantry or artillery. Balagny commenced the action at the head of his Walloons, but the royalist battalions suddenly opened, and their guns poured in such a close and well directed fire, that his men fell into disorder. Aumale then furiously charged in person to retrieve the fortune

of the day, but the other wing opened in like manner, and received him with a tremendous fire, while the musketeers thinned his unguarded flanks. Seizing the opportunity, the royalist cavalry charged through his broken ranks, sabring and trampling down all before them; at the same moment, the garrison of Senlis made a vigorous sally, and the Leaguers fled from the field in the utmost confusion. Camp, guns, colours, ammunition, and baggage, with 1200 prisoners, fell into the hands of the victors, and about 2000 were slain. The Duke of Aumale fled to St. Denis, and Balagny to Paris, where the news of the defeat diffused universal terror and dismay, which was not a little heightened by some volleys fired into the city by LaNoue, as he marched along the heights of Montfaucon on his way into Burgundy.*

The day after the battle of Senlis, Châtillon encountered 300 cavalry under Tiercelin de Sa veuse near Bonneval. As they would accept no quarter, they were all put to the sword; and

* After the battle of Senlis, the following doggerels were circulated among the royalists in allusion to the rapidity of Aumale's flight:—

A chacun Nature donne,
Des pieds, pour le secourir :
Les pieds sauvent la personne ;
Il n'est que de bien courir.
Ce vaillant prince D'Aumale,
Pour avoir bien couru,
Quoiqu'il ait perdu sa malle,
N'a pas la mort encouru.

Souvent celui qui demeure,
Est cause de son meschef :
Celui qui fuit de bonne heure,
Peut combattre de rechef.
Il vaut mieux des pieds combattre,
En feulant l'air et le vent,
Que se faire occire ou battre,
Pour n'avoir pris le devant.
Qui a de l'honneur envie,
Ne doit pourtant en mourir :
Ou il y va de la vie,
Il n'est que de bien courir.

their leader, who was dangerously wounded, refusing all surgical assistance, died, cursing with his latest breath the murderer of the princely Guise. The Duke of Montpensier had been equally successful in dispersing a rabble rout of peasantry, who ravaged Normandy, under the pretext of defending themselves from the exactions and ill-treatment of the soldiery. These successes and the remonstrances of Navarre at length diverted the King from his desire to negotiate, and he advanced at the head of his army towards Paris. Navarre commanded the vanguard. Gien, La Charité, Pluviers, Douvains, Etampes, and other towns threw open their gates, but Orleans with its Governor La Châtre still adhered to the League.

Mayenne had sent a fresh deputation to Rome on the alliance of the two Kings, to demand a sentence of excommunication against them both, and the appointment of a Legate favorable to the League. The envoys were also instructed to solicit a loan of 1,200,000 crowns at the rate of seven per cent. interest, secured by the clergy and certain towns of France. The refusal of Henry III. to release the Cardinal of Bourbon and the Archbishop of Lyons* greatly irritated the Pontiff, and he was encouraged by the apparent prosperity of the League to issue a Monitory, dated the 24th of May, by which the King was enjoined to set the two Prelates free within ten days after it had been affixed to the doors of two Churches within his dominions. Otherwise, he him-

self, together with all his accomplices in the murder of the one Cardinal and the imprisonment of the other would become liable to the greater excommunication, and to all the censures of the Bull *In Cœna Domini*, from which the Pope alone could ever accord them absolution. Sixty days, however, were allowed for the King to plead in person, or by proxy, against this sentence, but all privileges conferred upon himself or his predecessors by the Holy See were abrogated and annulled.

This Monitory was published in France towards the end of June, while the King was still at Etampes. He was at first overwhelmed with grief, and complained that greater severity had been exercised towards himself, the avowed enemy of heretics, than against the followers of the Constable of Bourbon, who had sacked Rome. Navarre replied that the reason was obvious—the latter were victorious. In like manner, if they vanquished their enemies, absolution would quickly be accorded; but if fortune proved adverse to their arms, they had nothing to expect but a double and triple sentence of excommunication. Encouraged by these hearty assurances the King continued his march, and crossed the Seine by the bridge of Poissy. Pontoise surrendered on the 25th of July, after sustaining a siege of fourteen days, and at Conflans he was joined by Nicholas Harley, Baron de Sancy, with nearly 20,000 Swiss, Germans, and Genoese. A few days after-

* The Cardinal of Bourbon had been removed to Chinon, the Duke of Guise to Tours, and the Duke of Elbeuf to Loches. The Archbishop of Lyons remained in the custody of Du Guesat at Amboise.

wards he was master of the bridge of St. Cloud, and passed his army in review, that now amounted to an imposing force of 40,000 men. As he surveyed his capital from the heights, he is said to have exclaimed, that very shortly there should be neither walls nor houses there, but only the ruins of Paris. The situation of the Leaguers was extremely critical. Many persons, who had hitherto remained neutral, now openly espoused the cause of their sovereign, and even the preachers failed to excite the enthusiasm of the multitude. Despair filled every breast, and an old prediction was in every one's mouth, that about this time it should come to pass, that the traveller, surveying an untenanted waste, should exclaim with astonishment: "This was the site of Paris." The prophecy, if it had ever been uttered, was falsified by a crime.

There was at that time living in Paris a young Jacobin, named James Clement, about twenty-two years of age, gifted with strong passions, but of a weak and superstitious temperament. He had been one of the foremost and the most zealous to inflame the populace against the heretics, and commonly went by the name of Captain Clement. Afflicted by the prospect of the approaching overthrow of the League, he formed the design of vindicating the cause of religion by assassinating

his sovereign. Before retiring to rest, his mind wrought up to the verge of frenzy; he prayed fervently for the divine aid in accomplishing this impious crime. In the darkness of the night his disordered imagination, impressed with the meditations of the day, conjured up the apparition of an Angel, who foretold that the Tyrant of France should fall by his hand, and that the crown of martyrdom awaited himself. Next morning he rehearsed this vision to his confessor, Father Bourgoing, and asked if it were really an acceptable thing in God's sight to slay a tyrant devoid of religion and honour. He was answered that although homicide was in general forbidden, yet in the present case as Henry of Valois was a tyrant and under the sentence of excommunication, it would be an act similar to that of Judith, and therefore highly commendable, especially as he undertook the enterprise, not from motives of private malice and revenge, but simply for the honour and glory of God and the good of his country.*

The wretched man thus confirmed in his purpose, prepared himself for martyrdom by prayer and fasting. He then confessed himself and received the Sacrament. There can be no doubt that he communicated his intentions to the Dukes of Mayenne and Aumale, who certainly took no measures to prevent the perpetration of the

* Father Bourgoing was taken prisoner in the attack on the Faubourgs in 1589, with arms in his hands. He was tried at Tours, tortured, condemned, quartered, and his remains burned. He suffered with great firmness, and denied to the last that he had been privy to the assassination of the King; though he confessed that he had afterwards spoken of it with commendation, and had compared the regicide to Judith, Ehud, and Jael. His portrait was to be seen in 1628, among the martyrs of the order in the Church of St. Paul at Valladolid.

crime, while the Duchess of Montpensier exhorted him to persevere, inciting him by means the best calculated to influence a weak and impassioned bigot. A knife was procured by a monk named Mergy, and consecrated with due rites. On the 31st of July Clement left the capital, being accompanied to some distance from the walls by several Jesuits, who left nothing untried that could inflame his fanaticism to the highest degree. He was stopped at the outposts of the royalist army, but as the King's commands were positive, that all persons of the religious order should have access to him at all hours, he was conducted to La Guesle, the Attorney-General. In reply to numerous interrogatives, he stated that he was deputed by the King's partisans in Paris to promise, that on a certain day a gate should be opened to his Majesty's troops, and that he was the bearer of private intelligence which he could impart to the King alone. By way of credentials he exhibited a passport signed by the Count de Brienne, and a letter apparently in the handwriting of President Harlay, then a prisoner in the Bastille, by which his Majesty was assured that he might trust implicitly in the bearer. As Henry III. was at that moment engaged in inspecting the advanced posts, La Guesle desired the monk to wait till the following morning. During supper Clement cut his meat with the knife destined for the regicide, and joined cheerfully in the conversation of the table. On some one observing that it was currently reported that four or five monks of his order had made a vow to slay the King, he calmly

replied that there were good and bad in every order.

He then threw himself on a bench, and soon fell into a profound slumber. One of the attendants took up the breviary that was lying beside him, and found it open and much soiled at the history of Judith and Holofernes. Any suspicions, however, that might thence have arisen, were removed by the calm repose of the monk. Next morning between seven and eight o'clock, he was summoned to the Royal presence. La Guesle and Bellegarde were alone in attendance. After repeating the story he had already told the Attorney-General, Clement approached the King to impart his secret intelligence. The two gentlemen wished to oppose this, but Henry's veneration for the sacred habit forbade him to entertain the slightest distrust. The King then took into his hand the pretended letter of President Harlay, and while he was examining the handwriting, Clement, who had remained all the time on his knees, stabbed him in the lower part of the stomach. Feeling himself wounded, Henry pulled out the knife and struck the monk with it in the face. As he still kept his ground unmoved, La Guesle, fancying he might have some other weapon about his person, rushed at him with his drawn sword, and the guards pouring into the apartment at the same moment, the murderer was instantly despatched. The dead body was then flung out of the window, and exposed to public gaze, in order that he might be recognised, as some charitably insinuated that he was a Huguenot in disguise.

He was afterwards quartered, and his remains consumed by fire. On which, a brother Dominican, who wrote an account of the "strange and sudden death of Henry of Valois, that happened by divine permission," quaintly observes: "I leave you to imagine how much he suffered by such treatment after he was dead. His soul, however, did not the less ascend to Heaven to the society of the Blessed. As to that of Henry of Valois, I refer you to his works, but leave judgment to God."

Meanwhile the King was conducted to his chamber, his bowels protruding through the wound; but the Surgeons, after a careful examination, pronounced as their opinion, that the intestines were uninjured, and that in ten days, at the latest, he would again be able to mount on horseback. An altar was prepared at the foot of the bed at his particular request, and the Mass duly performed. Shortly afterwards great pain ensued, and it was discovered that the wound was in truth mortal. The announcement of his approaching fate in no way alarmed the King. He professed the most perfect resignation to the will of Heaven, and demanded absolution from his Confessor, who at first refused to give it, as he had not complied with the Pope's Monitory. Henry replied that he was the eldest son of the Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman Church, and wished to die such, and that he solemnly promised to conform in all things to the commands of the Holy See. On this he received absolution, and the Sacrament was administered to him, while he declared that he freely forgave all his enemies, even

those who had compassed his death. When his religious exercises were concluded, the nobles were admitted, and among them the King of Navarre. All were moved to tears. Henry III. alone preserved his calmness and serenity. After deploring the sad condition of his realm, he declared Navarre his successor, and required all who were present to acknowledge him as their lawful sovereign. He then exhorted that Prince to abandon his heretical opinions, and to return to the religion of his forefathers, assuring him that he would never be King of France until he had reconciled himself with his Holy Mother—the Church. The room was then cleared, and he again betook himself to his religious duties. During the night he suffered great pain, and about two o'clock next morning, being conscious that his end was nigh at hand, he again confessed himself and received absolution: after which the extreme unction was administered. After repeating *In manus tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum*, he began to recite the *Miserere*, but was unable to complete it. Twice making the sign of the Cross, he expired without a sigh, nor could his last hours have been more edifying had he in truth died the death of the righteous. Thus closed the troubled career of Henry III., in the 39th year of his age and the 16th of his reign. In his youth he gave promises of energy and decision which his maturer years did not fulfil, owing to the voluptuous excesses in which he habitually indulged. He was naturally of a religious disposition, though inclined to pleasure, and his temper was easy

and indulgent. But power corrupted these original tendencies, and he became superstitious, indolent, lavish, and intemperate.

His abilities were of a very high order, and he was possessed of a manly eloquence. When left to himself, he was disposed to be just and unselfish, but he was easily led away, and cared for little beyond the passing hour. Like his mother, whom he strove in many points to imitate, he had a perfect command of his features, and seldom allowed his countenance to betray his true sentiments. He was fond of pomp and festivity, and utterly reckless in his expenditure. In the latter years of his life he had become more regular in his habits, and had thus greatly restored his shattered constitution. His reign was peculiarly unfortunate to France, for his want of firmness encouraged the violent usurpations of the great lords, and left them at liberty to work out their private ends at the expence of the safety and welfare of the entire Kingdom. With Henry III. terminated the line of Valois, that had occupied the French throne since 1328.

The death of Henry III. caused great joy in Paris, and even the Pope pronounced the deed to be more than mortal, and evidently the handiwork of the Almighty. The Duchess of Montpensier, in

the extravagance of her delight, repeatedly embraced the messenger who brought the glad tidings. The black scarfs worn by the Leaguers since the murder of the Guises were now laid aside for green, the colour of Lorraine. Clement was at once recognised as a Saint and Martyr.*

Images and pictures of him were placed in the street shrines, called *Paradis*, and candles were kept continually burning before them. His brother Dominicans chaunted the *Te Deum*, and glorified God that their order had produced a murderer. His statue was erected in the Church of Nôtre Dame with the legend : "Saint James Clement, pray for us." His relations were treated with great respect, and received handsome pensions, and his mother was admitted to the society, and dined at the table of the Duchess of Montpensier. After the royal army had evacuated St. Cloud, some zealots or speculators in popular devotion loaded a barge with the earth that had been imbued with his blood, intending to construct therewith a mound, but the wind springing up, the barge with its precious freight and pious crew went to the bottom.

The same day that Henry III. was wounded, and before the news had reached Paris, the preachers announced that it would soon

* Anagrams were made, and the deceased Monarch's name was tortured into *Julian Herodes, Dehors le Vilain*, and *Ha ruine des Loix*, while the royalists retorted that *Frère Jacques Clement* clearly signified *C'est l'enfer qui m'a créé*. Among the wretched doggerels that were composed on the occasion, the following are perhaps not the worst :—

L'an mil cinq cens quatre vingt neuf,
Fut mis a mort d'un couteau neuf,
Henri de Valois, Roi de France,
Par un Jacobin qui exprès,
Fut à Saint Cloud, pour de bien près,
Lui tirer ce coup dant la panse,
Telle vie, telle fin.

please the Deity to remove Henry of Valois from the earth he polluted; and Boucher declared that as the 1st of August* was the anniversary of St. Peter's deliverance from bonds, a similar interposition of Heaven might be expected by the suffering Catholics. He also maintained that it was a pious deed to put to death a tyrant and a heretic. For a whole week afterwards processions were made to the Church of the

Dominicans, and the faithful were exhorted to contribute liberally for the benefit of the soul of the glorious martyr, and for the maintenance of his poor relatives. William Roze, Bishop of Senlis, preached a sermon in justification of the regicide, and Father Bourgoing apostrophised the spirit of the slaughtered assassin as the Holy Martyr of Jesus Christ, while he compared his deed to that of Judith, Ehud, or Jael.

* Such is the statement handed down to us; but if Clement had been introduced to the royal presence the same day that he entered the camp, it is to be presumed that he would then have petrated the murder; and as the preacher would not possibly divide then be engaged in visiting the outposts, they all must have expected that it would be committed on the last day of July. The fact is, however, that it may reasonably be excused as a necessary consequence of the perfect veracity of temporary and subsequent writers. We may both charitably and reasonably conclude that neither Henry III. nor the Leaguers were so bad as they are represented.

Metrical Version of Cap. VII. Book III.

OF THE

VISHNU PURANA.

Maitreya loquitur.

PARASURA, you've told me

All that I asked to hear,

How out of Chaos sprung this

God-made Hemisphere.

How zone on zone, and sphere on sphere,

In ever varying forms,

The wondrous egg of Brahma,

With living creatures swarms.

All great and small—all small and great—

On their own acts depend :

All these terrestrial vanities

In punishment must end.

Released from Yama they are born
 As men, as Gods, again,
 And thus in endless circle still
 Revolving they remain.

Tell me, oh ! tell me, what I ask,
 What you alone can tell :
 By what acts only mortal men
 Can free themselves from Hell ?

Parasura loquitur.

Listen, Maitreya, best of men :
 The question you have brought,
 Was once by royal Nakula
 Of aged Bhishma sought.

And thus the hoary sage replied :
 " Listen, my prince ; this tale
 A Brahman guest once told me
 From far Calinga's vale.

He from an ancient Muni,
 The wondrous secret gained,
 In whose clear mind of former births,
 The memory remained.

Never before had human ear,
 The tale mysterious heard :
 Such as it was, I tell you now,
 Repeating word for word.

As from the coils of mortal birth,
 Released the Muni lay,
 He heard the awful King of Death,
 Thus to his menials say.

' Touch not, I charge you, any one,
 Whom Vishnu has let loose :
 On Madhu Sudda's followers,
 Cast not the fatal noose.

Brahma appointed me to rule
 Poor erring mortal's fate,
 Of evil, and uncertain good
 The balance regulate.

But he, who chooses Vishnu,
 As spiritual guide,
 Slave of a nightier Lord than me
 Can scorn me in my pride.

As gold is of one substance still,
 Assume what form it can :
 So Vishnu has the self-same might,
 As beast, as God, or man.

And as the drops of watery spray,
 Raised by the winds on high,
 Sink slowly down again to earth,
 When calm pervades the sky.

So particles of Source divine,
 Created Forms contain :
 When that disturbance is composed,
 They reunite again.'

But tell us, Master," they replied,
 "How shall thy slaves deserv
 Those, who with heart and soul upon
 The Mighty Lord rely."

"Oh ! they are those, who truly love
 Their neighbours :—them you'll know,
 Who never from their duty swerve,
 And would not hurt their foe ;

Whose hearts are undefiled
 By soil of Kali age,
 Who let not others' hoarded wealth
 Their envious thoughts engage.

No more can Vishnu there abide,
 Where evil passions sway—
 Than glowing heat of fire reside
 In the moon's cooling ray.

But those, who covet others' wealth,
 Whose hearts are hard in sin,
 And those, whose low degraded souls
 Pride rampant reigns within ;

Who ever with the wicked sit,
 And daily frauds prepare,
 Who duties to their friends forget :
 Vishnu has nothing *there*."

Such were the orders, that the King
 Of Hell his servants gave.
 For Vishnu his true followers
From Death itself can save."

C. N. R.

INDIA AND HER PRESENT RULERS—NO. II.

"The day drags through, though storms keep out the sun."

BYRON.

IF hard speaking and hard writing 'about and about' a given political problem could furnish the needful data for its solution, we should have ample grounds for supposing that the question of Indian Government had already gotten its true *quietus* through the mouths and pens of political declaimers at home. The expenditure of human breath and printer's ink during the last twelvemonth on this one topic alone says much at least for the unwearied industry, if not so much for the sound logic or the patriotic purpose, of all who have borne their part in its discussion. For several months that topic has held the first, if not the only conspicuous place in the public interest. Day after day it has been handled, with different degrees of skill, bias, knowledge, comprehensiveness, by all the leading journals in the three kingdoms. Month after month it appears under divers forms and disguises in all our favorite Reviews and Magazines. Turn to any page of your Overland newspaper, and you will find it there. Open your English bookseller's newest catalogue, and it is there also. It has become a standing topic with the men of Manchester no less than the men of Leadenhall. In the House of Lords it has come to be looked upon as rather pleasant company for half an hour at a time. Its patrons in the Lower House were strong enough to enliven its later appearances on the scene of Burke's brilliant mas-

ter-pieces with a show of oratory not quite unworthy of former days. Even the interminable speech of Sir C. Wood obtained, on account of the subject, a hearing such as would scarcely have been accorded to its intrinsic merits or those of its very commonplace speaker.

To wade through half of what has been said or written on a topic so all-engrossing, would be a task to baffle the patience and spoil the eyesight of ninety-nine persons out of a hundred. We must own to having succeeded in this respect no better than our neighbours. The recent Blue Books on Indian affairs would be enough of themselves to deter us from such an enterprise. And these are little more than a drop in the ocean of printed matter wherewith her Majesty's lieges have been flooded for these many months past. It would need a library of no mean dimensions to contain, without reference to works on other subjects, all the books, pamphlets, periodicals, and printed speeches which have issued and still are issuing from the British press on account of this Indian question alone.

Luckily however for their peace of mind, her Majesty's lieges in this country need not exert themselves overmuch to gather the purport of all these literary travails on the part of their countrymen at home. To judge from specimens taken up at random, the latter are clearly new as yet to the work they have begun to do

so suddenly. With few exceptions they have no clear conception of the way in which that work should best be done—still less of the spirit in which it should be attempted. Like children taken with a new toy, they have as yet been employed in shaping after their own excited fancies the solution of a mystery, which awaits the moment of returning calmness to get solved aright. To expect much sober truth or fruitful speculation from their present mood would be about as reasonable, as to expect words of gray-headed wisdom from the lips of a mere child. What they have hitherto done with their new puzzle they have done unthinkingly, without due inquiry, without concert either for preliminary movements or for ulterior advantage. Their zeal for advancing the work in hand has altogether outrun their knowledge of the means required for advancing the work in hand. It is hardly too much to say, that the practical results of a movement started under such doubtful auspices will be found to suggest a relation to the ostensible results, almost as laughable as the relation which Falstaff's pennyworth of daily food bore to his gallon of daily drink. And even of that modicum there is very little which an Anglo-Indian, possessed of tolerable shrewdness and a fair amount of ordinary knowledge, will not have already gathered for himself out of materials lying for the most part under his immediate ken.

In truth the hubbub which our friends at home have kept raising for these many months past over their Indian controversy, has been singularly free from any such

practical tendencies. While every body was bent on talking for his own pleasure, where could you hope to find workers content to examine, learn, deliberate, for the good of others? While every body was pulling a different way at the object of a disquietude felt by all alike for reasons however various, what chance was there of such an issue as would have satisfied the reasonable demands of all who regarded the question thus rudely handled, as a question to be decided on the highest, largest, and firmest grounds alone?

What sort of aid for arguing such a question was to be looked for from a knot of speakers, of whom one could place an Indian Commissioner on a level with an English tax-gatherer, of whom another could accuse the Company's servants of universal corruption and misrule, of whom a third could arraign the India House for misdeeds long since traced to the doors of Cannon Row, of whom a fourth could ignore the blessings conferred on India by her present rulers, while dwelling in rapturous fondness on the magnificent trappings which gilded her wretchedness in the good old days of Akbar and Aurungzebe? What sort of practical reform was to come from men who regarded India as a paradise for English cotton-spinners, or from men who regarded her as a paradise for the friends and relatives of East India Directors? What sort of truthful conclusion could be evolved from the speeches of men who reasoned deliberately from false premises, or from the speeches of men who ignorantly adopted a few isolated facts as the basis for a pile of inductive reasoning such as would certainly have driven

Bacon to despair? The wonder rather should be that anything like an amended system should have worked its way at length out of a chaos so terribly involved. After a storm so violent it is something at least to find ourselves riding in a harbour a little less dangerous than the last. Seeing what vague, absurd, and conflicting notions have so long been ruffling the English mind, there is really much cause for thankfulness and hopeful expectation, even in the small amount of administrative reform which England has just conceded to her Indian dependency at the recommendation of Sir C. Wood. After a season of dire suspense, of continued struggle between hope and fear, it is pleasant to realise a state of things which promises to quench our fears for the time to come, however grudgingly it begins to feed our hopes for the time being.

That the new programme of Indian policy reflects much praise either on the Cabinet which arranged or the Parliament which sanctioned it, we do not for a moment pretend to think. For the shortcomings of the latter we were indeed prepared. But we had certainly counted on something better from a body of men whose talents and experience transcend the usual standards of ministerial fitness. The scheme they have concerted for our behoof cannot be regarded on the whole as a very choice specimen of their legislative skill. Viewed as aught but a passing arrangement for tiding over rather a difficult crisis, it would fail to pass muster with the most lenient judges. At the best it offers but few points for favorable criticism. It is indeed

an amusing compound of materials good, bad, indifferent: neither fish, nor flesh, nor yet fowl. A curious jumble of truth, and falsehood, and half-truths akin to falsehood; of sound premises stopping short of their just conclusion, and bold sophisms pleading for the soundness of premises long since condemned as utterly fallacious! There is evidence in it of a wish to please all parties by the very provisions which are most likely to please none. There are tokens in it of a sincere regard for justice and high principle, along with tokens of equally sincere respect for the feelings and interests of those who look on justice and high principle as themes for grievance-mongers, rather than magnets for British statesmen. On the whole a very perverse mixture indeed!

What should we say of a doctor who bled his fever-stricken patient with one hand, while pouring stimulants freely down his throat with the other? Or what of a lawyer who attempted to prove his client's innocence by adducing fresh reasons for believing him guilty? Or what of the parson whose sermon began with a labored defence of Puseyism, went on with a frank avowal of Mormonite leanings, and wound up with a full confession of his belief in the Greek Mythology? And yet this is in effect precisely what Her Majesty's present ministers have done. Their mode of treating the case in hand seems to consist in striking a due balance between remedies warranted to kill and remedies warranted to cure. The pill they would have us swallow is made up of ingredients, one half of which are sure to counteract

more or less fatally the good derivable from the other half. At one moment they are all for worshipping God's truth, justice, and wisdom alone. At the next they are wilfully bowing the knee to this or that form of Mammon's falsehood and wrong-doing. . At one moment they are seen straining every nerve to rescue India from the danger which threatens momentarily to overtake her. At the next they are doing their worst to drag her backwards into the slough from which they had rescued her the moment before. Rather an impolitic process, that of firing Ucalegon's house, when his next door neighbour is yourself !

Taking the ministerial scheme as it stands apart from all extrinsic considerations, we could hardly in strict justice come to any other conclusion than this. Still we have cause to be thankful for the mixture such as it is. It might have been made more wholesome. But it might undoubtedly have been made more hurtful. What of virtue it really contains for practical ends will be found working for ulterior good rather than ulterior evil. Its worse ingredients will be got rid of in due time by the force of circumstances bringing its better ones into freer and fairer play. 'There is a soul of goodness in things evil,' whose influence ere long will begin to shew itself here also in many notable ways. To think otherwise, would be a libel on the British public such as we can have no warrant for uttering just now.

What of movement seems expressible from the present scheme, is movement at least in a forward direction. In nearly all those

points of detail, wherein it differs from any of its nearest predecessors, it may be said to differ, however slightly, for the better. It removes more than one serious obstacle in the way of practicable reform, though it leaves untouched the most serious obstacle of all. It marks out for future workmen more than one road to practical perfection, even though it forbears to travel by any of those roads itself. It enunciates more than one principle of just and wise policy, though it seldom follows out those principles to their ulterior results. If it doles out but few crumbs for present rejoicing, it keeps up our spirits with certain clear foreshadowings of the loaf designed for future realisation. It is the twilight which precedes a long day of perfect happiness, not that which closes a day of clouds with a night of storm and suffering.

With the general plan of Indian government, the new scheme has hardly meddled at all. The India House retains its Directorate. Cannon Row is still to be honored with its Board of Control. The Court of Proprietors are left in nearly the full enjoyment of those electoral privileges, which they have hitherto wielded with such dexterous grace and perfect freedom from all romantic ideas. The Governor General is left in the full enjoyment of all those blessings which invariably flow from the advice and co-operation of his Supreme Council. To all outward seeming the machinery of Indian rule will be allowed to work and clatter along for an indefinite number of years to come, pretty much as it has been working and clattering for the last

fifty years. The old unsightly tree, whose barrenness has long defied all sorts of efforts for its removal, is still to cumber the ground for some years longer—still to go through the farce of a further trial, long after its oldest friends have begun to turn from it as from a simple nuisance.

It is more immediately with reference to subordinate details that the amending process has ostensibly been carried on. The Court of Directors are to be reduced in number and deprived of a portion of their present power. Of that smaller number twelve are to be elected after the old fashion. Along with these, six more, elected by the Crown out of those men who have served their ten years in this country, are to make up that useful body which nominally holds the reigns of Indian empire. Addiscombe and Haileybury, those erstwhile centres of India House patronage and Mammon nepotism, are henceforth thrown open to all who shall have passed with due credit through the less partial ordeal of a public examination. A similar test is to be applied in this country to native candidates for the subordinate judgeships. Something like a provision is also made for the improvement of our judicial system, by a proposal to merge into one uniform and effective whole the functions which are now divided between her Majesty's Courts and those of the East India Company. The question of local Government has not been wholly overlooked. Bengal, the oldest, richest, worst governed of our Indian provinces, is allowed henceforth to rejoice in a Governor of her own. The North Western Provinces are to be rais-

ed into a separate Presidency; while a similar distinction may possibly be conferred on the Punjab. Some attempt is also to be made at bettering the prospects of our uncovenanted service in general, and revising the salaries of our ill-paid native judges in particular. The Supreme Council is to be placed on a broader and more efficient bottom than heretofore. Further, it will be left to a select committee to lighten the Council's ordinary labors by taking upon itself the especial charge of the legislative department of Anglo-Indian affairs.

Taken by itself, there is hardly one of these amendments which should fail to elicit unqualified praise. To some of them no objection could well be taken, under any circumstances. Others are excellent as far as they go. No one can seriously doubt that a measure which insists on a certain amount of intellectual merit as the one preliminary test of fitness for the public service, takes rather a long step in advance of a system which has hitherto regarded the question of preliminary fitness as a question depending on the accidents of birth and fortune alone. That one good system of local judicature is better than two bad or indifferent ones; that judges well paid and fairly educated will do their work better than judges too poor to work quite honestly, and perhaps too ignorant to turn what integrity they have to its best account; that our legal codes and civil institutions have long been crying out for revision; that the claims of our uncovenanted service have long been unduly neglected; or that Bengal has become a bye-

word for all kinds of misrule and social wretchedness,—are truisms which no one to our thinking can seriously venture to dispute. To the Indian public at least they are undoubtedly such; and it is of that public we are especially speaking just now. In England they are only beginning to be felt as such by a few heedful thinkers here and there. Whenever that feeling shall have taken deep enough root, then also amendments like these of Sir C. Wood's proposing will become as things of course; the standing dishes, not the birth-day cake and wine of future debates on the government of British India. Until then we must even take the good that Parliament provides us, not only without murmuring, but with a feeling of hearty thankfulness for the little we have got after all. We have no call to censure in this point at least the niggardliness of a body from whom we had reason to look for nothing better, if not for something worse.

We might carry our courtesy still futher without sinning against facts and probabilities. For instance, we are willing to believe that the new Bill was never intended as aught but a temporary measure for meeting an emergency, which most persons at home have deemed more serious than to our thinking it really is. We are willing to believe that many preferred endorsing the scheme before them to the risk of waiting until something better could be devised. To leave India without a formal government while people were mastering the particulars of her past career and present condition, would certainly have seemed rather a questionable line of

policy to all who forgot, or had never learned, how little of our Indian government was really carried on from the mother country. It was better, they thought, to legislate at once in a way however questionable, than to put off to a likelier season the settlement of a question which was sure to become only the more urgent and perplexing with every fresh delay. Others may have accepted a scheme they partially disliked, in despair of seeing one less faulty or more comprehensive brought out for serious per-
• pension by those who advocated a further delay, or by those who had nothing definite to offer in lieu of what they were ready enough to condemn. Others again may have acted with ulterior views, and foreborne to endamage their political prospects by opposing a scheme which they should be free to alter or remodel at any time thereafter.

Still, setting the immediate results alongside our own imaginings of the question from which they depend, we cannot but express our sorrow at finding the difference between the things compared, so marked and serious as it really is. While giving her Majesty's ministers full credit for good intentions, enlarged views, philanthropic leanings, some previous knowledge of the case before them, and so forth, we cannot but regret the vague, crude, unjust, equivocating conclusion to which men so charactered have contrived to come on this particular occasion. With what they have actually done we have no wish to quarrel. Their sins are peculiarly the sins of omission. We have to charge them with doing too little, with not doing

what they could easily have done, with not undoing what they were specially called upon to undo.

Against such a charge they have no valid plea to offer in extenuation. Their measure must be taken on its own merits, without reference to the past or the future. It is nothing to the point to say that circumstances were against their doing better, that want of time or regard for their political safety prevented their doing better, that what they have actually done contains in itself some faint assurance of their intention to do better hereafter. Such excuses cannot stand for a moment. The accused had plenty of time to bring their labors to a more fruitful issue. They might, if they pleased, have postponed that issue for another year or two. Public opinion would have supported them in either case. Their sense of duty should have silenced their fears of a contingency which they could have no very likely reason to foresee. Their own scheme contains in it nothing more hopeful than the fact of its being devised as a temporary substitute for the one preceding; a lease for a few years instead of a lease for twenty. Besides, we have nothing to do with possible results in a case of immediate moment. A promise of future amendment cannot in this case be held to disarm the censure due to a present failure at once most glaring and inexcusable. For that failure the ministry alone, not their circumstances, are most responsible. Anything like perfection no one, as things stood, conceived it possible for them to attain. But they were expected to do their best, and that to our thinking they have signally failed to do.

There was one point in particular which they were bound to examine with peculiar care, at their utmost possible leisure, from the highest possible point of view. There was one question in particular which put forth the strongest possible appeals to the good sense, honesty, and benevolence of men whose position made it their peculiar duty to waive all selfish considerations in pursuance of a paramount public good. If any one feature of our Indian system challenged peculiar notice for its surpassing demerits, as an eye-sore and abomination of many years' standing, that feature was no other than the double form of government as it has come to work of late years, with its two apparent centres typified by Leadenhall Street on the one hand, and Cannon Row on the other. Of all the lessons that might be drawn from the history of India during this nineteenth century, there was none more generally received than the belief that such a government had been fraught with little else than downright disaster; had entailed no better results than lasting disgrace for England, and irreparable loss for India. Such being the case, it became a question of serious moment to England, how long a government so worthless should be allowed to linger after all plea for its continuance had fairly passed away. Clearly such a government needed thorough renewal, if not worse; needed at least the promptest counteractive measures with a view to stronger and more final remedies ere long. There was really nothing to pre-

vent the ministry from adopting whichever course seemed best suited to the general need. They had ample time to consider whether the objectionable system should at once be clean swept away, or whether a part only should at first be got rid of, pending the time required to work out an efficient substitute for the whole. One of these two things they should have done, whatever else they left undone.

And what have they really done after all? Nothing, essentially nothing. The course they have taken aims at neither one result nor the other. Had they reduced India at once to the position of a Crown colony, they would scarcely have done worse. They have made a show indeed of amending the constitution of the Court of Directors, a body which of itself has come to have comparatively small influence on Indian politics of late years. But with the Board of Control, the one crying evil of the double Government, the one grand source of recent misrule, and disaster, that body to which India owes much of her present stagnation, and the Court of Directors owe many of the reproaches now borne by themselves alone, that body which has thwarted the best designs of Indian statesmen and caused the writing of one of the darkest pages of Anglo-Indian history, with such a body they have refrained from meddling at all. For all they have done England might have to mourn over another Afghan war to-morrow. For all they have done another Dalhousie might be forced to enter on another campaign in Burmah, to be terminated not quite so cheaply as the last. For all they have

done India may still see her fairest prospects sacrificed to the ignorance of a Wood, or the self-sufficiency of a Hobhouse. Of all that power which the Board of Control has gradually wrested to such fatal purpose from the hands of colleagues better qualified to use it aright, not one particle has been curtailed or made over anew to its former owners. Even the attempt to put Leadenhall Street in better working order may, under present circumstances, serve only to enhance its weakness for influencing the counsels of Cannon Row. That such will certainly be the case we dare not say. But, seeing how party spirit can work its way through the smallest crevices, we have reason to fear that the infusion of new blood into the veins of the India House conclave will tend to rivet rather than to loosen the chains already fastened on it by the Board of Control.

What seems good enough in theory may turn out anything but good in practice. Ten years' converseance with Indian politics may be a good general rule for limiting the number of claimants to a seat at the India House Board. The addition of six members chosen by the Crown under such limitations, to the twelve appointed as before by the Court of Proprietors, may seem an addition for the better, in so far as the choice determined by certain admissible data is better than the choice determined by no admissible data whatever. But with whom is such a choice to originate? Through what channel is the Crown to exercise its new functions? Are we certain that the power thus re-asserted by the Crown will be

wielded, within those specified limits, a whit more unselfishly than the power so long enjoyed by the Company alone: that the elect *in posse* of the one will prove on the whole a whit more capable of controlling the affairs of India than the elect *in esse* of the other? What reason, stronger than mere hopes, have we for believing that the winning candidates under the new ordinance will be the best or any thing like the best of their own number; that the good ostensibly flowing from such an ordinance will not be eventually lost in the tide of collateral influences working less openly, but with greater force, for ends more or less untoward; that the ministers who framed that ordinance will have the honesty to enforce its fullest practical meaning; or that the good and honest designs of one ministry will not be marred, thwarted, reduced to utter nothingness by the weak or dishonest tendencies of the next? At best this portion of the ministerial scheme can only be regarded as a well-meant though rather nerveless effort to break through a serious difficulty with means altogether inadequate to ensure success.

Regarded even from the nearer point of view, the proposed reduction in the number of Indian Directors can hardly be said to answer the end for which it was more immediately designed. If the India House needed purging at all under the circumstances, it should have been purged more thoroughly than it is now. If thirty directors were too many to act with the needful concert and despatch, eighteen directors under the new régime will also be found

too many to act with the needful concert and despatch. If the former as a body were too indolent to do their duty well, the latter as a body will prove too busy to do theirs much better. If the principle of selection applied to the one was faulty, will the principle laid down for the other be found practically more perfect? More talent and experience of a sort may possibly be brought to bear on the new arrangement, than was ever brought to bear on the old. But will there be less discord, less forwardness, less unseemly delay, or more unselfishness, candour, and enlightened zeal displayed by an assembly on the new model, in comparison with what was displayed by assemblies on the old? Besides, whatever is superfluous for a given end is more likely than not, to hinder the attainment of that end. A dozen men may blunder about the work which half their number could have done with ease. If six able and trusty men were equal, as we think they would be, to the work hitherto performed by thirty, the eighteen appointed to do that work henceforward are just twelve too many, both in a political and a pecuniary point of view.

And what of the principle on which twelve of those eighteen are still to be selected? Is the selecting body in itself so perfect as to admit of no possible change for the better? To answer in the affirmative would be simply to tell a lie, such as no one out of Leadenhall Street would shew the least inclination to swallow. A body of men more thoroughly incompetent to discharge their particular functions than the Court of Proprietors necessarily

is, it would be hard indeed to find anywhere. Imagine the interests of a large empire like this of India, represented by a number of men at home, whose sole qualification for such a charge consists in their having purchased a certain amount of East India Stock! Were the people of England to be represented by a party of Calcutta Baboos, Bunneahs, and so forth, the absurdity just mentioned would have its fitting parallel. Suppose such a party to have the sole power of appointing her Majesty's ministers, and a material voice in the management of our Parliamentary business, and you will have got something like a fair counterpart of the absurd injustice of a system which accords to a few English stock-jobbers the right of selecting from their own body the members of a Council which, for all its actual weakness, still keeps a more than nominal hold in many ways on the destinies of a hundred million subjects in a distant land. And yet her Majesty's ministers have enacted the lie which any man in his right senses would blush to utter. They have refused to meddle with the privileges of a constituency which has no more real connexion with the domestic interests of British India, than it has with the domestic interests of Mexico or Japan. With every provocation to do something, they have literally done nothing whatever towards amending a state of things as disgraceful to ourselves as it is unjust beyond measure to the millions whose political progress they would thus calmly ignore. In the face of a hundred notorious facts they have left two-thirds of the new directorships

at the mercy of a constituency hardly more free, honest, or enlightened than the electors of St. Alban's, or Tower Hamlets.

With regard to the scheme for strengthening the 'covenanted' branches of the Company's service, by raising the standard of preliminary qualification, we have little or nothing to say in dispraise of its professed object. The choice which depends on intrinsic merit, however arbitrary it may prove in practice, is clearly better than the choice which depends on external advantages alone. As far as general preliminary tests can ascertain the amount of practical fitness for particular ends, the new scheme is decidedly more adapted to answer such a purpose than the old. In respect of principle the one presents as favorable a contrast to the other as our parliamentary proceedings since the Reform Bill present to similar proceedings in the days of rotten boroughs and class legislation. A material step has at least been taken towards removing a serious grievance by opening the doors of Haileybury and Addiscombe to the competition of all our educated English youth. It is something henceforth to expect that the list of English civilians of the first class in this country shall furnish some names guiltless of any known connexion by blood or circumstances with those of East India Directors. We are glad also to learn that the course of instruction pursued within Haileybury itself is to undergo some mark-worthy repairs; that more law for instance and less Sanscrit will be taught than heretofore. All this is good and ra-

tional enough. But why stop at this, when more of the same good and rational sort remained behind? Why do an act of kindness and right principle by halves? One limb of an unjust and needless monopoly has been cut away. But why in the name of justice should the remaining limbs be allowed to make daylight hideous any longer? It may have been right and reasonable to keep up on an improved footing a seminary founded for a purpose long since condemned as abortive. But why, in the name of common sense, are we to keep up the unutterable farce of that old monopoly, against which Haileybury itself, under the new system, must offer testimony far stronger than any it has hitherto seemed to offer in its behalf? There is no necessary connexion between a college at Hertford and a covenanted Civil Service in India. If it was easy to reform the one, it was just as easy to get swiftly rid of the other. What has been done for England might just as easily have been done for India. To end a few additional words would have amply sufficed. It would have needed but a few strokes of the pen to provide for her Majesty's lieges, of every race and color, in this country an institution similar to that which has now for the first time been provided for her Majesty's lieges at home.

There was another point too of collateral moment which the present scheme has totally overlooked. With regard to that point at least some provision might easily have been made. Apart from the question of admission into the Company's ser-

vice stood the question of subsequent fitness to fulfil the duties entailed by that service on its individual members. If the system of election into that service needed reforming, the system of election to its several branches and the various posts in each, needed reforming still more. It would take more time than we have to spare, to point out all the abuses engendered by a system of mere routine like that which peculiarly marks our local government, a system which starts from a palpable absurdity to end in flagrant injustice, a system which has done more than ought else to provoke and sanction the outcry now raging far and wide against the Company which has continued to uphold it so long, and so blindly. It is enough for us to refer to the premised absurdity of regarding a Haileybury 'testamur' as a virtual passport to preferment in all branches of civil business alike, a sort of infallible guide through all the difficulties and dangers which check the progress or defeat the hopes of less favored adventurers in far humbler fields of public usefulness. Against the evil effects of such a system the hands of our Indian Governments are almost powerless. With few exceptions they must promote their servants in due order by right of seniority alone. The best of those servants can seldom hope to rise out of his specified turn. The worst of them need never fear the loss of pay, even if he succeeds in losing his place. Tired of waiting for his turn the former too often withdraws prematurely from public life, leaving the latter, if he has luck enough to avoid outrageous blunders, to win the

prizes which time may have put within his reach. None of them, how worthless soever, can be turned out of the post he happens to have discredited, without the express sanction of the India House Board. For a state of things so utterly intolerable, Her Majesty's ministers were surely bound to provide a remedy with the least possible delay. Nor would such a remedy have been very far to seek. It would at once have revealed itself more or less clearly to any one who compared the essential faultiness and partial scope of our systems of local government with the freedom, energy, and breadth of purpose which mark the systems obtaining not only in England, but in most of the countries subject to her rule. It was surely reasonable to expect, that a ministry which began with enlarging the basis of our Civil Service would have gone on to strengthen the hands of our local governors by giving them that full command over all the means and appliances of true administrative progress, that perfect freedom of thought and action for all purposes of public usefulness, without reference to the views or sanctions of any foreign lords-paramount, which the virtual rulers of England's largest and richest dependency should not now be waiting to enjoy. To leave India still, for any purpose of local benefit, at the mercy of her nominal masters in a distant land, is a very lamentable oversight indeed.

With regard to the other and less salient features of the scheme before us we might say much,

did space permit us to say more than a few passing words. Speaking generally, we may admit their title to much hearty praise in respect of evils lessened or done away. But we cannot forego our right to censure them just as heartily in respect of benefits withheld or only half bestowed. We should have liked for instance to see some more explicit reference to the wants and grievances of our native brethren, than what may possibly be gathered from a very vague proposal to improve the terms of admission to the subordinate grades of judicial employment. We should have liked to see clearer and more conclusive tokens of a design to legislate equally for all classes of Indian subjects, than what of such a nature seems expressible from a scheme for amalgamating the Crown and Sudder Courts, or from a scheme for relieving the Governor General of his whilom responsibilities as Governor of Bengal. Nor can we give a very cordial assent to any proposal touching the welfare of the uncovenanted service, which shall stop short of conceding to the members of that service something like a fair proportion of the good things hitherto monopolised by their covenanted brethren. That partial reforms may do much to alleviate ills of the longest standing, we are willing enough to allow. But partial reforms should only be applied when stronger remedies are out of reach. Of the two we are certain that the bolder alternative was also in the case of India the more practicable. How then are we to rest satisfied in her case with partial amendments,

simply because those amendments were better than none at all?

On the whole we cannot say that much has really been done towards settling the question of Indian Government in the way most answerable to India's present need. With all its changes for the better, we cannot see in the new system any signs of very material departure from the old. Whatever leading objections were to be urged against the one, may still be urged more or less forcibly against the other. To us it seems that the Bill of '53 retains nearly all the worst features of the Bill of '33. There is no more substantial difference between them than there is between two portraits of the same person taken at different times. The old "hocus pocus" methods—as Mr. Cobden not inaptly called our Indian systems—are the methods common to the present equally with the former plan. England's voice in the supreme direction of her Indian affairs is still to be misinterpreted by an irresponsible minister at the head of a nominal Board of Control. India's voice in the selection of her political guardians is still to be deemed expressible, in some mysterious way, from the acts and speeches of a body of English Proprietors remarkable for nothing but their several shares of East India stock. India's place in the management of her domestic affairs is still to be represented by a council of English gentlemen in Calcutta, and by a body of well-paid English functionaries filling all the highest and most comfortable places in the several departments of her public service. Her local

governments must still work as they best can under restrictions as damaging to their own efficiency, as they are contrary to all established rules of sound morality and large statesmanship. Her worst citizens must still continue to curse the unfairness of a political system which bars their efforts to attain, even while it owns their right to strive after, the ulterior benefits of that political freedom which all her Majesty's lieges in India are supposed to enjoy alike. In all these significant respects we maintain that the legislative results of the past session can shew no material advance upon the legislative results of former years. Justice to India is nearly as much in arrear now as it was twenty years ago.

India can afford to wait a little longer? Perhaps she can. A patient not quite at the last gasp of all may possibly survive an hour's delay on the part of the Surgeon appointed to wait upon him. Perhaps India's predicament is not quite so bad as it might have been. But what of the physician who has thought fit to keep her waiting yet a little longer for the aid he might already have bestowed? How can England for her part be held entirely blameless in having wantonly delayed for a further period an act of needful justice to her adopted child? Is not the backwardness to repair the wrong of our own entailing, even worse than the previous readiness to enforce the wrong of our own conceiving? Morality is not to be divorced from politics alone. What redounds politically to India's loss, cannot possibly redound

to England's gain, either in the moral or in the political view. We are not more certain that the new Bill is morally unjust with regard to India, than we are certain that it is politically inexpedient with regard to England. We are looking at the matter from no Utopian point of speculation. We do not pretend to say that India is ripe for self-government, or even for the growth of unlimited cotton. We have no enlarged ideas about the power for self-development observable in the native mind. No one can justly twit us with exaggerated views of native ambition, or with exaggerated fears for British ascendancy, political as well as moral. We claim for India no more than the most prudent of her children would claim for themselves, the best government that England could have devised for the present phase of Anglo-Indian affairs. If worse than that best has actually been provided, we cannot hold England guiltless of a serious blunder, if not of a deliberate crime.

Still we repeat that the prospect before us is not one of un-mixed gloom. There is room for thankfulness on account of things done, for hopefulness on account of the things left undone. It is too late to repair the present blunder at once. But it is not too late to provide against similar blunders hereafter. The present scheme is avowedly a mere make-shift. In whatever points it differs from the former one it certainly differs for the better. Some few abuses have at length been remedied. Some seeds of future happiness have at length been sown. Meanwhile it remains for

the friends of India to keep England more alive henceforward to the true state of Indian affairs, and the true extent of her own responsibilities as the guardian in chief of India's welfare. With their aid much good may yet be elicited out of the darkness in which their countrymen at home have just been striving so ineffectually to see their way. It is for them to apply the needful stimulus and the fitting scope to that interested zeal which the late inquest on Indian affairs evoked from all classes of the British public with a force and volume never seen before on a like occasion. It is for them to take care that the zeal so manifested shall not have altogether spent itself on the first explosion; that only the more useless parts of it shall be found altogether unserviceable for the next. Nor, unless we are sadly mistaken, will their efforts to such an end fail of meeting ere long with the due success. We cannot look on the recent outbreak of British sympathy with this Indian movement as a mere display of claptrap destined to die out with the occasion which gave it birth. There are in this case a hundred special reasons for avowing the contrary belief. And setting all those reasons aside, we cannot anyhow believe that the England of our past acquaintance, that England which has so often proved her willingness to atone at any cost for the sins and follies of bygone days, that England which has stood up so often in defence of rights invaded and wrongs denied redress, —we cannot believe that England is about to belie her antecedents by withholding the ear of prudence, candour, and patient

sympathy, from a tale so fraught with lessons appealing to her heart and interests as the tale which India is already waiting to unfold. Here as elsewhere the cause of truth and justice must surely prevail in the long run.

L. T.

Sept. 1st.

NOTE.—For any inaccuracies of fact in this article the writer alone is responsible. Writing at a distance from his sources of information, as well as from the head-quarters of this Magazine, he may be guilty of having mis-stated a point or two of the case under review. If so, he would claim the reader's indulgence, on the plea that such inaccuracies noway interfere with the general purport of his lucubrations. It matters nothing for instance, according to his line of argument, whether it is the Crown or the Company who must take six of the future Directors out of the body of Company's servants of at least ten years' standing. If the rule is applicable to the latter only, there is all the less excuse for the unconditional transfer to the former of a part of the authority deemed worthy of such a restriction on the Company's side.

NO THE DEATH OF MR. THOMASON.

A VESSEL foundering with its port in sight ;
 A Tower by lightning struck when just complete ;
 An Eagle smitten in its loftiest flight,
 A Tree blight-withered as its fruit grows sweet—
 Old emblems all, too common to be strange,
 Of this world's insecurity and change !

So hath it been with Him. He passed away
 Just as the well-deserved reward was gained :
 The honour due to him for many a day,
 Is by a dying hand at last attained ;
 Like the old Grecian warrior was He,
 Expiring in the arms of victory.

His was the glory of a useful life,
 Devoted to a helpless people's good—
 Not in the barbarous pride of warlike strife—
 Not against hostile arms the champion stood ;
 But against apathy and fraud and wrong,
 He struggled nobly and he struggled long.

'Twas His to strive to wake the torpid mind,
 To let in light where all was dark before :
 Peace, Plenty, Happiness, his ends designed,
 Justice and Zeal the instruments he bore :
 Untiring duty was his watchword made,
 What he enjoined on all, Himself obeyed.

And He has died, the true, the earnest hearted ;
 Mourn, sons of India, for your loss is great—
 A light is quenched, a Father hath departed,
 Just as his worth ye did appreciate—
 What hath he left behind ?—A spotless fame,
 A great example and a revered name.

K

CHAMPERNOWNE.

A T A L E.

By Paul Benison.

' Our own weakness shews us what we are.'

BYRON.

Chapter X.

M E N A G E.

" *Socrates*. Tell me, Critobulus, whether the ordering of a house is a science, such as that of physic, or the brasiers, and of the masons?"

Critobulus. My opinion is, that the good management of a house is as great a science as either masonry, or physic, or any other."

XENOPHON.

INDIAN philosophers have considered the highest happiness to consist in reflection and contemplation. I like the reflection of a looking-glass, and the contemplation of my own features therein.

"Coxcomb!" cries the reader.

Not at all, say I; I venture to predict that if the reader was introduced into a comfortable drawing-room, with a mirror over the fire-place, and some very interesting views of Swiss scenery on the table, that he would desert the lakes and mountains for a portrait of that worthy face of his own, the benevolent expression of which has encouraged me thus far to trespass upon his attention. Whether we are satisfied with what we see is quite another question. Liston dreamt one night he was handsome, and awoke in terrible alarm, till the glass assured him it was a delusion, and that he was as hideous as usual. On the other hand La Fontaine tells us of a man who never would look into a mirror, because he thought they did not do justice to his personal appearance.

" Un homme qui s'aimoit sans avoir de rivaux,
Pas-oit dans son esprit pour le plus beau
de monde:
Il accusoit toujours les miroirs d'être
faux."

As it is no proof about vanity therefore, either one way or the other, to be addicted to the glass, I maintain that the frequent inspection of one's natural man is a rational, amusing and instructive employment. Who will ever give us so much satisfaction? Who will ever give us so much trouble? Whom shall we ever know so well and yet so little? With whom shall we be so loath to part?

It is a strange fancy of mine, but I cannot help thinking at times, that if in some deepest recess of the mountains, gласed on the bosom of a solitary lake, rarest mirror of God's own fashioning, I knew that by looking I could see my soul: dare I look? Dare you? dear reader. I do not think we dare, either of us.

However with regard to the body, as I write these words, there rises up before me on the glittering surface, that familiar

tabernacle in which youth and I have dwelt together for some years back. I find that the tabernacle has a large hooked nose, blue eyes, and light curly hair. I am afraid I can detect one or two rascally wrinkles, but a person who is standing by me, says that it is only the light, and that the tabernacle is a good deal younger than he used to be. This does not seem probable, but she is very positive about it. I ought not to have said *she*, but rather the individual in question. Further, the tabernacle appears to be somewhat tall, and though not stout, to have large bones and a general aspect of activity, such as should render him an awkward customer for a timid person of small stature. My writing all this down, makes the tabernacle laugh, and I then observe he has very regular teeth, owing to the firmness of the tabernacle's mother, who always forwarded him to the dentist, on the slightest appearance of any thing going wrong.

I am to describe my household in this chapter, and it seemed a fitting occasion to say what little need be said about the head of the family. Going to one's own cottage was rather a change: for my straight hard furniture, and villainous cooking, after the elaborate comforts of Smith's ménage, were of course distressing to the flesh. But it was very pleasant to be in a free atmosphere and to breathe a more genuine air. I smoked cigars, sang bacchanalian songs, and quaffed tankards of beer, in every room in the house, not that these amusements were much in my line, but simply to exorcise the spirit of Smith. For really living in the same house with him, this man so undeviat-

ingly employed on one idea, began to influence me. He never could have deceived me: but the power of a mind unwearingly concentrated in one object is wonderfully great, and I certainly think in a few months I should have acquiesced in Smithism, and any one would have found it a difficult task to eradicate it from my mind. Phipps was kind enough to ask me to come and live with him, but I had a fancy for an independent establishment, and declined the offer. He, indeed, would have been rather a troublesome person to live with, because his mind was in such a strange turmoil. He had entirely neglected education as a boy, and, from all I could make out, had been one of those many youths at home, who, without any especial tastes either in the direction of field sports, or athletic amusements, or profligacy, have a vague passion for being out of the house.

What he did with himself, when he was out, it seems hard to say; but I incidentally discovered one day, when I was remarking a pretty pigeon walking near us, that he had really mastered that subject, and if any one wanted to know anything about pigeons, without doubt Phipps was his man. Coming therefore to this country with his weariness of the house upon him, and finding keeping within doors a necessary condition of life, poor Phipps fell into mortal tedium and dismay. Fortunately however at this juncture, the desire of information attacked him, and he sat down sedulously to his books. But his mind being quite undisciplined, he read in the strangest way possible: he perused vast authors entirely

through from the egg to the apple : it was even whispered that he had gone steadily through Alison, and whilst these great masses of information or opinion were before him, he was entirely absorbed in them. Of a course of reading, of one book illustrating, or modifying another, of the study of a subject in fact, he was quite ignorant. He was reading Burke's works when I first came to Muttra, and one day calling in upon him, I found him very troublesome about the " Sublime and Beautiful : " the next day I had again something to say to him, and I went in some apprehension of further vexation about the " Artificial Infinite," etc., but in the interim he had got into the next volume, and bored me to death with a " Late state of the Nation " instead. However it was very creditable to him that he adopted this way of amusing himself indoors.

A gentleman whom I met in Calcutta, and who was then leaving for England, had made over to me a Mussulman servant named Mustapha Khan, with very high recommendations. This man had been employed by his former master to take charge of a large stable, and the care and management of horses was what he chiefly understood. I told him when he first came to me, that it would be a long time before I should keep horses enough to require any general superintendence for them, and that I thought he had better look out for a master of greater standing. But whether it was that he was taken with my love for horses, or whether the fortunes of a younger chief seemed to promise him more adventures, I do not know—but nothing would

please him but taking service with me. So he came on the condition that he should make himself useful in any department. He was a tall, very well-made man, with the fine distinct features of the Pathan race, and the usual amount of glossy black hair and beard. Besides Mustapha I had another servant of some note, a Brahmin of the name of Hunsraj, a man not more, perhaps, than two and twenty, but of the gravest possible demeanour, and philosophic to a degree, which was quite unintelligible to Saxon impatience. He was scrupulously clean in person and dress, and with his passive eye, regular features and bony cheeks : his clean shaven beard, the thick moustache alone left on the lip, was quite as much a picture of his race as Mustapha was of his.

As soon as I set up house, of course one of the first considerations was the *cuisine* ; Mustapha said that he did not know much about the kitchen, but he would get a man to cook, and he would cater himself. Well, matters went on so for some time, but poor Mustapha did not shine in this department. Where he can have got fowls so thin, and kid so tough, I cannot well think, and in fact now would rather not know. I first woke to the real state of things, one evening in the beginning of May : the house was dreadfully hot, no proper precautions having been taken to cool it. I was sitting in my middle room, which was almost dark, with a towel pinned to the punkah, just grazing my hair : the dinner-table was an odd shabby thing, painted chesnut, and I was on an abominably stiff and hard chair which was down-hill in

front. The table-cloth was a sort of bed-sheet, and did not cover the table, and all the knives and forks I possessed were arranged in a circle in the middle of the table round a little bronze fire-vase for lighting cigars.

The soup came in in a punch-bowl, and was served out with a tea-cup, and when so served oft, proved to be a kind of drab tea, exceedingly unpalatable. After this, a fowl in the last stage of emaciation ; I remember thinking to myself, with a melancholy smile, that it must have died like the man in Canterbury Cathedral, after an abortive effort at fasting forty days and forty nights. And, lastly, a wild attempt at pudding, purporting indeed to be batter, but both in appearance and taste, coming up to the idea of a succulent dumpling gone greasily mad. Worst of all the beer was lukewarm. Now I felt that scolding was an inadequate measure to meet a crisis of so serious a nature, and that the time was come for some master-change in my domestic arrangements. I could not at all think what to do : Mustapha was evidently unequal to the occasion ; where was I to get a man on whom I could rely ? The thought suddenly struck me—why not manage everything yourself ? All people who have passed their boyhood in the country are roughly acquainted with the ethics of fowls and rabbits, and so on, and I had of course in former days possessed certain poultry of my own. I determined therefore to commence my reform in this branch, and made up my mind, that however moral the effect of the ancient custom of a skeleton at the feast, it should not appear at my banquets, in the form of

an attenuated chicken. I found that twenty fowls were as many as I could manage at a time, and so having prepared a coop for them, I ordained as their regimen unlimited rice and milk, and eternal night. This last precaution was, to prevent their quarrelling. Poor devils ! what a life of it ! duration, darkness, apoplexy and the executioner ! But they fattened in an amazing manner, and at last when roasted and larded with little slips of Wiltshire bacon, obtained at Agra, and accompanied by a clever bread sauce, Dagon himself would have rubbed his hands. There is a sect who put little snips of lemon peel into bread sauce. A moment's reflection would have shewn them that the presence of the pepper-corn renders this conduct highly reprehensible. The orthodox tenets of cookery must be preserved at all hazards : let these heretics therefore be anathema maranatha. The spirit of reform once awakened spread to every thing around me. I found it was not the least more expensive to have windows cleaned and panels rubbed with sand-paper : I found that as druggets and chintzes were necessary, their colors might just as well be chosen with respect to their general effect. One day looking at my chair, which was down-hill in front, and in consequence abominably uncomfortable, it struck me that it might just as well be down-hill behind. I saw effected this, and the same chair afterwards became popular, being often asked for as " that fellow that leans back." Thus gradually comfort was established, and I really found a good moral effect on myself in the cheerful bustle

of the servants cleaning and rubbing and polishing, and giving the general impression of the household being alive, whereas in some places, where heat prevails, you might suppose they were all stone-dead, such darkness, silence and languor overwhelm the casual visitor.

English ideas of riding and the management of the horse are so entirely *sui generis*, and are moreover so completely conservative in principle, that it is very difficult for an Englishman in this country, who has been accustomed to the stable at home, not to consider any deviation from what he has seen or been accustomed to, as something unnatural or preposterous. An Englishman does not consider French horses as different from English ones, but not as horses at all. They are quite as unreal to his mind as those that Xenophon or Virgil described, or those which Julio Romano painted. So about French riding, an Englishman does not say the French ride differently from us, but the French *can't* ride. Now, I think, an English gentleman fond of the stable coming to Calcutta, would from his strong associations be dissatisfied with the Arab, and turn rather to the Waler. I certainly felt this: I saw several beautiful Arabs (and at beautiful prices by the way), but they were all, more or less, wanting in endowments the English eye demands. Finding therefore a Waler which came more up to my idea of what a horse should be, at least was more like the animal I had always been taught was a horse, he was my first purchase. He was a brown horse of singular power, and though at times a rather violent and difficult

horse to ride, he was a splendid mover, and as safe as a church, if the simile has not, in latter days, lost its aptness. This horse was named "Typhoon," when I bought him: and I suppose he was so called from certain moods of outrageous demeanour, which came on much after the fashion of tropical storms. I remember once at Muttra riding towards the city, when a native procession suddenly issued out of the street. At sight and sound of this, Typhoon flew into such a tremendous passion, that what with his pulling, plunging, raving and tearing, I had scarcely any idea where we were going, till I found myself at my own door, and glad to dismount for a few minutes to recover a fatigue as great as that of a severe personal encounter. But these storms very seldom happened, and in general he was an agreeable horse. I had only one more nag for the saddle, a mare nearly white, called "Lilian:" she was country-bred, but had more of the Arab in her than any mare I think I have seen in this country. She was a very pleasant animal to ride, having a gentle temper and a beautiful mouth; excitable with other horses, but nothing more. For the buggy I bought a mare from a travelling dealer at Muttra, about a month after I arrived. She was a tall, handsome creature of the Cutch breed; chesnut in colour and very hollow in the back, which gave her the appearance when in harness, of holding herself remarkably well. She was a very tractable horse when fairly going, but I think had been badly treated, for in starting from the door or in pulling up, she got petulant and alarmed, and was difficult to manage.

But if an Englishman is dissatisfied, at first, with the horses in India, how much more so is he with the stable arrangements. The stable itself—an untidy barn, the grooms—wild kind of gypsies in unbleached loin-cloths, the most dapper amongst them by way of being dapper, wearing necklaces and ear-rings. Then the heel-ropes, the corn-bags, and many other things are all new, and therefore under our English view absurd. I thought at first the omission of hissing on the part of the grooms in cleaning a horse, wonderfully preposterous. And as for the shoeing, when a young man came forward with a green velvet skull-cap and long curling hair like an Italian Count, a torquoise ring on his hand, and his feet in slippers trimmed with tinsel, and sat down languidly to put on shoes which he had no idea of making himself, I thought the climax of intense folly was reached. And yet of the many experienced horse-masters in this

country, how few find it answer to attempt to assimilate matters to the English model.

These then were my domestic arrangements and personal possessions. There is something perhaps a little sad, to a thoughtful mind, in the laying of the hearth-stone, the founding of the Home. The tie to the old family home seems more severed; the decree of separation appears to be accepted and ratified by yourself. And then, too, as the foundations of the future building begin to rise above the ground, busy spirits seem to flit around the rude structure, spirits not yet incarnate, but impatient for the mystery of life, and as they flit, they whisper: "This will be our Home." And gloomier spirits too crowd round the mason, grief and change, and the Master-spectre death grimly swearing that He some day will be a guest,—but Time says, (calm philosopher!) and this is saddest of all,—"You may raise the fabric, but I will pull it down."

Chapter XX.

BETWEEN THE READER, MYSELF, AND THE POST.

'Break the neck of the wax, and every one give ear.'

LOVE'S LABOR LOST.

AND now the hottest days swept onward. Engendered far way in Western deserts, the fiery blasts spread their red wings over the land, and physical nature was prostrated. The earth lost all color and beauty, the dusty trees waved a precarious shadow over the bare clod, and the white heat shook, refracted, on the blinding lagoon. And as all this became greater in degree towards the close, the care of the

body at last grew to be the only thought. To escape from the jaws of the furnace—this was all desired: and pleasure and taste, and prejudice and enmity and fear yielded to the passive instinct. Kalidas, or whoever wrote the *Ritusanhâra*, has observed this, and extended the languor of the passions, in a pretty fancy, to the animal world. The peacock and the serpent, the serpent and the frog,—hereditary

foes, forget their respective enmities in the common agony.

The serpent with limp tongue and feeble twisting, seeks the costly shadow of the peacock's tail, and the frog, unable to endure the stony drought and the exhausted marsh, ventures under the fell canopy of the serpent's crest.

There is a grim repose within the house, no sound disturbs the darkened rooms, but the whine of the thermandidote and the murmur of the tempest without. For it is a tempest without ; peep through the venetian, and you will see the colourless day is all astir: the soiled and sandy trees are roaring with the dreadful Simoom, and the young men employed to work the punkahs and to wet the grass mats are muffled up and struggling on with the labors of the verandah, like sailors in a rough night at sea.

And then towards evening the tempest ceases, and when the sun, deadened with the muddy atmosphere, sinks grimly away, he leaves behind him breathless, suffocating night. And wearied man can find little rest in sleep, and tossing on his couch longs for the morning and looks towards the East. But no streak of glory announces the dawn, a space in the heat fog silently intensifies into white fire light, and behold the day-meteor has begun his journey! Then the recent dweller in the land turns, almost in despair, to the north and cries "Oh God! for a chalice of mountain air, and a draught of the breezes that murmur through the Himalayan pines!"

It was such a morning towards the end of June, and I had been out in the buggy, in a very pottering way, for Kate, (as I

called the mare, partly that I might at suitable times use the expression "Kate's crazed") with the exception of going into a henna bush at starting before I could get the reins, made no demonstration of spirit, and seemed to wonder what could take her master down the Agra road, and indeed there was but little to see. At some distance off a long line of stunted trees stood against the heavy sky, like a string of camels crossing a ridge of the desert, and in truth the absence of color made the earth so like those plains of everlasting desolation that I returned home quite depressed. But as palm-trees and a well to the traveller in those regions was the appearance of good Hunsraj bearing in his hands three English letters and the "Home News."

Take in the tea-things, shut up the house, pull the punkah, spin round the thermandidote, and leave me. These letters! all quite different in aspect, one on thick blue paper and directed in a fat handwriting, that looked as if it had been laid on with a brush instead of executed with a pen: then Mary's familiar little characters, and on the thinnest French paper, provided, I knew so well, by my mother's directions, "lest the letter should cost Ned too much." And then a white glossy letter, addressed in a free flowing hand, with a whirling sort of capital E in Edward, and very wild "tts" in Muttra. This was from Margaret, and I kept it till the last, like a cat, sure of its mouse and playing with it for a while, before the final crunch. The fat handwriting was that of dear old Mr. Baker, and as I think it will

interest the reader, I shall lay the letter before him entire.

Ottery Parsonage.

MY DEAR EDWARD.—I was smoking my pipe down in the arbor-house in our garden, a beautiful May morning it was, and these words came into my mind of King Solomon calling to his sweetheart to arise, for the time of the singing of birds had come, (you can't match the old Book in the poetry line with your Byrons and stuff) when down comes old Baker, [he always so called his wife, and she called him 'Old Joe'] and says she, "write and tell Edward that our Charity is going east." So I made up my mind to drop you a line. The way it is, you see, is this. My sister Jane married John Kirby, a worthy and pious man, up along Lincolnshire, now gone to his account, and they had a sight of sons and daughters, amongst which, as you may say, Hesther was the flower of the flock. Well, she married, two years ago, (I think I told you before) one Andrew Marvell, a descendant of the great man of that name, and a native of Hull, and to boot a sawbones in the East India Company's service. This man comes latter end of April, turning Torquay way, and Hesther persuades him to spend a day or two with uncle Joe. He turned out a nice fellow, rather new-fangled by the bye, and Hesther took an amazing liking to our Charity, and so it came about for Andrew Marvell to propose taking her along with them to India in October next. This was like a dagger in Baker's and my ribs, for our Charity's just a sun-beam in the parlor, and I can't abide to think

of her vacant place. But then this came over me, it won't do to stand in the girl's light. Perhaps if she goes East, she'll marry well, and if she stays along with us, may be she won't. So I made up my mind, not without a bit of a wrestle on my knees, that she should go. She don't want to go, partly as I think on account of Mr. Mathews, as was down here March last with your brother William, and is here again now. For I know something of these things, Master Ned, and when I was a youngster chucked the lasses under the chin with the best of you. But old Baker thinks it is all make-believe, and that she's very glad to go, for the old woman says that her head's running after a young chap who went East some months since, I hope it is. Andrew Marvell must be getting on for five and thirty by this time, he's been ten years in India already, and now he's going back after leave. If you come across him, I need not bid you be kind to little Charity, but take Hesther by the hand, for she's as sweet a lass as ever danced round a Maypole, though I say it as should not. Andrew has good expectations: he has got an old uncle living at Hull, who's saved a mint of money, they say, but he keeps himself so close that no one knows who's to have it. The old gentleman's been playing sick once or twice, and they thought he was going his way, but he didn't, and all the time not a word did he drop about the mopus. Well—God forbid that I should hurry him, but if he has made his peace with his Maker and should drop off, I do hope he will remember Andrew, for nobody would re-

ceive a windfall better than Hesther. Bless me, Edward, you should hear your brother William, he is higher than ever. I said to him 'tother evening up at the Court, said I, in my plain way—"I tell you what it is William, you can only make one more step up the steeple and then you 'll come to the weather-cock, and we may look out for changing."

Says he "I won't say anything to you till you leave off that black gown on Sundays." Well, I told him I would leave it off when it was worn out, and I could have told him that for the first ten years I was a parson, I always preached in a surplice, because I had not money enough to buy a gown. But I say nothing against William, for if ever a charitable generous young man lived, he's the chap. And so upright too. I was obliged to tell him that Butler Andrews had been going on badly at the public house, and says William, "you were quite right to speak, but don't till the squire, because he will fret. I will manage matters quietly." So he set about it, and he has managed already to get Andrews to touch the book against brandy, which is a great thing. I don't want to see him a total, but that nipping, nipping away at the spirits is such a bad business. The squire, he's famous. I met him riding on your mare to-morrow down the village, and "Sir," said I, "you're growing younger." "It's sleeping in sermon-times," said he "Parson, that sets me up," and he laughed his old laugh quite pleasant. I find my sprawling hand has most ways filled the paper. Old Baker adds her warm love, and bids me inform you she's

making some best gooseberry wine to send by our Charity, and she says if you meet any ginger preserves out your way, and will keep your eye on them for her, she will make it up to you in something else. Being a Parson I must not finish without one of my sermons. I need not say much ;—remember your Creator in the days of your youth, Edward, and He will not forget you when you are an old man like me, and turning your face towards the grave, where we have seen a great many go, and where we must go ourselves. Charity's up at the Court, so I send her love by proxy.

Your affectionate old friend,

JOSEPH BAKER.

I cannot say that I was altogether well pleased with the intelligence of Charity's coming out. The coarseness of the Bakers was so relieved by their goodness that it passed quite unobserved, but it did not follow that their relations, especially their male relations, would be at all nice. I thought it possible that Hesther Marvell might be a favorable specimen of that most charming section of the maids of England, the daughters of Clergymen, but it did not follow that her husband would be a desirable acquaintance, and I must say that a young Surgeon from Hull, "somewhat new-fangled," presented an image to my mind of a person in spectacles, with a snobby fore-head and turn-down collars, a little obstrusive with the sthethoscope—from which I instinctively shrunk. Now Charity was one of Nature's countesses, and from her great tact and delicacy could have moved in any sphere with grace,

and I felt very grieved that she should appear in a new society to disadvantage. However I could do nothing but wait, and see how matters turned out.

Mary's letter was full of domestic news, and I shall only place on record certain extracts from it more or less pertinent to our narrative. I should mention that my brother William had returned from America in the spring of the year.

"Mr. Mathews, who came to see William on his return, is here again now. William was at school at Winchester with him, and says he is a very clever man. He is not at all of William's way of thinking, but I must do William the credit to say that he reverences good principle and conduct wherever he sees it. I do not think you ever saw Mr. Mathews. Mama thinks he is handsome. He has been paying a good deal of attention to little Charity, and perhaps if any thing could happen it might derange her plans. She would make any one a good wife, and William says Mr. Mathews would be a good husband. We heard something of Charity's going to India before, but Mr. Baker asked us not to tell you till it was settled, and now he says he has written to you himself. Mama and I were at Totquay when the Marvells came to Ottery, and so we did not see them. It is a great opening for Charity, and Mr. Marvell, who has a little property, has been very generous about outfit and every thing. The only drawback is, and dear Mr. Baker is very much distressed about it, that they say Mr. Marvell has adopted some dreadful French ideas, and is a communist, or some very

wicked sort of republican. But he never talks about these matters even to his wife, and went to Church twice, the Sunday he was here, so that we hope there is some exaggeration. William was not at home, so that Papa alone saw him, and the only thing Papa said of him was, that he ought to have been in the Army.

* * *

Papa has left off riding on old Cardinal, and has taken to your Kathleen. He says things have been getting out of order since he had the gout, and he has to keep a strict eye on the estate, and so he rides about in the old way, going to see the men at work in the fields, and "superintending" as the dear old man says. He wants to know how your New South Wales horse stood the journey up the country. He begs to know if gram means beans, and if so, reminds you they are heating. He thinks heel-ropes great nonsense, they are only fit, he says, for tethering a donkey on a Common.

* * *

Mama is very much amused with your domestic troubles: she so wishes she had thought of giving you a few lessons before you went about cookery, &c. She bids me tell you, the servants need not have hot meat every day, as they really prefer cold occasionally for a change. But I tell mama that she forgets your servants are Indian, and would perhaps only eat hot meat with spices and things. She says it is no use buying cheap table linen, buy the best damask. And one little word about yourself, she adds, do be careful and not go out in the sun in the middle of the day, without your hat.

* • *

Mr. Mathews and William have just come in; they have been looking at the Church; William wants to restore the screen, of which parts are still standing. Mr. Mathews is not High Church, but William says he understands architecture, and he can draw interiors, as mama thinks, very well.

* *

Charity has ran up from the parsonage and is peeping over my shoulder: she sends her best love, and tells you to look out for her in India. If she passes through your town, she promises to pay you a morning call, and we are to have a description of your drawing-room: we cannot think what a man's drawing-room is like."

Mary's letter threw no light on Andrew Marvell: what a communist surgeon, whom my father thought fitted for the Army, could be like, it was indeed a puzzle to guess. Burning to open my third letter, I positively had the coxcombry to trifle a little with the "Home News." And what a strange thing our bi-monthly budget is! Removed as we are involuntarily from the scene of action, we cannot help regarding the affairs of busy London with something of the same pitying wonder with which the recluse Cowper, sitting over his tea in the snug parlor, used to listen to the "folio of four pages" from the same troubled scene, in his day.

"'Tis pleasant, through the loopholes of retreat,
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd;
To hear the roar she sends thro' all her gates
At a safe distance, when the dying sound
Falls a soft murmur on the uninjured ear."

Pleasant! but sometimes depressing; for what is the roar but a blended sound oftentimes of the words Gold, War, Quackery, Babble, and all-powerful, all-prevalent, Humbug, and the gentler strains, Truth, Benevolence, are drowned in this. But I must open this white glossy letter. Oh! dearest Margaret, how natural for you to feel dispirited: you with your constitutional vivacity and cheerfulness to live so lonely in that little cottage, with no society, no friends, it is a sore trial for you, indeed!

I will transcribe a few passages.

"I have not summoned up courage yet to tell mamma of our engagement; not that I am at all

ashamed of having made it privately; not that I at all fear her displeasure, but, dearest Edward, I cannot conceal from you that much as I love and respect dearest mama, I do not feel that child-like confidence in her that I should like to run to her knees and sob out my whole heart before her. It may be the difference of our creeds; it may be, forgive me, Edward, if this is wicked, that I feel towards her a little of that dislike (dare I write the word?) that they say people feel to others they have *wronged*. For I have wronged her by my very existence. But then I know I have not been to blame, and I think I should be

better away, I could love her more warmly if we were separate. I should take delight in telling her every little incident that occurred, if she were not near me. But when we are together, there seems a sort of cloud over us. And then I should grow lively and cheerful and forget my misfortunes. Ah, Edward, how I look forward to your coming, to the emancipation, not, I do not mean, from dearest mama's society, but from my *false* position. I shall be your wife : never mind *what* I was before. These things have been pressed upon me lately : I used not to think of them ; but seeing me lonely rather some days, good Mr. Haynes has been talking the subject of my birth over to me, and pointing out how of course I am free from any just censure. Do not delay to claim me, and I will come into the world leaning on you, and they shall respect me, yes, and fear me, if I like. And I will not desert dearest mama. I will try and love her more and more, and we will describe all our lives to her. And then when I am yours, and when I am the mistress of your house, this dreadful dream of shame shall be forgotten, and we will kneel together, and you shall teach me to pray for forgiveness, if anything I am writing now is wrong.

* * *

Are you very gay at Muttra ? Tell me what the ladies are like. Do not think I shall be mopish and dull because I have been brought up so quietly. Your house shall be as gay as any body's, and they shall never say, he's married some country lass.

* * *

Ah ! how often I think of those days, when you used to trot down

on Kathleen, and drink tea and sing. In those days I used to read and draw away, without thinking of any thing unhappy ; but never mind—it is not for long, you will soon come or send for me, and then the night will have passed away, and the new day will have dawned.

* * *

I must not write gloomily to you, Edward, for you are far away, and are separated from your dear sister, and mother, and Miss Lee. Ah, your sister ! I know she will only look upon me as your's, and love me for your sake. She is too good and gentle to think any thing cruel."

This was rather a painful and yet in many respects a most pleasing letter to me, because what a joy it would be to soothe this dear girl's sorrows, and to make her forget her misfortunes ; and how gratifying it was to see she relied entirely on me to redeem her and give her what she thought her lost position. It was very foolish of old Haynes to talk about such matters to her, however, for I would rather she should have looked upon me simply as her lover, and not as one who could confer anything like a benefit on her. But I felt I could explain all these matters to her some day.

As I was lying back after finishing my reading, Hunsraj came softly into the room, and as his wont was, when the overland mail arrived, began to ask after my father, and he generally concluded with a few miscellaneous questions on England.

This time he asked if there were any trees in my country, and learning that there were, he further inquired, if there was a

good well in London city, and being satisfied on this point also, he was leaving the room, when the thought struck him as so pleasant, that he should be treated as a human being and not as an Orang Otang, that he returned to men-

tion that he made it the subject of daily prayer that I might speedily accede to the Governor-Generalship. I told him these things were the work of Time.

"What God wills can happen at once," said Hunsraj.

(*To be Continued.*)

SONNET.

BY SYLVANUS SWANQUILL.

DELIVERANCE from danger and from ill,
Engenders gratitude within the breast,
And when the danger's imminent, confest,
Or ill insufferable,—deepest still
Strikes Gratitude its root. The root at will
Sends forth the flower consummate—ever blest,
Called Love,—whose fragrance heaven and earth attest,
Whose equal blows not on the vale or hill!
Upon this Law of human nature, God,
Hath acted chiefly in the days of yore,
Witness the Ark of Noah riding high
The ruffian billows—witness Egypt's shore,
With Pharoah's army scattered at His nod,
And witness thou—Dread Cross of Calvary!

Baugmaree, near Calcutta, }
17th Sept. 1853.



THE LATE LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR.

It is a creditable trait of poor human nature, though some of its immediate manifestations may be more or less humiliating ; that no sooner is a great and good man gathered to his rest, than the tongues and pens which were formerly most active and even hostile in their criticism, hasten to celebrate his obsequies with the loudest and most indiscriminate panegyric. This spirit, which was exhibited on so remarkable a scale last year in England, cannot have escaped the notice of the intelligent observer of our own recent calamity. Like the Duke of Wellington, Mr. Thomason was assailed, during his life-time, by every weapon that the armoury of party could furnish ; like that hero he dies—and his loss is felt as a public misfortune. So true is the caustic touch of the Roman Poet—

*Virtutem incolumem odimus,
Sublatam ex oculis quæsimus invidi.*

But Thomason was by no means an ideal character, and to paint him as such is to lose the lesson of his life. Certain merits, certain defects characterized his career, as they do those of every man ; it is on striking the balance that the extraordinary virtues of the man appear. Throughout the influential portion of his course, it will be found that the paramount object was the preservation of the village communities, the "little republics" of Sir C. Metcalfe ; which after successfully weathering the storms of centuries, had, in Bengal, subdued before the well-meant dogmatism of *doctrinaires*,

and the overwhelming tenacity of Anglo-Saxon purpose. The first (and most noble) object of our Government in any territory that may accrue to them is always the limitation of that demand on the rent of land which the custom of the country has invariably left at the discretion of the ruling power. It is obvious that by so doing, a valuable property is at once created, where the occupier had previously only derived his precarious subsistence in a way that rendered literal the utmost hyperboles of Asiatic submission. The question, in whom should this property be vested ; in other words, with whom should the SETTLEMENT be made, was answered in the Lower Provinces by an arrangement which has ever swamped the ancient proprietaries, or left them at the mercy of an absentee landlord, say rather a middleman between them and their real constitutional landlord—the State. In settling the North West Provinces immense labour was devoted to the prevention of such another blunder ; and Thomason, who succeeded to the policy of the original legislators, had to encounter bitter and often able opposition in carrying out their plans. The doctrines which in the last century John Shore had communicated to Sir Philip Francis, led naturally to the "permanent" or Zemindaree Settlement ; and the violent and somewhat vague diatribes of JUNIUS found in these Provinces a skilled and practical application from the logical mind of Henry Boulton. Maxims of political econo-

my were quoted in favour of large holdings, and of the omnipotence of capital; to the vicarious (or rather joint) responsibility which forms so marked a feature of the co-parcenary tenures, it was objected that such arrangement was in principle incorrect; and where, as in numerous instances, the proprietary bodies were no longer held together by ties of blood or caste, it became not only unjust but impolitic to assert in this arbitrary manner, a connection which had ceased to exist.

Mr. Thomason met these and similar objections by the publication of "Directions to Settlement and Land Revenue Officers." In this work the subject was treated in a purely scientific point of view. But it was triumphantly demonstrated to all those whose practical acquaintance with it enabled them to understand the somewhat esoteric nature of the reasoning, that India was not ripe for the introduction of European economy. That the Talookadars had seldom any legal title, and that in almost all cases, the village constitution had survived in a co-ordinate condition, even where to a superficial enquiry it would appear to be almost, or entirely, obliterated. That in reviving the village system where clear traces of it existed, and in shelving the usurping Talookadar on a fair allowance from the collections, the Government might indeed surrender advantages of its own, (for the Revenue was safer and easier to raise from one wealthy man than from a score of cultivating proprietors); but that on the other hand, to effect the settlement with the latter was to

provide for the prosperity of the country in the manner most akin to the feelings, most favorable to the moral and political improvement of the people, with regard to the joint responsibility. Again, nothing could be more clear or satisfactory. The remedy against the objections founded on a possible want of unanimity among the members of the township was *left in their own hands*; any one shareholder could peremptorily demand a full and complete separation of interests and responsibility; and, in cases where the expense and delay of such a process were desired to be avoided, the jarring wishes of the community could be satisfied by a less complete partition, under which the Collectors would resort to every other means of realizing the Government demand sooner than proceed against the unoffending proprietors; moreover, that this hypothecation of the land for the claim of the State could not take place without the full consent of the parceners; who were thus, and through the election of representatives from their own body at once clothed with every advantage of self-government which the warmest friend of the people could at present reasonably demand.

To these positions may be added, as far as Thomason is personally concerned, that the policy thus ably vindicated was inaugurated by other officers, and authoritatively enjoined by the India House before the late Lieutenant Governor had anything to do with it.

Other, and less tangible denunciations were current in those days. He was accused of Machiavelism—vague but telling in-

dictment in English politics—it was even said that he ignored the principle of the statute of limitations, and attempted to bias the minds of Civil Judges, in his zeal for the hereditary proprietors, so long overborne by violence or fraud.

To such impeachments Thomason may well have been inaccessible. Like many another statesman, he had in truth nothing to oppose to them but his own good conscience, and the maxim of "*Respice finem.*" And, on the whole, it must surely be admitted that the work *has* been crowned by the end. Against improvidence and profligacy on the part of individuals he may not altogether have been able to guard; and there have been instances in which the agricultural brotherhoods have failed to reap the full benefits his labours designed them; but in these instances the estate has often been recovered by the immediate management of the State, or has become the property of an enterprising capitalist. The power of the sword has yielded, and is replaced—but rarely—by the Collector's Hammer.

Two points are thus exhibited in the public course of the departed statesman; its unity of purpose, and its great success. One of these characteristics is the mere result of the other. Mild and grave, he was not the less an enthusiast. If, in the prosecution of his favourite designs—at once so benevolent and so practical—he were occasionally led to strain hard upon the nice doctrines so peremptory in private morality, or to construe them more liberally than he would have done where his own interests alone had been concern-

ed; or if, in devoted absorption to one line of duty he did sometimes overlook matters less immediately bearing on the cherished object; he may in doing so have forfeited all claim to be considered a perfect Ruler, but he has gained the gratitude of the country, and the unchallenged credit of success.

What share in the formation of that amiable but earnest character may have been borne by his parents may be supposed by those who know, that their friend, the late Rev. C. Simeon, has recorded that in an intimacy of many years he never knew a harsh word to pass between them. His father had proceeded to India as a Chaplain in 1808, under the patronage of Mr. C. Grant: and it was, we presume, to the same good offices that James Thomason, a student of Cambridge, owed the appointment to Haileybury some twelve years later. It was in 1822 that he landed in this country, the same year which witnessed the production of Mr. Holt Mackenzie's invaluable Regulation VII. of 1822; a measure unworkable in itself, but stored with facts, then for the first time collected with wonderful research, and from which, by sure induction, flowed those principles which Thomason was destined to carry out in after years. A period of exciting and important enquiry followed, during which he was engaged in other pursuits, till shortly before the passing of IX. of 1833, and the commencement of the settlement under Robert Mertius Bird—who, called, like Thomason from different avocations, has, by a strange coincidence, died in the same year and well nigh month

as his disciple. To Thomason, then Collector of Azimgurh, was committed the settlement of that district; the "*corpus vile*," as Mr. Bird called it, "of fiscal experiment." In this delicate task he acquitted himself with his invariable felicity; and received the warm encomiums of the Lieutenant Governor, no less than of the Sudder Board. The latter noticed, in a marked and prominent manner, "their sense of obligation to Mr. Thomason, who had heartily entered into their views, perfectly comprehended their plans, and carried them into execution with great skill and judgment." It cannot be doubted that it was in this practical school that Thomason acquired the wonderful acquaintance with revenue detail, which was afterwards of such use to him in a more extended sphere.

In his subsequent position as Secretary to Government, he learned, we may presume, to comprehend the wheels of the great administrative and executive machine; and it was here that the quick eye of Lord Ellenborough discerned the promise that was in him. In 1842 he filled a place in the memorable Finance Committee, which cut down so many sinecures, equalised the corresponding appointments throughout the Provinces, and established the present organization of the service. And on the 30th of October 1843, he was gazetted to the appointment of Lieutenant Governor of the N. W. Provinces, then about to be vacated by Mr. G. Clerk.

In this office it will be in the recollection of most of our readers what important measures he inaugurated. He had a distinct

duty before him, that of nursing and maturing the infant constitution of the Landed System. In a country where prescription at present confines the public Revenue chiefly to the rent of land; and where the bulk of the population is dependent for subsistence on agricultural labour; where, moreover, communication and mercantile capital are alike wanting to give to traffic that sustained support which renders a commercial nation in a high state of civilization almost independent of vicissitude of season; it must be obvious that artificial irrigation is one of the first of public wants. Accordingly to it Thomason early devoted his attention, and the present canal organization was one of the first great results of his administration. On 31st May 1845 he published a Resolution giving effect to Act VII. of that year, and vesting Superintendents of Canals with powers of Joint Magistrate and Deputy Collector, laying down rules for the management of details, and defining offences and punishments.

In the same year Deputy Collectors under IX. of '33 were endued with powers of Deputy Magistrate. Shortly followed a scheme of the utmost importance to the public works of the country; in the employment of a subordinate class of Civil Engineers at competent salaries.

Regulation VIII. of '46 grappled with the delicate task of defining the duration of existing land-settlements; and probably emanated, like others bearing on the N. W. Provinces, from the Lieutenant Governor. From time to time followed the regulation of district letter-posts; the

abolition of transit dues on cotton : an arrangement for preventing delay in the commencement of public works sanctioned on estimate ; the foundation of the C. E. College at Roorkee ; the arrangements of supplies and police on the upper portion of the Grand Trunk Road ; and the great initiating measure on Vernacular education, now under such successful management in the eight districts selected for experiment by the Hon'ble Court. It was not Thomason's fault that the plan was not introduced on a more extensive footing, but his scheme was too large, and the estimated expense more than the Home Government were then prepared to undertake. A completion of this design would be a graceful testimonial to the merits of their departed servant. We do not mean as to the details ; for Thomason, with characteristic zeal, had proposed to interweave even this measure with the constitution of his beloved "republics ;" the school master was to be a village officer, endowed with a *jageer* of village-land. Of course, now that another plan has been set on foot, be it better or worse than his own, he would not have wished to unsettle every thing by a return to his original proposal. But the system having succeeded, we cannot doubt that it will ere long be made universal throughout such parts of the country as may be similarly situated, including, probably, at least, the whole of the Sub-Presidency of Agra.

Among all the measures above enumerated, it will be perceived that while there is certainly none that is not still in healthy operation, there is none that has not a bearing on the condition of the

agricultural payers of Revenue. It is indeed a marked defect of the school to which the late Lieutenant Governor belonged, that they are apt to consider the Land Revenue and its incidents as the "one thing needful." Public works, education, postal arrangements, and, worst of all, matters of police and criminal administration seem to be chiefly regarded as bearing on the village system, instead of the latter being viewed mainly as subordinate to the general prosperity of the country. But it is matter of congratulation in the long run that to each labourer should be prescribed his allotted task ; Thomason does not stand out as a man of large views, as idle stereotype delights to announce. Rather a man of one idea ; but that one firmly founded on a conviction of the interests of the Government he served, and of the people committed to his care. Not even perhaps a man of genius, unless that title can be bestowed on moderation and common sense in their most unclouded splendour, and on tenacious but intelligent adherence to a line of action deliberately and wisely embraced. A bright specimen, we think, of the brave, practical Englishman at his work ; respecting, with his whole soul, all existing rights, as long as they involve no public wrong ; devoting his best energies and resources to what he held to be his duty ; expressing himself, for the most part in deeds, not words. Here indeed he shines, here he is perfect ; never was there seen a more unbounded abnegation of self, or a more uncompromising absorption in cheerful labour ; more sincere love of the people, more philanthropy, accessibility,

or liberality of mind. Yet not a man of large views, fortunately for all concerned; men of large views, the poets of life, love to "subject the shews of things to the desires of the mind," grasping at a grand ideal, they are too often doomed to find with bitter disappointment, how wide is the interval between conception and execution.

However great their influence on posterity, they usually depart without obtaining the reward so prized by the wise King of Israel. They are rarely permitted to "see the good of their labours." Not so with Thomson. Prematurely as he was removed, it was yet granted to him to behold the peasantry he loved flourishing in comfort, and grow-

ing, however slowly, in intelligence and love of order. To find the system of irrigation so essential to their welfare, in a fair way to completion: to know that his system was spread over the Punjab, and probably destined to be extended to other Presidencies, if we may trust the rumour that he was to have been appointed shortly to the Government of Madras*: to be aware that in his own provinces the revenue was highly remunerative to the State without undue pressure on the individual, and to feel that his name was triumphantly quoted wherever a vindication might be required of the capacity for administration, either of the Government who employed him, or of the service he at once instructed and adorned.

* Confirmed whilst these pages pass through the press.—E. S.

L i n e s .

THE LOVER AND THE HUSBAND.

I.

What like's a lover?
A never quiet mountain stream,
Its waters sparkling in the beam
As it falls the rocks over—
Now joy—now grief affects his mind,
Capricious—changeable as the wind—
Ah! that's a lover!

II.

What's wedded life?
The rivulet grown wide and deep,
On whose clear bosom islets sleep,
Nor wake to strife;
Whilst murmuring gently in its song
Twixt verdant banks it glides along—
That's wedded life!

III.

The Brook or River,
Which dost thou choose? My soul replies,
Casting above its grateful eyes,
With joy that quiver.
No! not for me the transient gleam
Of beauty in the mountain stream—
Give me the River.

G.

E x t r a c t s

FROM PRINCE SOLTYKOFF'S TRAVELS IN INDIA.*

(Translated for Saunders' Magazine. By J. H.)

Bombay, March 18th, 1841.

I am in India, as you perceive. It has taken me 40 days to come from London, and 39 from Southampton, only two of which were on *terra firma*, although they call this the Overland Route. I am told that it is very quick, but it seemed to me very long and tedious. I shudder to think that the same irksome labour must be undergone on my return in a year hence, for I cannot manage to leave in less time. I have been here now some days, but am still quite confused by being so suddenly thrown into such a strange world, and I cannot recall my ideas so as to write to you as I could wish. I fain would do so, but it is difficult to convey my first impressions in their original state.

In the midst of a forest of palm trees stands the large city of Bombay, inhabited by 280,000 Indians and Ghebirs; the men either almost naked or dressed in white, of a bronze complexion, their face and sometimes also their arms and shoulders dyed of different colours, and wearing red, white, yellow, or green turbans; the women also half naked or oddly arrayed in red, pink, violet, or white gauze, loaded with silver and gold ornaments as to their feet, hands, neck, arms, nose and ears, and with excessively sweet and strong smelling flowers in

their hair; the most grotesque little Indian temples, filled with monstrous idols, and surrounded by groups of emaciated fakeers, with nails as long and as crooked as the talons of an eagle; old hags frightful to behold, with dishevelled hair and haggard eyes; vast tanks bordered with stone steps, where dead bodies are washed and where a crowd is always collected; the silent chapels of the fire-worshippers; the noisy pagodas of the Hindoos; a smell of musk all over the country, a horrid smell proceeding from the musk-rats which swarm in the city and throughout the territory of Bombay, and live underground; the noise of barbarous music that never ceases; this is what first strikes a stranger. While walking along the streets you may frequently see, as it were in open cages, inclosed by mere nets, a brilliancy of light—in these are going on the ceremonies of a Hindoo marriage which appears to be a perfect farce. They are quite children when married, a boy perhaps of ten or twelve to a girl of five or six. They are both quite naked, but loaded with rings and bracelets, smeared over with yellow, and surrounded by a number of men and women. By turns they are washed clean, and then again smeared over with yellow. After this water is handed to them several times, which they take in their mouths and

* *Voyages dans l'Inde et en Persie, en 1841-43, par le Prince Alexis Soltykoff. Paris—1853.*

squirt over each other. These absurdities last three or four days without interruption, accompanied by an uproar of tom-toms and violins, night and day, that surpasses all imagination. Every thing here is gewgaw except the imposing forests of palms. Fancy to yourself in the midst of all this, excellent roads, on which are continually passing to and fro, elegant English horsemen, and in rich equipages, ladies dressed with all the taste of London or Paris—by the side of this poesy of primitive ages, the refinements of modern civilization. When you traverse in a carriage the environs of the city and behold in the midst of trees and marvellous flowers, the beautiful English country houses built in the Italian style, you almost fancy yourself at Palermo. But when your eye alights on those naked men with long hair against a background of bright green banana trees, or of sombre cocoanut trees, your imagination straightway transports you to the regions of South America.

The Governor of Bombay has a superb palace in the middle of a fine garden, called Parel. On arriving you see on the vast steps outside, groups of Indians squatting, but dressed in the colours of the arms of England. You enter an immense and lofty hall, throughout the length of which and fastened to the ceiling is an enormous fan with linen fringes, and kept in constant movement by means of small ropes. The windows are occupied by a sort of blinds made of odoriferous and moistened grass. Here it is always cool, notwithstanding the suffocating heat outside. The Governor of Bombay, Sir James Carnac, had just left Parel for an-

other charming house more in the country, on the seaside, and in a sequestered spot, and on a rising ground called Malabar Point, where the tops of the palm trees incessantly wave to and fro in the fresh sea breeze. Sir J. Carnac honored me with a gracious reception, and invited me to a fête that he was giving to celebrate the arrival of Sir Colin Campbell. He even offered me rooms in his house at Parel, but as I particularly wished to be in the town, I declined his courtesy—a fatal error on my part which I grievously expiated by the suffocating heat and the insects of Black Town.

The Governor gives a ball to-day, and he told me that there would be a number of both Ghebers and Indians present. The English society at Bombay is very numerous. But there are no good hotels; for which reason I am lodged in the upper story of a deserted Parsee house, the lower part being occupied by Baron Loëve-Weimar, for we took the house between us. It consists of immense dilapidated halls without doors or windows, and with several terraces. The birds fly about my rooms as if there was no one in them, and seem determined not to make any change on my account. In our immediate neighbourhood a wedding is being celebrated, so that tom-toms and violins never cease night or day: Miss Emma Roberts had good reason to say, in her charming work, that Bombay offers all the year round the spectacle of a continual fête: it is true, but then it is a barbarous fête. Almost every evening a strange scene passes in my rooms. It is a dance of Bayaderes, who come

whenever they are sent for. The Bayaderes form a numerous but exclusive caste, whose sole occupation is to sing and dance and chew betel, an astringent leaf said to be good for the stomach, but which makes the mouth quite red. These dancers are graceful and pleasing to behold; arrayed in gauze, half gold and half silver, and half rose, white, violet, or cherry coloured; and loaded with rings and chains round their naked feet, which produces a clanking like that of spurs, but more silvery, when they strike the ground with their heels. Their movements are so different from any thing I have ever seen, and so charmingly graceful and original, their singing so mournful and wild, their postures so soft, so voluptuous, and at times so lively, and the music that accompanies them so discordant, that I find it very difficult to give you any idea of the thing. They are always attended by wild looking men who advance and retreat behind them, while scraping their instruments and beating time with their feet. And when one reflects that this dance, of a mystical signification, probably goes back to the most remote antiquity, and that for thousands of years it has been repeated without the dancers understanding what it is they perform, one becomes bewildered in profound reveries on the mysteries of this wonderful India. These young girls and many others who do not dance inhabit entire streets, the lofty houses and light construction of which have a somewhat Chinese aspect. Their habitations are lighted up in the evening, music resounds within them, and any one may enter who

pleases. But the actual lords of the country do not at all appreciate these Indian Terpsichorees. Thus it was only yesterday that one of these mystic dances in my house was rudely broken up by some young Englishmen who scared away these delicate maidens by trying to drag them round in a waltz. They felt themselves so much aggrieved by this violence that they threw themselves on the ground in tears, and for a long time persisted in wishing to go away.

Too much absorbed in positive interests, the English take but little pleasure in what India possesses of original, I might also say of exquisite, interest; in their eyes it is all trivial and common. In general they disdain whatever differs from the ideas that prevail in their own country. It is in vain that Indian Nature unfolds herself before them, graceful and simple, wild and magnificent. In matters of "scenery," they can only tolerate or appreciate that of their own parks. In the neighbourhood of English habitations in India whatever reminds them of Asia is scrupulously avoided. Their first care in forming a garden or a park, is to cut down all the palm trees, to pull up the plants that have an Indian character, and to substitute in their place Cassarinas, a tree that resembles the fir tree of the north, and lawns of turf that are very expensive to keep up. To such an extreme does English patriotism extend! Is it with them that melancholy sentiment which is called *das Heimwehe*, or home-sickness? These men, whose very sensations are subjected to invariable rules, despise nature, though so wonderful in

her unartificial simplicity, and at the same time so varied in her infinite combinations of lines and colours, which to an artist is a subject of inexhaustible interest. The unadorned grace of the natives of India is a closed book for them, for the natural shocks the artificial mind; and yet what can be more deplorable than the grotesque costume that disfigures our women, compared with the admirable draperies of the primitive dress of the Indian females, the folds of which are formed by nature herself.

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Calcutta, 12th Oct. 1841. •

Every thing in Calcutta is dear beyond conception. My health is very good except that the excessive heat prostrates me: in walking I feel sometimes quite confused. Yesterday I went to the theatre, an English one—comedy and drama. The actors are excellent, and the hall very pretty, well lighted up, and furnished with immense fans that are pulled each time up to the ceiling.

The evening promenade along the river is full of animation, and reaches at least a mile in length. It reminds me of that of the 1st of May at St. Petersburg, only that there are not many pedestrians on it. It lasts for about one hour at sunset. There is also music. Yesterday they played *Norma, mira Norma*, and not so very badly.

The city is beautiful. The houses are palaces, between which are wide spaces enclosed by an iron railing or stone balustrades, with grass lawns. Trees are avoided, because they intercept the puffs of wind, sufficiently rare in any case. The palace of

the Governor General is like a huge fragment of the winter palace at St. Petersburg, but the others are in the simple Italian style, with terraces and vast galleries, shut in by Venetian blinds, and supported by tall light pillars—cleanliness reigns throughout.

Spence's Hotel, where I am staying, is spacious and imposing. Before my windows, on the lawn as well as on the terraces, there stalk about huge birds called philosophers, which I have never met with before: they are very odd looking.

Yesterday I dined with the Governor General, a grand affair. We sat a long time at table, but when dinner was over, every one hurried down the immense flight of steps. A great number of carriages and lace-covered runners advanced in a disorderly manner under the arches of the palace, into which all the company was soon crowded, and carried off to the theatre in a whirlwind of dust. In this confusion the scarlet uniforms, richly embroidered with gold, and the white and waving plumes of the Aides-de-Camp stood out in relief against the gloomy light of the torches borne by the runners, and the dresses of the ladies gleamed with a fantastic splendour.

When you leave the palaces inhabited by the fashionables and plunge into the city, for here as in London the gay quarter is at one extremity, you enter narrow, but clean streets, full of bustle, in which are situated the bazars of the natives, a population nearly naked with long hair, but not so dark as that of Madras.

P. S.—I have just received an invitation to dinner from a very beautiful lady whom I met at Lord

Auckland's, Mrs. Prinsep. Her husband is a very distinguished and amiable man, one of the first dignitaries of the Indian Company, and his house is considered the most elegant in Calcutta. The furniture is always elegantly simple. According to the custom of the place, no useless ornaments are allowed in the apartments. Coolness is the principal object, a piece of furniture not strictly necessary would intercept the air, for the free circulation of which so much pains are taken. For this reason a void seems to reign in the palaces of Calcutta.

Calcutta, 15th Oct. 1841.

I should like to write you something worth reading concerning this capital of India, but the heat is fearful, and the country is low and damp; there is no air to breathe and the animal functions seem to stand still. All the English, except the Hercules and the strong-minded persons, leave their bed at five o'clock *nel crepuscolo*, while the sky is still of an exquisite rose colour and the distant trees of a misty lilac, and seek the fresh air along the banks of the river either in buggies or carriages, or on horseback at a foot pace; for strong exercise is unwholesome, and within a few minutes after six the sun has already great power, and the heat is so oppressive that one turns quite sick. Every one therefore hastens indoors, and the punkahs are put in motion to create an artificial circulation.

After five in the afternoon the handsome equipages again appear on the Corso, on the banks of the Ganges, and pallid forms lie stretched out in carriages. The life of the English here is a con-

stant struggle with death, owing to their peculiar habits, for it is not so with the natives of the country who take neither meat nor wine. They eat only light food, such as rice, arrowroot, sago, vegetables, thick milk, and wheat cakes; and they drink nothing but rice water, cocoa-nut milk, and milk and water, etc. They brave the sun with their white turbans, and even without a turban, for the common people do not wear any, and their bodies are altogether naked. But it is not only habit, there is also a positive difference in their nature. English children born in India suffer much from the sun, and they are nearly always obliged to be sent to Europe, more on account of their health than of their education. The fact is that the sun acts upon Europeans in a frightful manner.

Yesterday, while entering a boat to cross over to the finest botanical garden in the world, I was sensible, notwithstanding the pureness of the evening air, of a very bad odour, and on looking around I perceived on the surface of the water a Hindoo corpse, the head of which was knocking against the boat. Dead bodies are constantly seen floating down, so that the terrors of death lose much of their intensity.

I am continually traversing the environs of Calcutta, attended by four Indians—a coachman, a *loquis de place*, and two runners, who at one time run beside or in front of the carriage to warn the passers by their cries, and at another hook themselves on behind to rest themselves, if this indulgence be granted them.

The natives are civilized at Calcutta. One of them has just sen-

me a written invitation to some nautches, or Indian dances that he intends to give in a few days, and which will last for three consecutive days. This morning I have seen a Hindoo, equally civilized, who is engaged in commerce. He is supposed to be one of the richest natives of India, and proposes very shortly to visit Europe in company with an English gentleman. He intends to begin by Naples in order to accustom himself gradually to the change of climate. This Hindoo's name is Dwarkanauth Tagore, and his companion is Mr. Parker, a very amiable and agreeable man—and a married man, to boot. These gentlemen will be talked of. The jackals howl all night in the streets of Calcutta, which seems to me very extraordinary. I can hear them from Spence's Hotel, situated in the most fashionable quarter, close to the Governor's palace, and to many others, as well as large magazines of bronze ornaments, fine dresses, and perfumery. There is an ill-omened poesy in these four-footed owls called jackals. Their cries are mournful lamentations, and you would fancy them to issue from the most gloomy deserts. Volney, in his *Ruines*, makes mention of jackals to express the idea of solitude. This passage struck the imagination of our brother Vladimar, and from that time jackals have always been associated in my mind with some terrible mystery.

— October 27th.

On my return from Chandernagore to Calcutta I went to several nautches at the houses of some rich Indians. They were held

in spacious courts arranged exactly like rooms, by covering them with a sort of ceiling loaded with lustres, and by spreading a cloth over the ground. Nearly all the dancing girls were ugly. There was only one of them at all passable, and she was so little that she hardly deserved thus much of praise. At these parties I became acquainted with several rajahs, or Indian noblemen. They greatly affect English customs, and some of them adopt a very odd fancy costume, and even drive in a buggy along the promenade. But there was one picturesque young man among them who wore the Delhi costume, and, unlike the others, boasted of being completely Oriental, although his brothers had adopted European manners and usages. This rajah, Krishna Bahadour, speaks English, however, extremely well. He is twenty years of age, has a good face, long hair like one of our deacons, a well formed figure, a gauze robe in the ancient Persian style, and trousers of a remarkably light sort of stuff, excessively wide below, and so long that they conceal his feet, and prevent his walking with freedom.

The nautches lasted three nights, after which attention was paid to the idols in whose honour they had been given—colossal figures of painted wood made expressly for the occasion in each house. They consisted of the goddess Dourga, a red colored deity with ten arms; a white goddess on her left hand answering to Minerva, at least so the civilized Indians assured me; a third goddess of a sky-blue colour; a yellow god with an elephant's head; and a dark green man with mustaches and whiskers (whiskers are of

ancient date in India) and a disagreeable expression, overthrown upon the ground, and devoured by a fabulous sort of horned lion, but the goddess Dourga sustains him by means of a silver pike she has plunged into his reeking chest, while the lion gnaws at his stomach. All this was surrounded by an immense semi-circle composed of the inferior gods of the Hindoo Olympus. On the fourth evening all these idols were borne, escorted by a considerable crowd, and with a horrible noise of kettle-drums and trumpets of all kinds, towards the Ganges—Gunga in Hindustani—and precipitated into it. I was sitting in a carriage to enjoy the spectacle, when in the midst of the crowd there passed on horseback a swarthy young man with a face like a snout, dressed in a tight fitting frock-coat of a shawl pattern in cloth of gold, and with a velvet cap embroidered in gold, and with a gold tassel. My Mahometan servant, who was on the driving seat, turned sharp round and told me that it was a grandson of Tippoo Saib; but not the best one, for there are several brothers. A few minutes afterwards he pointed out to me a carriage in which were three persons in white eastern dresses, one of whom he said was Tippoo's good grandson—probably he is the best paymaster. "He speaks English," he added; and at the same time, he got down from his seat to address him with that familiarity which exists in spite of slavery throughout all classes in the East, and came back with a message that Tepou, as he pronounced it, wished to see me, and begged me to draw up my carriage alongside of his

own. I then made his acquaintance. He wore the Asiatic garb with long hair, which gave him the appearance of a prince of the middle ages. The father of these princes could not endure the confinement, and had hardly arrived in Calcutta, after Tippoo Saib's death, before he blew out his brains. They were at first at Vellore, but were transferred hither after the massacre of the English garrison at that place. At present they go where they please, for I think I remember seeing one of the brothers in London.

* * * * *

The day before yesterday I spent a few hours at the country house of the gentleman who has undertaken the management of my affairs, the Europeanised Indian Dwarkanauth Tagore. Before dinner, we rode about the garden, on an elephant, to give us an appetite. - After dinner an organ played several airs by Meyerbeer and Donizetti, but the jackals made such an uproar round the house, that it was almost impossible to distinguish any thing. Their howling resembles the cries of children in distress. The master of the house seemed embarrassed by this *contré-temps*, having no idea of the strange poetry of the thing for me, an European.

* * * * *

I frequently stroll along the banks of the Ganges at Calcutta. It is an animated scene extending several miles in length. A multitude of Indians are always bathing there. One day quite recently a poor young man worn out by disease, and thin as a skeleton, laid upon the sand beside the water, while his friend watched

sadly by his side. At a little distance from them sat a Brahmin of a certain age, and of a severe aspect, who had just carefully painted his face, shoulders, and chest, and was viewing himself in a mirror. On another but loftier estrade, covered over with foliage and mats on the top of poles in the form of parasols, there was assembled a gathering of Brahmans, one of whom of excessive corpulence was being washed. Besides these there were fakeers besmeared with chalk, and their hair and beards in disorder, though braided, sometimes also their hair was twisted on the top of the head in form of a monstrous turban, and sprinkled with a red or white powder. An unfortunate old man at the point of death had been brought thither in a palanquin in the hope of being revived by the fresh air; but the haggard eye and emaciated figure announced the near approach of death. A young man, full of strength and gracefulness coming out of the water, displayed his rich head of hair, and allowed his bronzed skin to dry in the last rays of the setting sun. There a corpse was being carried to the receptacle for the dead. The roof of the house was occupied by an innumerable troop of cormorants, while vultures and other birds wheeled round and round in the air, or stalked about the neighbourhood of the gloomy mansion. A group of Brahman women, slender and supple, were going down to the river, clothed in their fine draperies of green, lilac, or rose-coloured muslins, to make their last evening ablution. A little farther on some dead bodies were being burned on the funeral pyre, and the odour spread

far and wide over the river's bank, animated by so many different scenes.

Yesterday I again saw the sick young man, sitting down and apparently convalescent. I was much surprised at it, for the other day he was lying without movement, and looked almost at the last gasp. I gave him a rupee, with which he seemed much pleased. His friend, perchance his brother, was no longer with him. He had fulfilled his honorable task, and, having satisfied the craving of his soul, had returned to his ordinary train of life. A Brahman, who had just bathed himself, and his monkey, was proceeding along with a proud air, the animal perched on his shoulder; both had their faces marked with red. At intervals would pass a vehicle of the time of King Dagobert, filled with Rajahs or Indian noblemen, young and old, great and small, obscure lordlings who dwell in the dirty quarters of this strange capital. Some of them are naked, with immense heads of hair in disorder, or gaudily decorated with plumed theatrical turbans, and in faded robes, of gauze or brocade. The servants, either naked or clad only in coarse linen, cling to the ancient machine, or sit upon the springs, or run by the side.

* * *

The other day I was dining by myself in my own room, and my European servants, François and Theodore, were doing the same in an adjoining room, for it is the custom in this hotel and generally throughout Asia for the domestics to receive the dishes that come from their master's table. As it so happened that there was no black man present except the one

who was pulling the punkah, quite a youth of the Gentoo caste, I told him to carry a dish to my people. But to my great astonishment, although usually very humble, he refused to do so, and with a very peculiar and almost scoffing smile. In my embarrassment I made him a sign to leave the room. But afterwards it struck me that as the poor lad was of the Gentoo caste, the meat we were eating must have been to him what pieces of human flesh would be to us, and that it was already a great and perhaps even a criminal concession on his part to be present at our hideous repasts. By way of an episode I may tell you the history of a Brahman and a piece of roast beef. A very intelligent and Europeanized Brahman made frequent visits to an English Gentleman, who had taken a fancy to him, and who found pleasure in contraverting the principles of the Brahman caste. The Indian lent himself with a good grace to these religious discussions, and exhibited great tolerance in his disquisitions. One day he came without thinking of it at the Englishman's dinner hour; so the latter resolved to unite practice with theory, and attempt conversion by means of seduction. "My dear fellow," said he, "it is time that you put all this nonsense on one side. Besides with me you need not fear to commit yourself by laying aside your mask." While these words were being uttered, they approached the dining room. "Come along and take a slice of roast beef with me;" when these last words sounded in the Brahman's ears, he was already in presence of the smoking sirloin. The sight and the words caused a convulsive

movement to seize him. His eyes became fixed; not a word escaped from his lips, and he fell senseless to the ground. From that day he was never again seen in European society.

Benares, 1841 Dec., 1841.

I have been through every corner of Benares, and it is certainly a curious and picturesque spot, but there is nothing poetic or grand about it. This morning having stopped before a square tank, surrounded with granite steps, and in the waters of which was reflected a stone temple minutely sculptured, painted of a deep red, and enclosed by superb banian trees, a little sick boy and a lame Brahman began to howl like jackals. Suddenly I beheld thousands of monkeys of different sizes running up from all sides, from beneath the arches of the temple, from the steeple, the tops of the trees, and along the galleries that inclose the tank. Some of them carried their young ones in their arms or on their back. All this people of monkeys completely blocked up the street where I was, and so suddenly that it was as if by magic. The Brahman threw them a kind of grain for which I had to pay, when there arose so violent a battle between these horrible creatures, that I ran away in all haste. It was the temple of the god Hanooman who, in the days of antiquity, was a very warlike monkey, under the orders of the King of Oude, named Rama, a divine monarch. He conquered for this Sovereign the island of Ceylon, that emerald of the peaceful waves of the Indian ocean; that marvellous land, where the beautiful Cingalese maidens wander

beneath the shade of rhododendrons and in groves of oleanders; that enchanted forest, where in the depth of the gloomy retreats formed by the melancholy palms, elephants crush the pine-apples or the perfumed plants of the coffee and the cinnamon; such was the isle that Hanooman conquered for his King Rama.

The prose of this somewhat poetic history is that Rama, a powerful monarch of Oude, subjected to his sceptre a large portion of the south of India, until then wild and uncultivated, inhabited by races whose last descendants are still found in the forests of Orissa and Gundwana, and whom the polished subjects of Rama compared to monkeys because they lived in the midst of woods in a state of nature. Rama again made use of these barbarous tribes to effect the conquest of Ceylon, and the ape Hanooman was the prince or chief of these auxiliaries.

I pass still further, avoiding an elephant that obstructs my path, and plunging into the narrow streets I behold things that seem like a dream: small temples like chess tables, wherein move Brahmans and fakeers painted of different colours; small white bulls with a hump on their back, decorated with flowers and their horns gilt; women half-naked and over-loaded with rings, sprinkling with water a multitude of idols or cylindrical stones rounded towards the summit; strange looking horsemen with their bows over their shoulders as the gods of mythology are represented, and arrows attached to their backs without any quiver, and mounted on horses stained with henna and indigo. These

fantastic beings had come from the Punjab, and passed in silence along the gloomy passages between the lofty houses. All this, mixed up and confined in a narrow space, formed a compact mass from out of the midst of which towered, here and there, elephants whimsically caparisoned, that forced their way with difficulty and uproar through that crowd of animated beings, temples, balconied houses, and sweat-meat shops, the awnings of which they sometimes carried off formed of palm leaves supported by light bamboo poles. Often times a dromedary covered with a brilliant saddle cloth, yellow and red, or yellow and green, rapidly glided along and disappeared down some tortuous path leading to a retired part of the town, the residence of some obscure Rajah.

While writing this letter I was seized by a wish to ride through the city on an elephant. I have been thus employed for three hours, the Mahout sitting before me and a servant behind with a parasol, and in this manner I have traversed the narrow streets, the bazars, and the neighbouring woods. It is a convenient and agreeable way. In the town you are on a level with the first floor, and your eye commands the sleeping apartments. Every body makes his salaam to you. You are at first perhaps in fear, of trampling upon the swarms of women and children; but fortunately nothing of the kind happens. Neither women nor children go out of their way, but the gentle colossus carefully avoids injuring them.

In truth this India unites within itself all that is picturesque

and strange in the world. Many and many a cavalier, with long floating hair and a muslin turban worked in silver or gold, enveloped in his Cashmere shawl like an Italian in his cloak, when he approached on his capering steed, preceded by people carrying his hooka, or armed with spears and sabres; many and many a cavalier, I say, was obliged to make room for me, for the horses dread the elephants. On the other hand I also was obliged to shun the dromedaries with equal caution, and politely to request their riders to spare me, which they did with a most graceful generosity. You do not understand me? The elephant is afraid of those hump-backed animals, and mine would have cut some capers as ludicrous as they might have been fatal if the riders of the dromedaries had not had the courtesy to draw quite to one side as we approached. The funny looking Indian carriages, unique in their kind, likewise drew to one side. I met besides, mysterious equipages, covered with flowing stuff, red or painted, with flowers, and pointed towards the top, drawn by superb white bullocks with their horns gilt, or at least stained red or green, and often their skin spotted with henna and the lower part of their legs as well as their hoofs of the same colour. These cars contained women and were surrounded by armed men. Tamed leopards, sometimes dressed in a wadded kind of housing, were led or held in leash near the dwellings of certain Rajahs. On the outer walls of their moorish palaces, not unlike those of Venice, strange and finely marked outlines represented fanciful birds, processions, dances of bayaderes, kings on their throne, &c. The gods of the Indian mythology were also painted in the loveliest colours on some low-built houses, probably inhabited by fanatical Brahmans.

(To be continued.)

Correspondence.

To the Editor of Saunders' Monthly Magazine.

SIR,—Having lately perused the article in your Magazine on the Cis-Sutlej States, I am induced to send you an extract from a paper written by a friend of mine, and who, I assure you, has given me full permission to make any use of it I please.

Yours faithfully,

'SIMPLEX.'

(Referring to the Ludhiana District.) "The prevailing caste of the agriculturalists is Jat: the origin of this fine race of men has been much debated. An anonymous writer in a late number of a local periodical who would seem to be possessed of some knowledge of the places and people in these states, writing of the Phoolkea family, says—'At the same time it should be observed that this 'house,' though without any sufficient authority, lays claim to a Rajpoot descent.' It is not generally known that the Jat race is *entirely* of Rajpoot origin. A Rajpoot marrying the widow of a deceased brother, who had died without heirs, loses caste as a Rajpoot. The ancestors of all the Jat families were thus Rajpoots, who had taken to wife the widows of their deceased brethren, who had died without male heirs. The Phoolkea family, if questioned as to their Rajpoot descent, being now to all intents and purposes Jats, would state this to have been the manner of the transition. I myself have the fact from one of the most intelligent members of the family. The head men of more than one Jat village of different Gots, or clans, have likewise given me the same information, and I am convinced of its general truth. The subdivision of Gots among the Jats is endless; and I have been at

some pains to trace the circumstances which constitute the origin of each Got. The result is entirely confirmatory of the above account of the general origin of the race. The Rajpoot ancestor who ceased to be a Rajpoot furnishes the name of the Got; not usually directly from his own name; but from some surname he had acquired, as "the Toothless," "the Fair;" or from some circumstance attending his family or the birth of his sons: a very powerful Got is styled the 'Haystack,' from the fact of his wife having suddenly been confined near one; in some cases the name of the village he or his sons founded gave the name of the Got which derives its ancestry from him. One Got never intermarries within itself; one Got marrying with another Got. Much has been written on the peculiar meaning of the word 'Zemindar' in different parts of India. Here the use of the word is very peculiar. Those generally who derive their livelihood directly from the soil are not called Zemindars, but 'Kusans.' On approaching a village and asking what people live in it, if any other race but Jats live in it, the name of the race will be given in reply. But if the population are Jats, the reply will be 'Zemindars' live here: in fact the word Zemindar is here only applied to the Jats."

SAUNDERS'
MONTHLY MAGAZINE
FOR
ALL INDIA.

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INDEX

TO THE

First Six Numbers of Volume X.

	<i>Page.</i>
Annual Fairs in India,	155
Alix Malade,	208
Ancient History of the Punjab,	289
Bengal Thirty Years Ago,	21
Channel Islands, as Places of Retirement for Officers of the Indian Army, The... ..	116
Christmas in India,	195
Chums, The,	339
Caleb Crossthwaite—the Man with the Moral Squint,	382
Criminal Law for India,	447
Dirge,	86
Dream of Life, A,	99
Duke, The,	125
Darjeeling in 1852,... ..	419
Domestic Idyll, A,... ..	320
Education in the Bombay Presidency—1850,	41
Education in the Madras Presidency—1850,	259
Education of the People of India as it ought to be,	353
Emigration and Scenes in a New Colony,	321
Fabliaux,	i, xxiii, xxxvi, xliii, lv, lxvi
Festive Scene in India, The,	254
Garde Du Corps, The,	265
High Caste Hindoos as Sailors and Soldiers, On,	13
Holy War, The,	74
Hour in the Conciergerie, An,	xv, xxx
Hills, The,	307, 351
History of the League,... ..	307, 351

Idone ; or, Incidents in the Life of a Dreamer,...	1, 87
Indian Army Reform, ...	197
Indian Day, An, ...	493
Joshua Foxley, the Managing Man, ...	148
Journal of a Trip to the Snowy Range, from Almorah, ...	496
Kumaon Tea, ...	389
Lahore, ...	26
Lindenstowe—A Tale, ...	76
Lines, ...	113, 530
Lower Empire, The, ...	214
Lines from Sadi, ...	436, 537
Memorandum on Indian Iron, ...	101
My first arrival in India,...	531
Notes on the Kingdom of Oudhe—No. III., ...	57
Old Brown Coat, The, ...	53
Our Library Table,...	427
Parsees of Bombay, The, ...	215
Passages in the Life of Cardinal Richelieu, ...	233, 312
Progress,...	284
Poesy, ...	388
Raja Bujawul Ajeet, ...	209
Random Thoughts about the Cape, ...	274
Sheikh Suliman Duranee, ...	19
Sir Thomas Munro and His Times, ...	126, 173
Sonnets from Petrarch, ...	232, 258, 273
Siege of Constantinople, The, ...	463
Time's Teachings—Sonnet, ..	56
"Trumpet of Assaye," The,...	146
Two Sides of the Channel ; or, France and England as they are and have been, The, ...	360, 509
Verses, from the Urdu of Sarwar, .	252

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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MESSRS. THACKER, SPINK & CO. having received instructions to close the consignment of the above, beg to offer the only three remaining Guns, at the greatly reduced price of Co.'s Rs. 300 each, Cash.

HEALTH FOR ALL!!!

THE time has now come when the public health in India must be more attentively considered with a view to its preservation and improvement. Notwithstanding the number of Medical Gentlemen employed in the Country, it is a well known fact that hundreds of our Countrymen are annually consigned to an early grave, or compelled to return to England with shattered constitutions; no class of people on earth are so physicked—aye—and physicked with *poison* too—and yet with hundreds of Doctors within the three Presidencies—and medicines innumerable—the mortality in India is greater than in any other of our Colonies. The average age to which persons live in this country is 40 years. Another startling fact is, that one-half of all the children born of European parents in India, die before they reach their fifth year, and in many unhealthy Stations a large portion of these die within the first year.

What can more clearly demonstrate the fact, that while the Residents in India have been physicked by a large standing Army of Doctors, they have not been taught the best mode of preserving their health. One truth must be clearly understood and consistently acted upon, namely, *that all the diseases to which the human frame is subject, arise from an impure state of the blood.* Let this vital principal be freed from impurities, and disease cannot take place.

PURE AIR AND PURE BLOOD.

The relationship between pure air and pure blood is very intimate. The office of the lungs is to decarbonize the blood. Previously to its passing through those organs it is of a dark black colour, in consequence of its being charged with Carbon; it is then termed *venous* blood. When it comes into contact with the oxygen of the atmosphere, it is purged from the Carbon and changed to a beautiful crimson; it is then termed *arterial* blood. If the surrounding air be foul, charged with miasma of Carbonic acid gas, which has escaped from the lungs of individuals or from putrid matter, it is impossible that the blood should be changed from venous into arterial. The object of the blood is to convey a *replenishing* principle to every part of the human frame for the purpose of repairing the waste which is constantly going on. But if it has come in contact with impure air, it gallops through the system, charged—not with health and vigour—but with a *disease-engendering* principle: hence low, intermittent fevers, dysentery, cholera, and other fearful diseases.

AN EFFICACIOUS REMEDY FOR ALL DISEASES.

Now if disease arise from the cause thus described—who can question the philosophy or doubt the efficacy of the "Hollowayen System." Unlike Doctors in general, he shows how disease may be prevented, or if its presence be detected, he shows them what is the cause. Of course, he says, "If you are suffering from disease, take my Pills." For while Professor Holloway's Pills are perfectly free from *poison*—they are at the same time charged with a powerful disease-exterminating principle. Being taken into the system—they assimilate with the blood, and the vital fluid is thus charged with an element which wages war with every unhealthy obstruction—a work of emancipation commences, and most pleasing are the results.

COMPLAINTS OF THE LIVER, THE LUNGS AND THE STOMACH REMOVED.

The *Liver* hitherto morbid in its action is freed from unhealthy secretions, acrimonious bile is carried off, and along with it distressing pain in the right side, and a burning sensation at the *Stomach*, the sallowness of the skin vanishes and is succeeded by a healthy liver. The *Lungs*, which had been held in thrall by vitiated humours, causing a constant hacking cough, is set free by the use of these Pills, so that respiration becomes easy.

The *Stomach*, in which impurities had been allowed to accumulate, causes nausea, violent headache, indigestion, nervousness, burning sensation and acute pain, bowel complaints, sleepless nights, and a host of other evils, the stomach is completely cleaned of its misery-making occupants, by a few doses of this extraordinary medicine.

MALIGNANT CHOLERA ROBBED OF ITS VICTIMS.

This disease, which is so common in India, results from a redundancy and putrid acrimony of the bile. Now Holloway's Pills, by cleansing the intestines, and imparting vigour to the whole nervous system, are of admirable use as a *preventive*; but when this use of them has been overlooked, the actual attacks of Cholera may be mitigated by a *timely* and *persevering* use of them. The stomach and bowels will thus be effectually freed from all vitiated humours, and the various functions speedily restored to their proper tone.

RHEUMATISM AND GOUT PREVENTED AND CURED.

And what is Rheumatism? It is a painful disease, affecting the joints and limbs—caused by an accumulation of impurities. How common is the exclamation, "I have caught a cold, and it has brought on that tiresome excruciating pain on my shoulders or limbs!" Do you *wish* to know *why* this pain? We will tell you, and, which is still better, we will tell you how to get rid of it. By means of respiration and perspiration the human system is continually throwing off waste matter. Lavoisier, the celebrated French Chemist, states that the skin alone during every four and twenty hours parts with 20 ounces of useless matter.

This supposes health and favourable circumstances. But should any of this matter be thrown back into the system, proportionate disease must necessarily ensue. You spend some time in a heated place, or drive out visiting during the hot months, and the pores of your body become open and sensitive; you go in this state under a punkah, or perhaps lie down on a couch right before the "tatties," and fall asleep. The pores are suddenly closed—perspiration is obstructed, and the waste matter remaining in the system becomes a fruitful source of disease and pain. The next morning your eyes swim, your voice is husky, and you feel pain, and you exclaim, "What a beastly country! I have taken cold from just sitting near the tatties," and then how do you act? You do not as you ought at once seek to free the system from impure obstructions, but you content yourself with some mere palliative, you lose some of the first unpleasant sensations, but the impurities still lurk within you. Every now and then you feel twitching, torturing pains in your limbs; but those pains are sent in mercy, and their language is—"You

have broken a physical law: your want of care has caused unhealthy obstructions; get rid of these, and you will be free from pain; allow these to remain, and pains still more fearful will be the result." This alone can be effectually done by resorting to a course of Holloway's Pills and Ointment, which will, in a few days, remove these obstructions, and restore health and vigour to the whole system.

DISEASES IN GENERAL.

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